



# INDIAN SKETCHES

SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSÉ

with an introduction by

W S CAINE

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# CONTENTS.

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INTRODUCTION	1
BEHARI SARDAR (CHAPTER I)	1
BEHARI SARDAR (CHAPTER II)	14
THE CONQUEST OF MARS	31
ENCOUNTER WITH A BULL	35
THE GREAT KING ON HIS THRONE	45
THE INDIAN ALLIGATOR —I	49
THE INDIAN ALLIGATOR —II	54
ALLIGATOR HUNTING —I	59
ALLIGATOR HUNTING —II	63
THE BATTLE OF THE GODS	69
THE BABOO	73
SUTTER IN INDIA	78
GONORI AND HIS LEOPARD	83
BENGAL VILLAGE SKETCHES	86
THE GODDESS KALEE AND THE GRASS HOPPER	91
APRIL, MAY AND JUNE	94
ONE OF THE LAST KINGS OF BENGA	98
A STORY OF PATRIOTISM IN BENGA	102
THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOLARSHIPS	108
A FOREIGN OFFICE STORY	113
A STORY	117
MR KIPLING AND HIS MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT	121
RUPTURE OF THE SPLEEN	125
AN ORTHODOX GHOST STORY	130
THE STORY OF A LUNATIC	139
THE RAILWAY PLATFORM	145
THE PERPETUAL SLAVERY OF INDIA	150
THE PERPETUAL SLAVERY OF INDIA (C)	162
THE PERPETUAL SLAVERY OF INDIA (A)	162

THE PERPETUAL SLAVERY OF INDIA (*Continued*)  
THE PERPETUAL SLAVERY OF INDIA (*Continued*)  
TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS  
THE ARGUMENTS OF A MAGISTRATE  
THE HISTORY OF SIX MILLIONS OF POUND  
A BATTLE ROYAL  
THE PERPETUAL SLAVERY OF INDIA (*Concluded*)  
THE DETERIORATION OF THE INDIANS  
A RAILWAY OUTPACE CASE  
PRESS OPINIONS

## INTRODUCTION.

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My friend, Babu Moti Lal Ghose, the editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, has asked me to write a brief introduction to this book, and I gladly comply with his request. I do so, if perchance some words of mine may induce Europeans, who look below the thin surface with which Anglo Indians are apt to veneer Indian questions, to read with care these articles, which are written by a man of rare and profound knowledge of his Hindu fellow-countrymen, though neither they nor I may agree with all their expressed views.

There is little need for me to commend this deeply interesting volume, to the cultured Hindu. Every educated Indian has heard of the author, BABU SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSE, who, for nearly forty years, has been a potent force in Hindu society whose metaphysical acumen, versatile talents, pure patriotism, noble character and earnest consistent piety, have endeared him to all Bengal. The articles, which are here published in a collected form for the first time, originally appeared in the columns of the best-known native journal in India, the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, a newspaper, printed in English and published at Calcutta by the brothers Ghose, and which has, beyond any other press influence, helped to mould that New India which has given birth to those patriotic aspirations, finding their mouth piece and interpreter in the Indian National Congress movement.



In his youth, SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSH had few of the advantages, now possessed by young Indians. His education was local and elementary, and he owes entirely to himself and his extraordinary energy of character, all the intellectual culture he possesses. One of his own favourite sayings is, "time is the best gift of God to man," and he has always lived up to this principle. From his earliest youth, he has utilised every spare moment, which he has seized in passing to press into his own service, for the improvement of his mind, or to add to that marvellous store of knowledge concerning India and her people, which is the wonder of all his friends.

He is best known as the founder and chief editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, published, at first, 30 years ago, by himself and his brothers, in his native village of Amrita Bazar, in Jessore, so named after his mother, AMRITA. They began with a wooden printing press, and a few founts of second-hand type, issuing their paper weekly in Bengali. The three brothers set the type, printed the paper, made the ink, wrote the copy, all by themselves, SHISHIR quickly becoming so adept a type setter that he composed his articles into his stick direct, instead of working them out on paper first.

The *Amrita Bazar Patrika* was published weekly, enjoyed a circulation of about 500, attacked abuses and advocated reform with the same fearless courage which has always characterised its columns, very quickly attained a foremost position in Native Indian journalism, arriving at the dignity of a prosecution within five months of its birth. An action for libel was brought by an English Deputy Magistrate in consequence of some sharp criticism of him in its columns, but after eight months of weary and costly litigation, SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSH emerged victorious.

With an exchequer swept completely bare, except one hundred rupees borrowed at high rate of interest, SHISHIR KUMAR boldly

struck out for Calcutta, borrowed a hand press, and in February 1872, brought out his first issue of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* as a metropolitan journal, still in the vernacular. The new paper caught the taste of the Calcutta public. It breathed national life for India with an ardent patriotism, expressed with vigour, originality and humour, from which it has never receded, and rapidly took the front rank in vernacular journalism.

I think SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSE may fairly claim the honour of having been conspicuous among the men who first established political Associations in India. At the time he migrated to Calcutta, native society formed its public opinion under the influence of the British Indian Association, whose leaders were the most brilliant men of their time, but mainly drawn from the landholding and other wealthy classes. SHISHIR KUMAR naturally was absorbed into this Association, where his wide practical knowledge of Mofussil life was of great value.

Presently, however, he felt himself at variance with his colleagues on the introduction, by Sir Fitzames Stephen, of his Criminal Procedure Code, and subsequently still more so, with regard to the income-tax which he supported, but which was strongly opposed, as he thought, from interested motives, by the British Indian Association. His articles in the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* attracted to his side a large number of the younger men, resulting in a friendly revolt, and the organization, by BABU SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSE, of the "Indian League," a definitely political Association, with its head-quarters at Calcutta, and branch committees formed at Krishnagar, Barisal, Berhampur, Dacca, and other large towns in the Mofussil. Its organ was the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, and this movement undoubtedly paved the way for the later and more intensely national movement of the Indian National Congress.

The Indian League is identified in the social and political development of India, with many most important reforms

notably that of trial by jury and the municipal system, which, containing the germs of representative government, led on to the establishment of the elective system municipally as well as in its higher development of elected members of the Provincial and Viceregal Councils. SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSH was constantly consulted by that brilliant Indian administrator, Sir Richard Temple, then Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, in drafting the Act which gave effect to the Calcutta Municipality, which he carried in the teeth of the fierce opposition of the British Indian Association and the Anglo-Indian community, mainly by the help of SHISHIR and the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*.

There can be no doubt that SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSH was the pioneer of technical education in India. When the Prince of Wales paid his State visit to India in the year 1875, the leading citizens of Calcutta were naturally anxious to honour so auspicious and memorable an occasion by some substantial and permanent memorial. For some time past, SHISHIR had been urging on Sir Richard Temple and the Bengal Government the importance of establishing, in the metropolis of India, a well-equipped permanent technical college. Seizing the opportunity, within five days immediately preceding the landing of the Prince at Calcutta, SHISHIR succeeded in collecting nearly two lakhs of rupees for this purpose from his wealthy fellow-citizens, and at a meeting, convened by the Council of the Indian League, over which the Lieutenant-Governor himself presided, the Albert Temple of Science was agreed upon, and the Government afterwards voted Rs 8,000 per annum for its maintenance.\*

When Lord Lytton's Press Gagging Act was first broached, and it became evident that journals, published in the vernacular, would be more or less heavily shackled, the brothers Ghose,

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\* This grant was withdrawn by his successor, Sir A. Eden, immediately on taking office.

believing that the Act was specially aimed at their journal, determined that the *Amrita Basar Patrika*, which at that time was printed in both vernacular and English, should in future be published in the English language alone, and the change was effected in a single day, with the help of borrowed type,—a very remarkable feat of journalism. At first, the circulation fell off terribly, as might be expected, but the brilliant editing of the paper by SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSE, who almost killed himself by hard work and anxiety, quickly brought it back to its old issue, and eventually far beyond it, until it became the most influential newspaper in Bengal, and probably in all India, where it circulates from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. For thirty years it has<sup>2</sup> been one of the most potent factors in Indian society and politics, and during that period there has been no solid and lasting reform, which does not owe much to its influence and advocacy. To my mind, it is the most courageous and outspoken journal in all India. It is read by the Viceroy and his Council, and is alike the organ of Indian prince and Indian peasant.

It cannot be denied that the *Amrita Basar Patrika* has often written bitterly, nay, savagely, with regard to many acts of the Government, and especially on what its editor considered acts of injustice and harshness on the part of individual administrators. But no candid Englishman can read the articles, which are gathered together in this volume, without realising that they are not written by a mere vulgar hater of a dominant race, but that they are the utterances of a man of broad views and generous sympathies, intensely sensitive to oppression and wrong, filled with a passionate love of his countrymen and a desire to help them to nobler and higher national and social life.

Of late years, SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSE has withdrawn himself from the hurly-burly of political life, and from active participation in the editorship of his paper, which has been taken over by his brother Moti Lal Ghose, who does his difficult work with con-

spicuous ability. He has retired to his native village where his time is largely spent in that religious contemplative life, which it is the constant desire of every pious and devout Hindu to attain. In this quiet and restful country life, his time is spent mainly in the study of his favourite hero, SREE GAURANGA, the renowned Prophet of Nuddea, whom he looks upon with veneration as a great Messiah. It is SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSE's ambition to be the interpreter of SREE GAURANGA, not only to men of his own faith but to devout students of western religion believing that JESUS of Nazareth is equally a Messiah, and that in the mastery of the teaching of both these God-sent messengers, lies the solution of the unity of the world's faith, and the only successful check to that materialism and agnosticism, bred by western culture, which, to his view, threatens to overwhelm all faith in a Supreme Creator and Saviour of mankind.

The first volume of his *Life of SREE GAURANGA* has just been published, and whatever its readers may think of the views therein propounded by the author, it is a book that merits, and will undoubtedly secure, the respectful study of every religious Hindu as well as every Christian who realizes the oriental origin of his faith, and desires to follow the development of the influence of CHRIST's teaching over oriental races.

It is not possible to be long in the company of this remarkable man, without realizing that he lives and moves on higher planes than his fellows, or without being profoundly touched by his simple and guileless nature, and his intense reverence for Almighty God, in Whom he tries to live, to move and have his very being. No man of other faith than my own, brings home to me, like SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSE, the strength and truth of Paul's sermon at Athens on the altar, inscribed "to the unknown God," in which he declared that *God giveth to all life and breath and all things, and hath made of one blood all nations of men to*

*dwell on the face of the earth that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him though he be not far from every one of us*

I heartily commend to every cultured and earnest Indian, to every Christian Missionary, and also to every European who cares to look beneath the surface of Indian life and thought, the contents of this deeply interesting volume of miscellaneous articles from the pen of SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSE, which will be rendered doubly interesting by the careful perusal, at the same time, of his Life of SURENDRANATH BANERJEE

REFORM CLUB,  
London, October 1, 1897

W S CAINE



# BEHARI SARDAR

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## CHAPTER I

BEHARI SARDAR was the leader of a band of dacoits in the village of Palua, north of Murgura (Amritabazar), in the district of Jessore. It was at a time when practically there was no Government in the country. The English had taken possession of Bengal, but they had not been able to bring the affairs of the country under control. They had destroyed the influence and privileges of the Zemindars, who exercised both judicial and executive powers, but had not been able to supply their place. The English rulers, few in number, resided in towns; the villagers had everything in their own way, and thus dacoits sprang up on all sides. Behari Sardar was one of them.

Not that Behari Sardar was a dacoit in the proper sense of the term, for he rarely committed midnight robberies. He was a dacoit in the same sense as Tipu, Sivaji, Alexander the Great, not to mention the name of Clive, were dacoits. Indeed, he rarely committed what is properly called robberies. What he did was to punish recusant subjects, for he claimed a tract of land for his territory, and the people inhabiting that tract for his subjects. What his subjects thought of this arrangement, Behari did not take into consideration, so long as he knew that he was able to exact allegiance.

Now, in this matter, we can not blame Behari Sardar, for he only adopted a common practice followed all over the world, in the West as well as in the East. It is quite true, his right upon



his so called territory was not founded upon any moral basis. But what of that? What is the basis of the Portuguese rights in Africa, and the rights of that great moral nation, the English, too, in that continent? We fully admit that Behari Sardar had no moral right to the territory he owned. But there is no doubt that his right was founded upon a better moral basis than that of big nations, as for instance, of the Russians, who claim sovereignty in foreign countries.

Behari Sardar owned a territory, which was 14 *cose* or 28 miles in length, and 8 *cose* or 16 miles in breadth. He was monarch within this tract. There were other dacoits who ruled other tracts in the same way as Behari Sardar did his own. He imposed contributions, but only upon the wealthier portion of his subjects. In this, his example might be followed by the enlightened Government of India, which imposes all its taxes, except the Income tax, upon the poor. Sometimes his subjects defied his authority and refused contributions. And then followed speedy punishment. Sometimes villagers combined to resist his authority, and then there was a regular fight. Some were killed and a good many wounded. The dacoit band, if worsted, fled, and if victorious, they pillaged the villages and subjected the wealthy villagers to horrible cruelties.

We remember an instance in which eighteen dacoits were killed in a village, (the name of which we just now forget) in the Nuddea district. We had the account from a fisherman who took part in the affair. He was about 105 years old when he told us the story, and though he was almost blind and deaf, the remembrance of the event sent a glow of enthusiasm to his cheeks.

He said that his village had resisted the demand of the dacoit leader, and prepared itself for fight. The fact must not be forgotten, that in those days all men trained themselves to the use of arms. Every village had a gymnasium, and every

man, rich or poor, had his arms. Some few had match-locks, but the weapons in general use were bows and arrows, swords, spears, and lathies.

The fisherman said that his village was full of people of his caste, and it had also a wealthy fisherman who was at the head of the village. The village had about 75 to 80 combatants, and all these kept watch day and night. Information at last came that the dacoits were coming to the village, and immediately the females were removed to a secure place, and the house of the wealthy fisherman was deserted. The old man said that he had 15 gold mohurs which he concealed in his waist-belt, and then joined the defenders with a fisherman's spear. The dacoits numbering about a hundred, rushed with the war-whoop of "Jay Kulee," and entered the court-yard (now deserted) of the wealthy fisherman.

But the fishermen had devised a novel way of defence. They had big fishing-nets which had been joined together, and they enclosed the dacoits with them. The enemy was thus easily over-powered, and fled in all directions, but yet eighteen of them, who had been hopelessly entangled in the meshes of the net, were killed.

One instance will shew how Behari selected his recruits. One morning, Behari Sardar was sitting on a stool in front of his house, and smoking. There was a sword by his side, and a mug of water before him. A young man presented himself and made his salam. The Sardar asked the visitor his business. The young man said that his name was Selim, that he had come to be enlisted under his banner, that he was 22, was not married, and had only his mother and no father.

The Sardar gazed at the powerful physique of the recruit with admiration, and then asked him to come near and sit by him. Selim sat before the stool. The Sardar took hold of the right arm of Selim, and began to examine his muscles. He

then examined his chest, neck, wrist and thighs. The examination over, he murmured his approval. He then looked full into the face of Selim, and his brow darkened.

"You will not do, Selim," said the Sardar.

"And why, Huzoor?" asked Selim.

The Sardar said, "You have an effeminate look. Ours is a hard life and we need more determination than you seem to possess."

Selim was disappointed, he persisted that he had it, and would willingly give proofs of it.

"Would you?" asked the Sardar, and seeing a bull grazing close by, he asked Selim to take the sword which was lying by, and cut off its head. "Go, Selim," said he. "Take this sword, cut off the head of the bull with one blow, and let us see the prowess of your arms."

Selim demurred. He said, he thought he could sever the neck of the bull, with one blow, but then he would prefer to show the power of his muscles in other ways. He thought, it would not only be cruel but unmanly to kill an animal which had done him no harm.

The Sardar smiled. The Sardar saw one of his men, by name Kalu, within hail, and made a sign to him to approach. Kalu, who had not heard the conversation between the Sardar and Selim, approached and saluted his leader. The Sardar said to Kalu, "Take this sword and cut off the head of yon bull by one blow, if possible, and bring it here."

Kalu uttered not a word, but took the sword, and in the course of a few seconds, accomplished all that he was told to do by his leader.

The Sardar said, "Selim, go home and marry. You will make a good husband. We cannot admit into our company men of sentiments."

The writer heard the above story from his grandfather who was then about seventy-five and who had seen Bchari Sardar.

Behari, though he had to contend with peaceful villagers of Bengal, had not yet everything in his own way. The circumstances which made him a dacoit, also led the villagers to devise means for their protection. The villages were then more populous than now. The great famine of the last century had desolated the country, and repentant Nature had hastily made up for the depredations that she had committed in her fury. The country, which had been desolated, was soon after filled with men and grain, and cattle. Peasants, after the famine was over, began to gather, year after year, bumper harvests. Disease disappeared from the land, and people continued to multiply fast. In these days it is difficult to find a family of eight brothers, but it was a common occurrence then. Some had seven, some ten, some a dozen, and there was scarcely any who had not at least four brothers. Children never died then as they do now, and the number of widows was very small.

This increasing population was maintained by the paddy that the villagers grew, and the numerous herds of cattle that they kept. Every village grew its own paddy, its sugar-cane or date, and its cotton, and preserved a wide extent of pasture-land for its cattle. In those days, there was no urgent necessity to dispose of the surplus grain for silver, at whatever cost. If they had paddy, they cared not whether they had silver or not. They had their weavers, smiths, potters, carpenters, washermen, &c. They had no business to go elsewhere for their needs. It was salt which gave them some trouble, but they managed it somehow or other. At least, it has never been alleged that the people had ever suffered from a salt-famine.

It was the landlords who controlled the foreign affairs of the villages, the villagers generally managing the domestic affairs themselves. For instance, when two villages quarrelled over the boundary of pasture or paddy lands, the zemindar was asked to intervene and settle the dispute. The landlords

exercised executive and judicial powers, whenever they were required to do it. But they had very little to do in these directions. The villagers themselves defended the villages, and adjusted their differences. They only sought the protection of the landlords when they could not help themselves. For instance, the villagers generally defended themselves from the depredations of dacoits, and sometimes the latter proved too powerful, and then the landlord had to send his *patks* to help his subjects. The dacoits could never cope with the villagers strengthened by such allies.

Then was the time when the Government of the British had reduced the landlords to great distress, but had not yet been able to supply their place. Hence dacoity flourished. Previously, the villagers kept the dacoit bands in check with the help of the landlords. But now they found, that they would henceforth be required to rely upon their own resources for the defence of their hearth and home.

Thus, the peaceful villagers found it necessary to learn to fight, to defend their property and persons from the dacoits. They had very few guns, and those they had were match locks, short-barrelled, massive things, very good to kill an elephant or a buffalo, but not good for the purpose of fighting with an active foe. The weapons in general use were, therefore, bows and arrows, swords, spears and bamboo clubs. The best archer was considered stronger than a good many swordsmen.

The dacoits, however, had one advantage over the villagers. Being always the attacking party, they could choose the time of attack. Thus strongly armed villagers would find that the dacoits were too agile for them. The dacoits would swoop with the rapidity of lightning, loot a few houses, and fly before the villagers had time to assemble for the purposes of defence. The villagers had thus to maintain watch day and night, which kept them constantly in a state of alarm.

All this had the effect of making the villagers hardy, bold and enterprising. Indeed, in those days, the Bengalees had to fight constantly in defence of their hearth and home. One can understand the effect of such a mode of life upon their muscles and nerves. But yet the villagers were domestic folk. They had to maintain their old parents, wives, widowed relations, younger brothers and sisters, and little children. The dacoits, on the contrary, had nothing to restrain them. Before enlistment, they had to give up, under the rules which guided them, their religion and caste, father and mother, and cut off every other tie. Mussalman and Hindu dacoits had to eat together, and every one had to bow before their presiding deity, the Goddess Kalee. The domestic villagers had thus to yield at last to the wild bands of dacoits. In this manner, Behari Sardar had acquired his territory.

The villagers, tired of constant watching and of the losses they sustained from the robberies which they could not altogether put a stop to, found it to their interest to come to some sort of terms with the dacoits. Every village agreed to pay a monthly contribution to the dacoits who held sway over it, and who, in their turn, protected the village from thefts and robberies, and outside foes.

Behari Sardar was a superior personage. While a young man, he had served under the banner of Mullook Maidan. A village had defied the authority of the latter Sardar, and made extensive preparations for the purposes of defence. They had prepared a bamboo fort, which they considered impregnable. Of course, it was not strong enough to resist artillery, but the dacoits were only armed with swords and spears. There was one door leading to this fort, and in cases of alarm the villagers took shelter here.

The village was, however, notwithstanding its impregnable fort, attacked by Mullook Maidan one night. For he had been defied,

and he had either to bring it under subjugation or to lose his prestige. The villagers, who kept watch day and night, got intimation of his approach and fled into the strong bamboo enclosure, with their women and children. The defenders, armed to the teeth, stood to defend the bamboo ramparts, with courage and determination. The fort was inaccessible from other points—it could be only reached through the one gate which was, therefore, the main object of attack to the dacoits. The door could be reached through a narrow lane made of bamboo walls. The villagers stood with spears to defend this lane.

The dacoits made several attempts for an entry into this lane, but in vain. Bristling spears from both sides of this narrow lane defended the passage. It would be sure death to the man who ventured to enter, indeed, he would be pierced by the spears from both sides of the lane. The dacoits, after sustaining many casualties, had to give up the attempt, when Behari Sardar condemned such pusillanimous conduct, and promised to go himself. He was asked by the leader to desist from the mad attempt, but he did not listen to such counsel. The dacoits had, most of them, a thick piece of cloth wrapped round their bodies to protect themselves from spears and arrows. Behari, with this protection only, and a couple of swords rushed forward with the war-whoop of Jay Kalee!

Whether it was the herculean figure of the man, or his unearthly war-whoop, or his recklessness, certain it is that the villagers could not touch him, though he was sought to be pierced by hundreds of men from both sides of the lane. And thus Behari became Sardar.

One day, at about eight o'clock in the morning, Behari Sardar came to the village, nay, to the house of the writer's grandfather. The village is Magura (Amritabazar) which adjoins Palua, where Behari had established his head-quarters. The grandfather of the writer of this was then quite a young boy. Behari

came with about two dozens of his followers, all of powerful make and fully armed. They had the usual thick cloth wrapped round their bodies, swords which dangled by their backs, and long lances in their right hands. Behari Sardar was received with great honour, a mat was spread for his followers, and he was given a big stool for a seat. Villagers all assembled to make their salaams, and ladies also tried to have a peep at the great Sardar from their hiding places, - that Sardar, the mention of whose dreaded name had the effect of throwing them into hysteric fits. Behari returned all salutes with great cordiality. "Come, Bhu Singh," said he to one. "Cousin, have you forgotten me?" to another. Indeed, he visited almost to the village, and the villagers had a fine time. After a good smoke, Behari began



The village was inhabited by Hindus and Mussalmans. The most respected of the villagers, a Hindu, replied that Amcer Sheikh was not amenable to reason, as he was an independent man. He had his landed property and his tenants. "But," said he, "Amcer is a dunce and a boor. Nothing but punishment, I fear, will bring him to his senses." "So, Sardar Sahab," continued he, "don't you think that we have anything to do with it. We are quite happy under your strength of arms. We sleep with our doors open, and as for the contribution, it is a trifle compared with the advantages we enjoy under your protection."

Said Behari — "I know you are friends, or else I would not have come to you. Tell Amcer, however, that he and I shall soon meet, in spite of his charmed bow and obedient arrows."

The fact was, this Amcer was a thorn in the side of the Sardar. He was a too contemptible foe, with his slim figure, peasant following, and the burden of a family. But his shafts were formidable. The belief had obtained firm root in the minds of the Sardar's followers, and perhaps of the Sardar himself, though he did not like to acknowledge it, that he had brought under his subjugation an evil spirit which sat at the point of his arrows. Bow and arrow in hand, Amcer was unapproachable even by Behari Sardar. Amcer residing within two miles of the camp of the Sardar, thus continued to defy his authority. How could the Sardar brook such an insult? And how could he rule his territory with such a rebellious subject, making fun of his four cubit long sword? He felt something like what was done by Lord Lytton when the "wasps" of the Bengalee papers began to torment him.

Amcer was the eldest of the three brothers in the Sheikh family, who lived jointly, in the same house. Amcer, notwithstanding his youth and his "charmed" bow, knew very well

that he had committed an extremely rash act by courting the animosity of the great Sardar. Any man now would think that it was extremely foolish on the part of the villagers to defy the authority of the dacoits, and excite their wrath. But people of this generation, with a ceaseless struggle for existence which civilization has imported, with a passion for Government service which corrodes the system, with their efforts to master a foreign tongue and pass examinations in that language, with interminable litigation, with spleen and dyspepsia, and with being surrounded on all sides by police constables and spiteful neighbours, will never be able to appreciate the feelings which move healthy, free and strong men, with a full stomach, with no cares, and with no courts to control their actions. How could Ameer help throwing down the gauntlet to the Sardar? The exuberant and buoyant spirit within him urged him to do so, his followers urged him, and public opinion pushed him forward.

Ameer knew that it would be extremely imprudent to provoke the ire of the Sardar, but there was no help for it now. His pride would not permit him to stoop and sue for pardon. So what he did was to keep watch day and night, as he had no desire to act on the aggressive. He trusted his tenants and he knew that it was not possible for the Sardar to take him by surprise. If only he could get timely information, he felt quite competent to deal with the Sardar and his ferocious band.

The villagers of Magura requested the Sardar to "bathe," which meant that they invited the Sardar and his men to stay there and dine. The Sardar demurred. But the villagers pressed again, and he yielded. The fact is, the contributions which the dacoits imposed upon villages were mostly levied in kind. In those days, *tanka* (rupee) was a rare sight. Gold mohurs were more plentiful. The people carried on their purchases with

had neither wives and children to maintain, nor any desire to hoard up money. Whatever they got, they spent in eating and drinking, in big feasts, where people were invited from neighbouring villages, in Poojas, where priests were brought by sheer force to perform the ceremonies and then dismissed with liberal presents, in *jatoes* (operas), *Jabis* (songs), and military tournaments. In these latter exercises, all noted men were invited to display their strength and mastery over the weapons they carried. The hosts of the Sardar, we mean the inhabitants of Magura or Amritabazar, thought that a feast to him would save them from contribution for some time to come. The Sardar and his followers expected a very good dinner, and they at last agreed to stop and dine.

A young man proposed some out door games, and the proposal was received with acclamation by all present. It was the month of Baisakh. The time was about 9 a.m., and people were perspiring from heat. But out-door exercises were the most coveted of all amusements indulged in by the people of Bengal at that period. Badyakars or drummers were immediately sent for, and all resorted to the locality, where the village gymnasium was. Every village had such a place where the people assembled in the morning and the evening to practise themselves in the use of their weapons, to wrestle or to go through other exercises calculated to strengthen the muscle and the nerve.

It would be news to the degenerated species that inhabit Bengal now, that in those days all the *palwans* (wrestlers), *khalowars* (fencers) etc, etc, assembled in the most important village of the quarter, at least five days in the year, for a trial of strength and skill. First, on the *Charak Sankranti* day, second, on the *Janmastami* day, third, on the *Bijoya* day, fourth, on the last day of *Kartik* and fifth, on the *Sripanchami* day.

When proceeding to the gymnasium, it was perceived that Behari Sardar had kept sentinels to give him information of the approach of any opponent. Indeed, the dacoits never stopped at any place without securing the *ghatties* or passages by posting sentinels. While Behari was sitting and talking, some half-a-dozen of his men were watching the passages, and when they all went to the gymnasium the Sardar adjusted the position of his *ghatronics* (sentinels) anew. The fact was, there was no absolute trust between the people and the dacoit chiefs.

One proposed a wrestling match between some village *patwans* and the dacoits. He jocularly appealed to the Sardar to give some lesson to the Chandra brothers, who had become inflated with conceit, and who fancied that they were as strong as Bheem was in days of yore. Now, of these Chandra brothers some five or six were noted *patwans*, noted throughout the district for their strength, courage and skill. But the Sardar said he would never permit that. It would be an unwise step and might lead to serious consequences. So the dacoits showed some of their feats of strength and skill in the use of arms to the villagers. A good dinner was provided. A big goat was killed, besides, there were fish, *dahce* and *gum*, but no liquor. The dacoits feasted, and left for their native village Palua.

## CHAPTER II.

WE said before, that Ameer trusted his tenants, but there was one whom he had injured. He had wounded this tenant in the tenderest part. In short, Ameer had, at a moment of thoughtless passion, sullied the family honour of this man. The man had brought home a beautiful bride aged about 13. Ameer was smitten. He caused a divorce between the man and his wife, and then married the girl himself. The injured husband, though a tenant, showed deep vengeance, and opened communications with the Sardar. Through him, Behari kept himself informed of the movements of Ameer, even to the minutest detail.

The first *ruse* of the Sardar was to create false alarms in the village. This obliged Ameer to remain in a state of constant preparedness. On every occasion, however, he found that the alarm was a false one. This naturally made him slacken his vigilance a little. He had sent his wife, mentioned above, to her father's house, about four miles from his native village. He sent a *doolie* and three bearers to fetch her. The conveyance, however, was returned, her relations sending him word that she would be sent back next month.

Now this was terrible news to the love-sick Ameer. He himself must go to fetch her. But how to provide against the surprises of the Sardar? He might come in the meantime. Yes, but his father-in-law's house lay only at a distance of four miles. Of course, he would be able to bring his wife home before the

Sardar could know that he had left it. Thus thought Ameer. Of an impetuous disposition, he could wait no longer. He assembled his principal tenants, and told them of his intentions, and actually ran towards the village where his wife was.

Among the assembled tenants was the one whose wife Ameer had married. This man had concealed his feelings against Ameer very successfully and secured his complete confidence. While Ameer left home for his father-in-law's house, this man left the village to give information to Behari Sardar that Ameer's house was now absolutely at his disposal.

Behari Sardar had no reason to distrust his informant, but yet he subjected the man to a searching cross-examination. The spy gave satisfactory answers which convinced the Sardar that he had not come to lead him into a trap, but to satisfy his private grudge against the man who had robbed him of his wife.

The Sardar formed his plans after a short reflection. He asked his lieutenants to prepare themselves for an immediate march. His orders were obeyed promptly, and about seventy-five of the dacoit band stood fully armed before him. This was the usual number he kept with him, while others he stationed at different centres.

It was between eight or nine in the morning. The armed dacoits presented a picturesque appearance. I have already said how they protected their chests from arrows, spears, and swords by wrapping tightly, layer after layer, a thick piece of cloth by which also they protected their faces and heads. This piece covered the face entirely, leaving only the nose and the eyes open. They stood armed with *lathies*, swords and spears to do their leader's bidding. They were all hardy, brave, strong and active, and would not have hesitated a moment to accomplish the plans of their leader, or go through any enterprise, however hazardous.

Behari selected six out of these men to stand guard and prevent the entry of Ameer into the village from that of his father-in-law. A beel or marsh intervened between the two villages. The Sardar directed these six men to disrobe, dress themselves as ordinary rustics, and stand guard on this side of the marsh to prevent Ameer, if he should get the information, from coming back to protect his house.

The great point of the Sardar was to secure the weapons of the villagers. They kept their weapons, swords of various shapes, spears of all kinds, and lathies,—in the outer house of Ameer. The plan of the Sardar was to pounce upon the village, and at once take possession of the outer-house containing the weapons. His real object was not, however, so much the possession of the village weapons, for he regarded them with contempt, as the “charmed” bow and arrows of Ameer, the whereabouts of which no body knew, not even the spy.

We must here give an account of Ameer. Being a Sheikh and having landed property, he found himself, on the death of his father, when he was about 15, in the position of a leader. He had a well-built, though not a very strong physique. He saw that as a *lathial*, a swordsman, or a lancer, he would have no chance with others. He, therefore, determined to maintain his position by archery. He felt that if he could master the art, he would yet be able to lead his following with credit.

He soon found that he had an eye and a pair of arms for good archery. He rarely missed his aim, even in the beginning of his self education. He listened to accounts of the exploits of good archers with a leaping heart, and felt an ambition to imitate or perhaps to excel them. The best archer then was a Ryput in Krishnagore, and to him Ameer went for instruction. There he learnt much of what he was in need and ignorance of before. He came back home, he improved what he had learnt, and then prepared for himself his “charmed” bow and arrows.

Ameer prepared his own arrows. Those prepared by others were not so obedient, so powerful, as those prepared by himself. He prepared his own bow and without that particular bow he was almost helpless. After repeated experiments, he found out how a good bow should be prepared. The Jaon bamboo is the best for the purpose. But a fully-developed and perfectly shaped bamboo of the necessary sort was rarely to be found. He found a piece, however, and prepared his bow with the toil of several months. This he pruned. It was as long as himself, and at first glance, would appear to be a delicate weapon. But it was not so. The string he prepared of the flax beaten out of the aloe.

The arrows too he himself prepared from reeds which grew in low-lying marshes. He alone knew how to prepare arrows. For they flew like lightning, and seemed to defy the laws of Conic Sections. One of his daily duties was to keep his bow and arrows before him and salutin them three times, while some charms or prayers were uttered. The public believed, both Hindus and Mussalmans, that Ameer had become a *'iddha* (adept) in archery, and that he could do anything with his bow.

Ameer had one weak point. He was irresistible with the bow and arrows manufactured by him. He was weak, nervous, irresolute without them, even though in possession of a good bow and arrows manufactured by others. The great object of Behari was to possess himself of the bow and arrows of Ameer.

Ameer, on the other hand, was very particular about his weapons. He generally carried them in his hand when in the shade. Exposure to the sun would spoil his bow and arrows, and he never exposed them, when he could help it, to the blaze of that luminary. During the middle of the day, he always kept his weapons in a hiding-place which no body knew. So when Ameer started from home in the morning for his father-in-law's he left his bow and arrows behind, though where, it was not



respect to their Sardar, could not be restrained. One cried "Ameer Sheikh ki fatch", or, in other words, "victory to Ameer Sheikh", when fifty voices echoed the words in a loud shout. The Sardar himself, a little elated by the drink, was led to join in the mirth, and exclaimed in a loud voice "Ameer, where art thou, our excellent host?" This was repeated by fifty throats, and the sound made the earth to tremble as it were.

But before this sound had ceased, the Sardar heard a whiz and felt something touch his head. He quickly turned round to see what it was. He saw that his cap had been carried off from his head, and pinned to the earth about a yard and-a-half from him, by an arrow!

But he was allowed no time to make any close examination of the arrow, or think over the affair. Just then some one appeared on the scene from behind a mango tree and said "Here is Golam Ameer Sheikh hazeer", which means, "here is your slave Ameer Sheikh present." "What does huzoor demand of me?" The Sardar saw Ameer Sheikh leaning, as if carelessly, against a mango tree in his front, his striged bow hanging on his right shoulder, and the quiver of his arrows on his left, with a smile in his face, as if mocking at his majesty!

We have now to explain how Ameer succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the ghatties or sentries appointed by the Sardar to prevent his entry into the village. The fact was, the Sardar knew very well that it would be impossible to stop Ameer in that way. For, to guard a big village in that manner would require hundreds of men. The main object the Sardar had in view was to stop the passage of Ameer as long as it was possible to do so.

Besides, as I said before, Ameer was powerless without his "charmed" bow and arrows. The Sardar was convinced that they had been left behind by Ameer. He had no doubt that the bow and arrows were either in Ameer's house or somewhere

near it. He closely guarded Ameer's house and its surroundings, and he felt sure that if he could do that, he and his party would be absolutely safe from any outside attack by the latter.

It has been already stated that the villagers, who were weeding paddy, (it was the end of Jaishta i.e. May and June) had sent information to Ameer as soon as they saw the approach of the dacoit band. Ameer had made arrangements to bring his wife after breakfast, and he had sat to it. Ameer was enjoying his breakfast, when the breathless messenger disturbed his enjoyment with the terrible news, that the dacoits, fully armed, were marching towards his house.

Now, this was dreadful news to Ameer. The dacoits were like ordinary men, under ordinary circumstances, but they wreaked fearful vengeance upon those who defied their authority. His mother, his aunts, his sisters-in-law were in the house. His house was thatched with straw, though the outer-apartment had brick walls. How could he know that the dacoits did not mean insult to the ladies? And would they not burn the house down?

In a state of terrible anguish of mind, Ameer left his breakfast and ran towards his native village. His practised eye, however, saw at once that ghatties had been placed on the opposite side of the beel, and his passage barred. He could, indeed, reach his house by a circuitous route, but it would take hours to do so. The roads, leading to his house, were two,—one lying to the north, and the other to the south, of the beel. Two fully-armed men guarded the two passages. Two more guarded the beel, while two more blocked the other two passages by which he could yet reach his house, though by a very circuitous route.

Fortunately, at that time, a good many men were engaged in fishing in the beel. They used palm canoes for this. Each canoe had one or two occupants, and the man in stood with a fishing spear to strike at the fishes when

give an indication of their presence below the surface of the water. Ameer joined this fishing party, changed his good clothes for the piece of rag which one of the party had round his loins, and thus disguised himself as a rustic. In short, he at last succeeded in deceiving the sentries who were guarding the beel, and as we said before, this was not altogether a difficult feat. The Sardar never seriously expected that he would be able to prevent the approach of Ameer.

Ameer reached his village, and was very much relieved to find that the dacoits were in an amiable mood. They had not only not used one word of insult, or touched one item of property, but had agreed to dine and make a gala-day of it. He sat thinking, surrounded by the elders of the village, in the house of a tenant, a good many hundred yards off from his own.

But yet there was no knowing how the dacoits would act in the end. They were drinking, and it would be only in keeping with their character to change their peaceful intentions, and become violent. Ameer thought that the best thing for him would be to tender his submission. But would that mollify Behari? What would then prevent the latter from hacking to pieces his old enemy? The pride of Ameer also revolted against submission. He must first make a determined effort to rescue his means of attack and defence.

He had left his bow and his leather quiver, concealed in the thatch of the outer house. That was one of the places where he hid them now and then. In the morning, he had left them there, and he was almost absolutely sure that they had not been removed. He determined to reach his own house, disguised as a rustic, to see if he could get hold of them.

Ameer formed his plan. The rustics of the village, one by one, approached the dacoit camp. The young and the old, the children, and even some old women were there. The dacoits were cooling, some were bathing in the tank close by, (the tank

still exists ) The ghatties were guarding the passages, and Behari was talking to some respectable villagers. Among the villagers, who watched the doings of the dacoits, was Ameer, unperceived and unrecognized by the dacoits. Ameer was not known by sight to most of them, he was dressed as an ordinary dirty rustic, and the dacoits had, besides, partaken much of paddy rum. Thus Ameer succeeded in keeping himself unrecognized among the crowd.

Now, with all their efforts, the Indians have never been able to acclimatize drink in the country. Drink will never suit the stomach of an Indian. He can never drink without being affected. See, how a European will swallow a bottle of strong drink and remain unaffected. But a veteran Indian drinker will often get drunk at the sight of liquor. This is the case now, the case in those days was worse. The sentinels were reeling under the influence of Dhanyeswari (paddy liquor).

Gradually the crowd of rustics thickened in that part of the outer house where Ameer had hid his bow and leather arrow-bag. Ameer stood close to the place,—his breast heaved with excitement. He brought the bow and the leather-bag out of the thatch unperceived, and he left the place hurriedly, unperceived too.

Ameer now felt that he was master of the situation. But he had no desire to present himself before the dacoits as a rustic. He entered the house of a neighbour, secured a clean piece of cotton cloth, and tightly wrapped it round his narrow waist. He also procured a piece of leather by which he covered his left arm to protect it from the string of his bow. The iron ring on his right thumb he never parted with, so he had not to borrow it. In explanation, we may mention, that the iron ring is wanted for the purpose of drawing the bow when discharging an arrow, the string will hurt the left arm and so archers protect it by wrapping round it a piece of leather.

Ameer stood behind a mango tree. The dacoits were then eating, and it was within the power of Ameer to shoot Behari Sardar dead in a twinkling. But the idea was revolting to him. He surely was no dacoit. How could he shoot at a man from behind a cover? How could he shoot at one who was dining?

But it was another feeling which powerfully moved Ameer. Had not the Sardar treated him generously? He had everything belonging to Ameer at his absolute disposal, and yet he had not uttered one insulting word. This feeling of gratitude so completely overpowered Ameer that he felt something like affection for the Sardar. Indeed, he knew that if his presence were known, it would spoil the feast, so he would have patiently waited till the Sardar had finished his dinner. But the Sardar and his men brought matters to a crisis. When the band cried *Fate* (victim) to Ameer, he bore it patiently. But when the Sardar himself joined in the mirth and demanded to know where his host Ameer was, he could bear it no longer. He aimed at the cap of the Sardar, and the obedient arrow gently carried it off the Sardar's head, and pinned it on the ground behind!

After discharging the arrow, Ameer flung the bow on his left shoulder, advanced a step from behind his cover, and declared, "Gohm Ameer Sheikh is hazeer (present). What would you have of me?"

The dacoit band sat petrified, but Behari rose with sword in hand!

He and Ameer gazed at each other!

A good swordsman can cut an arrow to pieces. But a swordsman, however expert and vigilant, was yet at the mercy of a swift-shooter or good shot. He could cut the first arrow, but he would have no time to defend himself from the second, at least from the third. Rage, disappointment and fear alternately played on the features of the Sardar. But Ameer leaned against the mango tree, and only looked triumphantly at the Sardar.

At last the Sardar found words    Said he    "Young man ! you took me unawares "

"So did you !" replied Ameer    And the Sardar bit his lip

"Why delay ? Send your shafts I am ready," said the Sardar

Ameer — "I bear you no resentment    Finish your dinner "

Behari replied    "Then come, let us dine together," and the Sardar threw away his five-foot sword ! "Come now "

Ameer — "I cannot go into your midst, for though I can trust you, I cannot trust your men    Besides, I have taken a vow    You have respected my honour and property, and, in return, I have respected your life    We are thus quits    I can, however, never make friends with you unless you tell me the name of the spy who betrayed me to you "

Ameer, having got no immediate reply from the Sardar, continued, and this time with a little vehemence, "If you and I must be friends, let us have no secrets between us, I tell me who is the base spy that betrayed me ?"

The countenance of the leader betrayed a slight frown, but he immediately assumed a cordial tone and said    "Sheik Ameer ! You know our creed    We do not betray our agents, we can not do that without trampling upon honour and breaking a most sacred oath    Dacoits though we are, you know we cannot break an oath, or commit a mean act "

Ameer replied, and though he tried to be calm, there was some bitterness in his tone. "This is unreasonable, Sardar Sahab    You and I are to be friends, and yet you will protect my deadliest enemy    We cannot meet breast to breast, with such an obstacle between us "

The Sardar then assumed a lofty tone, and said    "To secure your friendship I will not commit a dishonourable act,— I will not do so even to save my life    I cannot do so whatever may happen    Now, this is my last word, and, young man, you can take your choice and do what you think best    Let not

men say that Bchari Sardar committed a dishonourable act to appease a wrathful opponent "

Fellu Gazeer was the name of the man whose wife Ameer had married, and who, in revenge, had betrayed him to the Sardar. He was there, and so were all the others of Ameer's men. The attitude of Ameer and the Sardar created a profound sensation among the two hundred men present, dacoits and villagers. They all apprehended a split, and got very much excited, though none ventured to utter a word.

When the Sardar threw the gauntlet to Ameer, and while Ameer was making up his mind, Fellu approached and stood before him. Said he, amidst breathless silence, "Sheikjee My land-lord! I cannot permit further mischief. It was I who betrayed you. You deprived me of my wife, and I, in revenge, betrayed you. Here I am. Now, shoot me dead."

All eyes were turned towards Fellu. Ameer's brow darkened. He was seized by a fierce passion, and he took in his left hand, the bow which was hanging on his shoulders. He remembered how he had trusted Fellu, favoured him and loved him too, and how Fellu had, with consummate hypocrisy, returned the affection and won his confidence. He remembered too, how Fellu had brought in the dacoits and placed the property and honour of all the villagers at their disposal. He remembered all these, and lost all control over himself.

"And so, Nimakharam" (traitor), said Ameer, "for the wrong that I did, you wanted to deliver the entire village, your own village, over to the enemy?"

He was interrupted by Fellu with these words: "I do not justify my conduct. Here is my breast, send a shaft through it, and have your revenge." Fellu stood before Ameer and the crowd, and he looked like a passionless statue. His countenance betrayed no fear—it was calm, and—so noble and beautiful!

Ameer gazed at him in wonder Whence did Fellu get this sudden beauty?—thought every one

Ameer's face betrayed a fierce struggle within his breast At last, he ended by hanging down his head,—in contrition "Fellu," said he "Forgive me, if you can "

But surely, we are not going to write a novel, we must, however, relate the story as we heard it The Sardar came forward and embraced Ameer, and said "Thou art a noble fellow "

They all sat under the mango trees surrounding the courtyard of Ameer's house Said Behari "Thy fame as an archer has spread far and wide. It is said that there is no one in the world who can rival thee in archery Show us a little of thy skill, so that my eyes may go from here delighted, as my stomach surely does "

Ameer craved leave for a few minutes for a change of dress He came back dressed in a moment There was, however, no thing to protect his person from his enemies But he had dressed tightly which displayed his well-built figure to great advantage He stood before the assembled crowd with some of his pupils He placed his bow and arrows upon the ground and salaamed them thrice, and then he began the exhibition

The first thing that Ameer showed was the strength of his arrows There was a betel nut tree close by Ameer let an arrow fly at it with force, and it pierced the trunk through and stuck there The dacoits remarked that no shield, not even one of rhinoceros hide, would protect a man from a shaft, shot with so much force. The arrow stuck there, and was left in that position for several years for people to come and see, till a big gale or cyclone uprooted the betel-nut tree.

One of his pupils stood at a distance of one hundred cubits from Ameer, with a betel nut on his right palm Ameer steadied his aim and let fly his arrow with some care The arrow carried



the nut on its head a few yards from its resting place. The feat elicited tremendous applause.

Another feat which Ameer shewed was with a *gonra* lemon. Now, this is a degenerated species of the orange, even smaller than *narangee*. Ameer stood ten cubits in advance of his pupil, who sent the lemon with great force rolling in the courtyard. Ameer aimed at the rolling lemon and pinned it with his arrow to the great delight of the spectators.

Mango plucking was the next feat shewn, which was still more wonderful. Ameer pierced an unripe mango with his arrow which stuck in the fruit. This gave a swinging motion to the mango, the arrow sticking to it. When the mango became still, Ameer again aimed, and this time the shaft stuck to the tail of the first arrow. There was again a swinging motion, and again Ameer waited until the mango became still. A third arrow was then shot which stuck to the tail of the second arrow. At the third shot the mango fell to the ground, with three arrows sticking to it in a line.

His pupils then urged Ameer to perform the dig bazee (the somersault). But Ameer declined. The Sardar then pleaded, and all the dacoits pressed. A good many of them were then weeping in joy at the display of the wonderful feats of Ameer. A good many felt an irresistible impulse to come and embrace and kiss him, but the presence of the Sardar checked their ardour.

Ameer said, "My ostad (preceptor) commanded me never to attempt such a feat when there was the least breath of wind. I do not, as a rule, make the attempt unless I am alone. Besides success is uncertain, so please excuse me."

"But," said the Sardar, "are not your arrows under the control of a *gin* (evil spirit)? Why then deprive us of the pleasure?" Ameer smiled. He said he did not know the *gin* who was said to be so friendly, he was certain also that a success-



where he was concealing himself, and that there was no way of escape, he took a spear and caused a deep gash in his abdomen, laying his intestines open. In an insensible condition, he was taken to the Jessore hospital, where, wonder of wonders! he recovered, his strong constitution helping him no doubt. Behari was sent across the Kalapanee, where he died after a very short residence. It is now peace in Bengal, nay, in every part of India. The country has been disarmed, and the result of that measure is that not only has all chivalry fled from the country but all martial spirit. Nay, we fear, the people are day by day losing their manliness. So, you see, even peace has its disadvantages. The people have become now so helpless that they find it difficult to encounter a mad jackal. The British Government might have strengthened its position by utilizing this martial spirit of the people.

## THE CONQUEST OF MARS.

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IT was in the year 1950 of the Christian era, that the Russians succeeded in perfecting the art of ballooning. All European nations had made attempts in that direction, but every effort was doomed to failure. When the Russians succeeded, they, of course, kept the matter a profound secret. They at first sent a scientific expedition to the planet of Mars. Three moderate sized balloons were fitted up for the purpose. They carried provisions no doubt, but the great difficulty they had to master was the many thousand miles of vacuum which intervened between that planet and our own. They, however, overcame the difficulty by taking with them large jars filled with air for breathing purposes. Yet they would have perished but for a small planet, which lay between the Earth and the Mars, where they wisely landed, replenished their jars, and after much toil, the brave pioneers at last set their feet on the soil of Mars.

They found that the planet was inhabited by living creatures like themselves. In short, the creatures were men like the Russians,—only the colour of their skin was brown. The Marsians had at first taken the Russian pilot balloon for a speck of cloud, but they soon came to recognize that it was something else. They viewed the descent, or rather the ascent, with wonder. And when they saw the Russians coming out of the balloon, they thought that gods had come to bless them. So, they all prostrated themselves reverentially before the strangers.

The Russians had thought that the Marsians would shew fight, and had prepared themselves accordingly. They came out of the balloon, armed from head to foot. But the Marsians neither shewed fight, nor did they fly in terror. The fact was, the Marsians knew no fear because there was no mischief in them.

A gentle and simple race, they lived upon the product of their fields. They abhorred blood shed in every shape, and so they knew not that meat was a wholesome food. Fighting they knew not, it was, they thought, an occupation unworthy of rational beings. They could not conceive how it was possible for human beings to shed blood, much less to shed the blood of fellow-beings. So, they had no fear of the Russians, just as the Russians had no cause of fear from them.

The Marsians followed a very simple religion. Mortals like the denizens of this earth, they only lived for the next world. They entertained the notion that, to secure everlasting happiness, the one thing necessary was to live a pure life and to cultivate the higher faculties,—faculties which mark out man from lower animals. When they were tempted to commit an unworthy act they always declared to themselves "Shall I endanger my everlasting happiness for a paltry gain or momentary gratification? No, I am a rational being and not a brute." Thus, those who broke the law of the land were not punished as criminals, but treated as patients suffering from a malady.

The Russians finding that there was no opposition and that the people prostrated before them, did not fire as they had intended doing immediately on their alighting on terra firma. The meeting of the two races was, therefore, peaceful, and the Russians were treated to a grand feast.

For three weeks the members of the expedition explored the country. They took samples of its products, and observed its strategical positions. As an evidence of their success

they wanted to bring back a live native with them. This was also very easily done. One of the inhabitants was invited to the balloon, and he was made to drink a glass of strong liquor. And when the man became senseless, they weighed anchor and flew towards home.

When the members of the expedition returned, the whole of Russia ran out to welcome them. The Russians pestered them with innumerable questions about their new find. It was arranged that the leader of the expedition should give a lecture on the subject of the discovery of the new world, and tickets were sold at enormous prices.

The lecturer, with the Martian on his right hand, began his address. His brilliant lecture was interrupted every five minutes by deafening cheers. The lecturer then said that he was ready to answer questions.

A mill owner then stood up and asked, what sort of cloth the Martians, male and female, wore, and whether or not they would patronise Russian mills? His second question was, whether there was any protective duty. A distiller inquired, what sort of liquor they drank and whether there was any likelihood of Russian beer being consumed there. A third asked whether there was gold, and a fourth whether they had coal mines or oil-wells. Several other questions of the same nature were asked, and satisfactory replies were given by the lecturer.

A philanthropist then rose and wanted to know whether, on the whole, the Martians were barbarians or a civilized people. The lecturer said that he was sorry he could not speak much in their favour in that respect. They were, he continued, a rude agricultural race,—that was all. They had no forts and fortifications, no rifles, no cannon, no iron clads, no torpedoes. "As for the internal administration of the country," went on the lecturer, "we saw neither a policeman, nor a jail, nor a lawyer."

When the lecturer said all this, there was a great sensation. A pious missionary, who was there, crossed himself.

A second expedition was soon organized. Five thousand balloons were fitted up, with great promptitude. The expedition consisted of a geologist, a zoologist, a mineralogist, fifteen regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, a dozen torpedo boats, a few infernal machines, one thousand tins of oil from Baku for disposal, one thousand bottles of Russian rum, and twelve thousand copies of the Holy Bible for distribution.

The Marsians were not prepared for an expedition like this. They offered no resistance, but that did not save them from massacre here and there. And thus a part of Mars was conquered.

The Russians were not, however, satisfied with their new subjects whom they put down for ingrates, because they not only refused to accept their conquerors as deliverers, but also the peaceful and sweet precepts of Jesus.

The secret of the Russians, as a matter of course, oozed out. A Russian sold the secret to the German Government for one hundred thousand roubles. The Germans then fitted up another expedition. They were followed by the French. And in this manner almost every European nation organized an expedition of its own. The Germans conquered another part of the planet. The French also had their share. The English, who followed last, had, of course, the best slice. The European Powers then began to quarrel amongst themselves for a division of the spoil and thus swallowed up all the profits of their property.

Mars was civilized in a short time. Law courts were established, laws were framed, jails were built, gibbets were erected, a police constable was posted at every hundred yards, and the whole planet was studded with brothels, missionary societies and philanthropic bodies.

History repeats itself, and that is very true. Mars was conquered and occupied just as America had been by the Portuguese, and Africa by all the European Powers.

## ENCOUNTER WITH A BULL.

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MR MORRIS' encounter with a bull bison reminds me of an adventure I had at one time of my life, some thirty five years ago, with a similar creature, though it was not a bison but only a sacred bull. This institution of sacred bulls shews clearly the far seeing wisdom that used to guide the ancient law givers of India. In a country like India, where the people are unambitious and fond of home, and where the almost only means of existence is what is derived from land, the cow is essential for the existence of man. Not only was slaughter of kine prohibited, but measures were adopted for the purpose of creating a healthy breed of cattle, by making the bull a public property. The sacred bulls would, at times, however, though very rarely, from mere exuberance of energy, become mischievous, and attack men. On such occasions, the bull is caught and his horns cut off. The one I had to deal with was one of the biggest and strongest that any one ever saw in our part of the country. Indeed, it looked more like a very big buffalo than a bull. He was muscular, his horns were well-formed, and he stood as high as an elephant of moderate height. He was not, like other bulls, willing to settle in any particular village, he roamed from village to village, challenging his brethren to a fight. Of course, there was none who was willing to give him that pleasure, for whenever he encountered a brother bull and challenged him, the creature,



taken by terror, would flee with lightning speed. But speed was no protection from him, I mean, the hero of this sketch. If he was big in bulk, he was fleet of foot and could run like a hare. The mischievous creature, in this manner, disabled, wounded or killed a good many of his fellows residing within a radius of, say, six miles. He would enter a village and free it of all the bulls that lived there, and when he found that there was no more antagonist to give him the pleasure of a fight, he would enter another village.

Well, it came to pass that he, in this manner, came to our native village, Amrita Bazar, though not strictly as a stranger. His fame had preceded him. We had heard stories regarding him before, and of his many encounters with his fellows. But that did not make him so well-known as his other mischievous propensity of which I have yet said nothing. It was that, if he never spared a brother bull, he sometimes attacked men and women. He had wounded a good many men and women, and one such woman had died of her wounds. He did not, however, show so much fury in the case of a man as he did to his own species. We see here that philanthropy is a feeling which is universal. If the bull had no mercy for his own people, he had some mercy at least for others. In the same manner, we have in Calcutta a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but no society for the prevention of cruelty to men. But, I fear, I am digressing.

When the bull first came to our village, the news spread from mouth to mouth at once. The villagers had to move about with very great caution, to avoid their falling in with him. What the bull would do was to graze in the field quietly, or lie down under the shade of a tree re-chewing his food, or follow a cow. But if by chance a man approached him too near he would pursue him with lowered horns. He would, however, take no notice of a man who shewed due respect to him, and

passed by him at a distance. The fact is, he would not permit near acquaintance and undue familiarity. He had also the generosity of giving previous notice, when he felt that a man was trenching upon his rights and shewing disrespect to him, by coming too near him, by unmistakable signs of anger. Thus if he fancied that a man or woman was showing disrespect by coming too near, he would raise his head, give an ominous shake to his horns, and utter a low angry cry. Of course, there was no man who was daring enough to defy such a notice as that, and every one would immediately fly from his presence. Under such circumstances, however, the bull would not pursue the offender. It was thus that his presence in the village made the existence of the villagers possible.

When the bull came, I was not in the village, but information was sent to me and I came. I immediately tried to engage a party for the purpose of a fight with him. But no one would come to join in an enterprise like that. However, I succeeded in inducing Goala, a very strong, big, and powerful, also a Mussalman, who was my servant. He, if not as strong as the Goala, was reputed to be a man of courage. As for myself, I was then young, a little stronger than many others of my age, the fastest runner in the country, fond of enterprise, and utterly reckless of consequences. Well, we girded our loins, and each of us took a thick club (*lathie*) and issued out in search of the bull. It was the month of January, about the middle of the day. We soon found the bull grazing in the bed of a dried-up tank. We three stood in military array on the bank. This was the first time that I had seen the bull. The sight of the majestic creature made me feel that I was on a fool-hardy enterprise,—that we three were no match for him. Now, fancy what we could do with our *lathies* only. We, as Hindus, could not even draw his blood. On the other hand, had the liberty of either goring or tran-

us to death. What we could do was to give him a good beating. But we felt that we could make no impression upon him by the *lathies* we had in hand. They would fall upon him as light feathers. But yet there was no help for it. Hundreds of men had come to see the fun, who, of course, took good care to stand at a considerable distance from the bull, and some also had even got up on trees to have a sight of the fight from a safe position. To shew tail was, therefore, out of the question. I had one lingering hope in my mind,—that I had fast legs and the bull, with his cumbrus frame, would not be able to out-run me,—a hope which I afterwards found to have been a great delusion. When we stood on the bank of the tank, we found that the bull was rather in a pacific frame of mind, for he seemed not to take any great notice of our approach. The Goala said, "If you want the bull to come roaring at us, it is necessary to apply some foul epithets to him." Saying this, he began to address the majestic animal in the foulest language possible. He told the bull in distinct language that it would not be possible to find gentle blood in one of his family, from him up to his fourteenth generation. He further said addressing the bull, that his mother was a harlot, and that his sister was worse, nay, he threatened the bull that he would make his sister a mistress of his (Goala). Of course, all this he said in the foulest language possible, and if prosecuted for it, he would have been found to have disobeyed the provisions of a section of the Penal Code of the land. Whether the bull understood the language or not, I can not say for certain. But, it seemed, he understood every syllable, for he came upon us with a loud roar and in blind fury.

But before rushing upon us, the bull went through some preliminary ceremonies which are too good to be omitted. When he had resolved upon attacking us, the first thing he did was to give a shake to his head as if to ascertain the fact

whether his horns were in good order. Being satisfied on this point, he lowered his massive head and inclined it a little towards the left, and thus he directed his left horn towards us. This done he put forward his left forefoot, as if to secure a firmer footing for the purpose of applying the right foreleg to another important purpose, which was to raise the dust with his right hoof. In this manner he began to raise a cloud of dust accompanying the same with a bellow or snort. I call it a snort because he began to breathe fiercely through his nostrils, causing a peculiar sound which was so loud and terrific that it would have dismayed stouter hearts than ours. All these, however, it took the bull only a few seconds to perform. Having thus given a sufficient warning of his intentions, he rushed upon us with the speed of lightning, his head inclined towards the left, his left eye half shut, and his right eye blazing forth fury and fire.

Then perhaps it was time for us to bolt. But we did not. The situation was, no doubt, not at all a pleasant one. For the bull was as strong and almost as ferocious as any wild buffalo. What we had in our hands were only bamboo sticks, and though we were three there, none of us could be relied on to stand fast at a moment of peril like that. But yet we did remain there. It was neither vanity nor pride that induced me to receive the charge of the bull. But at the time, I don't know why, I felt myself not only utterly reckless of consequences, but under the spell of some exceedingly pleasurable excitement.

Mine was the post of honour, that is to say, I stood in the middle, the Mussalman was on my left, and the Goala on my right. But be it said to the credit of both of them, that neither showed any inclination to run away. When the bull came within a striking distance, we began to strike him, our lathies, not in a gentle manner certainly. The blows

to fall thick and fast upon his devoted head. Of course, the bull did not mind them much, but he could not as slightly regard those which struck his nostrils and eyes. Besides, knowing the weakness of our position and the worthlessness of our weapons, we had to make up our deficiencies by vigour and agility. We believe, in the course of few seconds, the bull received some fifty blows upon his devoted head, each strong enough to fell a King Richard of England.

Met by this shower of blows, the bull slackened his pace a little. As he advanced so did we retreat, never, however, giving him any respite whatsoever in the matter of blows. The bull, however, had one disadvantage, and it was that he had three antagonists. If he had only one to fight with, he would perhaps never have minded the blows, but would have, of a certainty, rushed upon and gored that one on the spot. But he had three to gore, which he could not possibly do at one and the same time. This led him to make a selection, and that surely was our opportunity. When he directed his horns towards the right wing, the left and the centre so offended him by their blows that he was led to leave the right alone and attack the centre. So, in turn, he attacked each of us, and was on each occasion led to reconsider his decision.

This uncertainty on his part saved us, for he stopped as if for the purpose of making the point clear as to whom he should next attack.

So long the spectators had remained quiet. Being dismayed by the scene they had neither been able to flee nor utter a word. But no sooner did they see that the bull had stopped than they, as if by common assent, raised a tremendous shout. This almost unearthly sound from a hundred throats gave, for the first time, the stupid creature a fright. He turned his head towards the right as if to see whether his rear was safe. As soon as he had thus turned his head the blows and the shouts

were redoubled with a view to enhance his fright and scare him away. But the bull was too proud to turn tail. At this juncture the Gorkh—whether from his knowledge of the habits of the bovine species—for a Gorkh is a dairy farmer, or from frolic or from confusion or from pure stupidity—caught hold of the tail of the bull with his left hand.

Now, this bull had never before been made to undergo this sort of outrage,—his tail had never been touched by man, beast or devil. When his tail was caught hold of, he thought that it was all over with him and that his last moments had come. In short, he offered no more resistance, but turned his head and fled precipitately. But the Gorkh would not let go his hold. Why, he alone knew, though when asked to explain this manœuvre on his part he could not give any explanation for his conduct. The fact was, none of us was in his right senses at that moment. He had caught hold of the tail, but when the bull fled he ought to have let go the hold for he could do no harm to the bull by clinging to his tail. The result that followed was inevitable. He had the tail furly in the tight grasp of his left hand, so when the bull fled he was thrown down as a matter of course. But yet, as he did not let go his hold, the further result was that the bull dragged him without much minding his weight, though no doubt much to his discomfort.

It is lucky that the Gorkh had caught hold of the tail with one hand, for though he was being dragged as a carriage is by a pair of spirited horses, yet he tried to keep his grasp tight, of course, unsuccessfully. His interest lay in letting go the tail, but he did not loosen his hold. The fact was, he was not then in a proper state of mind, and it seemed to him in his bewilderment that his safety lay in keeping hold of the tail. However, he did us this service that his manœuvre still more frightened the bull. If you touch the tail of an animal

## INDIAN SKETCHES

give him an impulse to move faster. The bull ran for life, when his tail was caught hold of, and he ran faster if possible when he found the weight of the Goala's body sticking to his tail!

When the bull had succeeded in extricating itself from the hold of the Goala, it ran with the speed of lightning towards the interior of the village. But I had to inquire into the condition of the Goala before starting in pursuit. Thus I lost a few seconds of time. And by this mishap, the bull succeeded in proceeding several hundred yards ahead of me. What I feared was mischief to the villagers. I thought that the bull would go to death any one he might find in his way. We followed the bull with the cry of "beware of the bull," which was repeated by a hundred voices. For though we had lost the help of the Goala, we found help from all the spectators who now joined us in the pursuit. We saw at once that in spite of his bulky form, the bull could run as fast as a fleet horse. Indeed, I saw to my dismay that as regards

running I had no chance with him. Somehow or other we, however, came up with him. Yet he was a hundred yards ahead of us. We kept shouting to the top of our voices warning people of the danger, but the bull was himself too much terrified to seek a quarrel just then, and go out of his way to attack a man. Unfortunately, a villager, Umar Gazi by name, found himself face to face with the running bull. We saw Umar's danger, but we could not help him. Indeed, there was no time for that man not only to fly, but to move either to the right or to the left. The bull caught poor Umar with his horns and tossed him up in the air! Umar fell with a thud in a well cultivated field by which the bull ran. We feared that the bull would now finish the business that he had begun, and gore the poor man to death, but, as we said above, he was not, then in a fighting mood. He had meddled with Umar because the man had obstructed his passage. The beating that he

had received and the continuous shout that we kept up, not to mention the outrages committed upon his tail, had completely demoralized him. Though Umar Gazi was tossed up very high in the air, luckily none of his bones were broken, though he was severely hurt.

The number of pursuers had then increased. We never allowed the bull to rally his courage, and in this manner we kept up the pursuit for full five hours and-a-half. The fact was, we had no definite idea of what to do with him. Several attempts were made to make him cross the river, and on two occasions he was forced into it, but he was not willing to go deep into the water or to swim, and so he came back in spite of ourselves. We could not kill him nor even draw his blood. We could have shorn him of his horns, but it was impossible to catch him. Though he had kept up the run for five hours and-a-half he did not show the least sign of exhaustion, when in the evening, for want of light, we had to give up the pursuit. In his run he had left our village and entered another, but he came back again to his previous haunt.

On the following morning I had to leave the village. So the bull was left alone for five or six days. The fight had tamed him completely, and for two or three days after his defeat he never ventured again to give a shake to his head when he found a man coming near him. But he recovered slowly, and it seemed that he had forgotten very fast the lessons of his last defeat, for he at last assumed the offensive again. We then contemplated another expedition, but love accomplished what war had failed to do. He followed one day a cow to our cow-shed, which was a strongly built though straw-thatched house. No sooner had he entered the house, than the door was closed from outside by the servant in charge.

"The bull—in prison" was the mouth to mouth. A crowd collected



held. The bull was going round and round inside the house in a state of desperation, to find out an outlet. A plan was formed and some men entered the house from the thatch overhead. Very strong pieces of cord were procured and four men sitting on the crossbeams tried to enclose him. In this business, the confusion of the bull, his horns and the small space in the room, helped them.

When the bull found that he was a prisoner, he gave up all attempts at escape, but fell down as if in despair. He uttered not a groan, nor moved a muscle to help himself. He only moved his half shut eyes, from which water was freely flowing. Some said that he was weeping, anyhow he presented to them a rueful countenance. He had been so securely tied that people freely ventured to approach near him. His legs then were tied, and he was rendered powerless for mischief. Moochies were brought and he was shorn of the splendid pair of horns with the help of these low class men. This done, he was let loose. The bull pined and died shortly after. He was an exceedingly useful creature, but there was no help for it, he deserved the punishment meted out to him.

## THE GREAT KING ON HIS THRONE

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The irresistible King sat on His Golden Throne, surrounded by His beloved ministers, whom His subjects, divided into diverse races called Prophets. He ruled with such consummate wisdom that every one thought that the race to which he belonged, was the most favourite of the Lord Sovereign. His laws were so simple that every one could know what they were. But more. He made the obedience to His laws a source of profit to His subjects, and disobedience that of loss. The King, however, lived at a distance, far from the reach of His subjects, and this led those, who had foolishly created perverse tastes for themselves, to break the laws and bring misery upon their heads. When thus afflicted, they sent petitions to the King, and for this they had neither to pay for stamps nor any other fees. All their petitions reached the foot of the Throne direct and without cost.

As the King sat, a petition reached the foot of the Throne, which the Private Secretary took up and read. It was from the Abyssinians who begged protection from the invasion of the Italians. No sooner was the petition read than another was taken up by the Secretary. It was from the Italians who prayed for victory over the Abyssinians.

The King wanted to know the grounds upon which they prayed for His intervention. The Secretary said in reply that the Abyssinians claimed to be the only loyal subjects of His Majesty, while the Italians preferred the same claim.

The King smiled, and addressing a minister said "Jesus, My beloved son, they both belong to you It is for you to advise Me how to satisfy both parties"

Jesus said, "My revered Father, why dost Thou call them my own? I told them distinctly that it would not do to call me "good" and disobey the laws I have told them that murder is murder whether committed on the high-ways or on the battle field I have told them that they are all brothers and must love one another I cannot call them my own, who disobey Your laws and then selfishly throw all the responsibility upon my shoulders"

The King again smiled, and ordered the petitions to be filed with the remark, that the parties must take the consequence of their own acts

Just then a petition came from Emperor William Emperor William wanted to keep Alsace and Lorraine in his possession and prayed for the assistance of the King He proposed in his petition, that if the King afforded the necessary help, he, the Emperor, would offer the King, in return, his hearty thanks, and praise Him and proclaim His glory

The King again turned to Jesus and said—"How is it that Emperor William thinks me such an idiotic fool? His idea is to bribe me by a few good words to help him in pursuit of his selfish ends Let the petition of Emperor William be filed without any order"

The Armenians sent a petition for protection from the Sultan, and the Sultan did the same to protect himself from the Christian Powers The King addressed Mahomet and said, "Beloved Friend, what have you to say to this?" Mahomet replied "Brother Jesus is in a better position to give the reply than I am Previously my followers were the stronger party, but his are now the masters of the situation"



here in a short time, leaving all their possessions behind, to render an account for their actions. They will have to explain why they committed murder, why they stole, and why they did other unlawful things." Then turning to Jesus, the King said sorrowfully "And was it for this that you, my beloved son, bled?"

## THE INDIAN ALLIGATOR—I

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ALLIGATORS in their hundreds of thousands, can be found in the Sunderbun rivers, but they cannot do much harm there, for people do not bathe in the brackish waters of those streams. They are, however, also to be found in almost all the navigable rivers in Lower Bengal, where they commit great havoc. People protect themselves from man eaters by fencing the bathing ghats with bamboo poles, but yet they are sometimes killed within these enclosures, if not devoured. The brutes are not altogether devoid of intelligence, and some of them now and then even shew a good deal of cunning. They will enter by night the enclosure by the overland route, and lie still. Sometimes they manage by their claws, which are very powerful, to make an opening in the fence, and secure an entrance. After this, they will remain still, until the first bather comes into the ghat. Then the man or woman is caught, and he or she is either killed or rescued. If killed, the alligator cannot carry away the body on account of the fence, and, in such cases, it is usually caught in its own net and killed. But sometimes it escapes by the route by which it had entered the fence. On land, however, it is dangerous to follow the brute over tilled ground. For, in its progress, it pushes the sod behind with tremendous force, which might kill or maim its pursuers.

The usual way, however, by which alligators catch and carry away their prey, ought to be known to all. It is—

that sharks cannot bite a man, if he be moving about. This is quite true of the alligator. It would float in the river only with its knouts above the surface of the water, through which it breathes. The two knouts look from a distance like two black spots. Those familiar with its habits can at once detect the presence of the monster by the presence of the two black spots. But generally they are not always perceived.

The alligator, while floating in the above manner, would aim at a bather. If its presence was known, the bather would at once fly to the bank at the disappearance of the knouts. But when its presence has not been detected, the alligator will steady its aim, dive, rush onward with the speed of lightning, and catch the leg of its victim. It comes with such furious speed, that it will take only a few seconds for an alligator to reach its prey from a distance of one hundred cubits. Sometimes, it is obstructed in its progress by the uneven bed of the ghat, and then it turns from the charge. Thus, for instance, if, in its progress towards its prey, it is obstructed by any raised ground, it will stop there, and lose the thread of its aim.

It is for this that alligators will not infest some particular ghats, though they will do mischief in the neighbouring ones.

It sometimes happens, however, that the party aimed at moves, from good luck, from his position, as soon as the alligator has dived for him. The alligator, true to its aim, will come to the exact spot, where its prey was bathing, and not finding him there, will rise to the surface, aim again, and, if possible, catch its prey.

It is thus that an alligator can never catch a man who is swimming. It will steady its aim at a swimming man, dive and reach the spot where the man originally was, when it took its aim. Coming to the surface and finding that its prey has moved, it will take another aim, and will in this manner pursue the swimmer. A good many years ago, when there was

no boat-bridge below Bongong, then in the Nuddea district, now in Jessore, there was a ferry ghaut close by. The ferry-boat, laden with passengers, once sank in the stream, and they all swam towards the shore. One of them was pursued by an alligator. The alligator dived a good many times to seize its prey, but without success, and the man would have escaped, but he was paralyzed by terror, and when his foot touched the land, he could not move another step, and was thus seized by the alligator and carried away.

A terrible and exciting scene was seen, in the same river higher up, in the rainy season. This river is called the Ichamatī. Near Choadānga, there is a village called Damurhudā, a village which fought so well during the indigo disturbance. A Goalā woman, who had gone to the river to fetch water, was seized by an alligator, but, by what process it could not be known, the alligator had let go its hold upon her. As we said, it was the rainy season, and the very strong current of the river carried her downwards. The alligator, however, pursued her. The woman, fortunately for herself, knew how to swim and she managed to keep herself above water. She had all her senses about her, and was seeking for help with agonizing shrieks. People, on hearing her shrieks, gathered on the banks, but as there was no boat, they could offer no help. They, however, saw that the current was driving her towards a bend of the river, and they formed a plan of rescuing her there.

They collected the cords by which the cows were tethered on the grassy bank. With these, they managed to make a long and stout rope. Their plan was to throw the rope to the woman, when she approached the bend, and to drag her up. They encouraged the woman to take heart, and hold the rope fast, when it would be thrown to her at the bend. This was actually done.



But what was the alligator doing all the while? It had been following the woman for almost one-eighth of a mile without being able to seize her. It was taking its aim, and coming to the spot, it would raise its head, but only to find that its prey had moved a few feet downwards. It would take a second or two to steady its aim and then would dive again, and again rising would only see that its prey had moved downward still. And thus the foolish brute was pursuing the woman, when she came to the bend, and the rope was thrown to her. Luckily, she had the strength of mind to hold it fast. And then a number of people began to drag her towards the bank. The alligator perceived that its prey was going to elude its jaws, and followed the woman swimming furiously, without, however, being able to catch her. It would have caught her at last, when she was being lifted on to the bank, but the people drove the animal away by striking it with stones, bamboo-poles and sticks.

"It has been stated that alligators will climb up into a boat, and then plunge with its victim in its mouth back into the river. This, we believe, is not true. We had ourselves been a witness to a scene which showed that it is not within the power of the brutes to enter a boat by climbing up the sides. We were in a country-boat in the Kapatakhi river, and on nearing a bazar, we heard that a big alligator infested the river and had carried away a woman, only a few days before, from the ghat. We had, however, to moor our boat there for the night, and we did so almost in the middle of the river. We were sleeping under an awning in the boat, and it was about midnight. It was the rainy season, but yet the weather was fair and the moon shone above. We came out of the shed for a necessary purpose. The servant and the boatmen were lying upon the deck, which was only about a foot and a half or less above water. These men were sleeping profoundly. On coming out of the shed, we saw a big alligator with

its hideous form floating just by the side of the boat, with its entire body above water ! It was gazing wistfully at the men who were temptingly sleeping on the deck not more than two feet from its jaws The sight confounded the writer of this, and he raised a shout of "alligator," and the brute immediately dived with such force as to give a fearful shaking to the boat

## THE INDIAN ALLIGATOR —II

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11 the snakes of India have been studied by European scientists, not so the alligators of our rivers. These creatures have not as yet been able to attract the curiosity of European scientists and the zeal of English sportsmen. There is no danger in shooting at an alligator, and thus sportsmen do not find it worth their while to spend powder and shot upon a creature which has no opportunity of turning round upon its assailants. Bismarck likened a fight between Russia and England to one between an elephant and a whale. The alligator is supreme in its element, and there is no man who will venture to fight it there. A sportsman is also supreme in his own element where no alligator will venture to attack him. Hence there cannot be any real fight between a sportsman and an alligator.

The only terrestrial animal with which the alligators have an opportunity of fighting is the buffalo. The buffalo is a good swimmer and a diver too. An alligator will never, as a rule, attack a herd of buffaloes, when crossing a river or a canal, but a very big and ferocious one may be tempted to catch the leg of a calf which might have lagged behind, and drag it into the middle of the stream. If this be done, the calf lows in agony and draws the attention of the mother to its dangerous position. The mother which had perhaps touched land then, would again plunge into the river, and rush back to the rescue of its calf. The

mother would be followed by the entire herd. And thus an exciting chase would ensue, the buffaloes pursuing the alligator in rows, sometimes swimming and sometimes diving, forming a cordon round it. The alligator, seeing the state of affairs, does generally, under the circumstances, let go its hold upon the calf, and fly for life. But this does not save him from the wrath of the buffaloes. The mother takes care of the calf, leads it on to the bank, and licks its wounds, but the others ferociously pursue the offending reptile. This pursuit is conducted sometimes for hours together, generally ending in success. The alligator is at last found to be driven towards the bank, at the point of the horns of the buffaloes. This process kills it in no time, and when its mangled carcass is brought on land, it is trampled under foot by the infuriated animals.

The Indian way of catching alligators is intensely exciting. The way in which English sportsmen shoot alligators is a very tame affair. He gets khabar (information), reaches the spot, shoots at the creature from the bank or a boat, and either misses his aim or kills it. Alligator-shooting is thus not an attractive pastime. But, as we said, the native way of killing it is as much exciting as that of chasing a tiger. We shall describe how it is done, later on.

In the winter season, hundreds and thousands of alligators could be seen basking in the sun on the banks of Sunderbun rivers. What we have to do is to go to the Sunderbuns in the cold season and kill hundreds of them,—of course, younger ones. Man-eaters do not permit themselves to be approached in that way, even in the winter season. Like the snakes, they do not like cold. They lose all their vigour in

the month of March, they make their appearance, and man eaters begin their depredations.

The man eaters are those which had once, by a chance, got a taste of human flesh, and found by experience that man is a very easy prey. Thus sometimes a very big alligator will not attack men, while smaller ones will do so. Alligators which do not attack men are called fish eating alligators, but when a man eating alligator appears in a river, it makes a dreadful havoc.

In the village of Khalsi, on the bank of the river Kapitakhi, three miles from our native village, Amrita Bazar, where there was an indigo factory in old days, live a few fishermen of the Malo caste. The river there is very narrow and full of weeds. One of these fishermen came accidentally to our place, and we were surprised to find that his left arm had been mauled as if by an animal armed with dreadful fangs.

We asked him the cause of the tooth marks on his arm. He said he had been carried off by an alligator. He showed us tooth marks also on his leg, where they were deeper than on the arm. He told us the story how he was saved from the jaws of the monster.

His house was on the bank of the river. It was the month of May. He carried his net to the bathing ghat below his house, as a relation had come as a guest and there was no fish in the house to entertain him. When he was taking up the net on his shoulder to proceed, his elder brother warned him of the alligator which had made its appearance close to their ghat. The latter told him that the alligator had a ferocious look, and seemed to be fond of looking at men standing on the banks, which showed that it must be a man-eater. Fish eating alligators are never so bold and would never venture to float like a log of wood, when people gaze at it from the banks.

But the younger brother said he would not go deep into the water, and that if the alligator came to him he knew how

to deal with it. The fact was, the man was very strong as we could see from his well developed muscles and tall stature. He assured us that his elder brother was as strong as he.

Well, he left his house, entered the river and threw his net. He went a few steps into the river, the water reaching up to his thigh. But the alligator was there. It caught his leg in its mouth, gave him a shake and felled him.

The man found himself in a queer position. The water was very clear and he could see everything clearly. He saw that the hideous animal had caught his leg and was dragging him slowly into deeper water, because he was instinctively resisting its attempts to drag him out. The man was completely under water. Indeed, he was almost on his back, and resisting the progress of the alligator with his two hands, catching hold of anything that came in his way.

The man said that he reflected for a moment on his danger and how to save his life. What people used to say about blind ing in alligator with thrusting the fingers into its eyes while carrying a man, occurred to him.

The fact is, it is believed that the surest and safest way of escaping from the jaws of the monster is for the man, who is being carried off, to blind the alligator with his fingers. The fisherman thought of this plan.

There was a very good opportunity for him to do this, for the water was clear and he could see the eyes distinctly, and his fingers were very close to the eyes of the monster. But yet he could not steady his aim, for the alligator was dragging him and he was instinctively resisting its progress with his hands.

We asked him how he could reflect so coolly at a moment like that. He said in reply that he did not feel the danger at all, and though he knew that he would be dead in a few

He felt utterly indifferent

But we inquired of him to explain how he could be so calm, when he was under water and was feeling the sensation of suffocation coming upon him

He said he did not feel the least inconvenience in being under water. He did not at all feel any necessity for breathing. In short, he was not altogether in an unpleasant state of body or mind. He neither felt any sorrow for his approaching death, nor any sense of suffocation, nor any pain from the bite of the monster. Just then he found himself caught by a man.

The elder brother had warned him to take care of the alligator. But this did not satisfy the former. A moment after he felt uneasy, and approached the river to see whether his brother was all safe. But lo! he saw no one at the ghat. He approached nearer in a state of excitement, and found that something was struggling under water. The water was clear as glass and he at once saw how matters stood. He hallooed for assistance, entered the river, and caught hold of an arm of his brother. Then there was a struggle for his body between the alligator on one side and the elder brother on the other. Just then help came,—men, women and children. They caught one another by the hand and not only raised the head of the man in danger above water, but began to drag the alligator also towards the bank!

When the alligator found itself dragged towards the bank, it let go its hold of the leg, but again attacked the victim's arm. Then the villagers arrived and began to strike the brute with bamboo poles and fishing-spears. The alligator was thus obliged to leave its prey, and fly for life.

The fisherman said he was six months in bed, on account of the wounds that he received from the bite of the alligator.

## ALLIGATOR HUNTING—I

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IN the well-known village of Bahar, in the Dacca district, on the bank of the great and formidable •Pudma, lived a family of Mussalmans. They were traders by profession, and, if not wealthy, were in tolerably good circumstances. But though they were six brothers and lived together, there was only one boy amongst them. This heir to the family was naturally the pet of all the brothers.

It was in the month of May that some of the brothers went to a neighbouring beel for fishing purposes. After having caught fish, they came to wash themselves in the river. The boy too was bathing with them. He, all on a sudden, gave an agonizing shriek and said, "Chacha (uncle), it carries me," and was seen to disappear. Those at the ghat knew not what was the matter with the boy. They felt themselves stunned for a moment. But what was to be done? Had the current carried the boy away? The idea struck them that perhaps it was an alligator, but they had seen none. Anyhow they were fearfully exercised in their minds. They brought boats for the purpose of a thorough search for the boy. And while thus engaged, they saw an alligator a few hundred yards ahead of them, rising to the surface with the boy in its mouth. It was, altogether a horrid sight to them. The alligator dived again and was no more seen. The sight paralyzed them for a moment.



A fierce passion soon after took possession of them. They determined to have that alligator's blood at any cost. And one of the brothers hastened to the city of Dacca for the purpose of securing the services of alligator-hunters. Such a man was secured for Rs 35. The engagement was that the alligator must be pointed out to him. And so the hunter, with his assistant and his boy, came to the village of Bahar.

Now, alligators can't live in strong currents. The broad Pudma is no place for them. Yet they manage to procure shelter in the bends of the river, or in places where it is divided into streamlets formed by islands. There was an island in the Pudma near the village of Bahar, which gave the alligator shelter.

The hunter came in his canoe, and moored it at the ghat from where the boy had been carried off. Hundreds of volunteers came out to trace the whereabouts of the brute, and they stood on the bank for the purpose. As good luck would have it, the brute was seen floating just in front of the ghat. The fact is, when an alligator has been successful in carrying off a prey, it will not leave that ghat for a considerable space of time.

The hunter and his assistant then concealed themselves in the canoe, and the son of the former went down into the river as if for the purpose of bathing, and there he began to beat the waters with his hands, and thus to attract the attention of the brute. The device succeeded, the attention of the brute was drawn by this method. When this was seen, the boy stood still so as to allow the brute to take its aim. The alligator imperceptibly turned its face towards the boy, took its aim, and disappeared. No sooner was this done than the boy went up to the boat, and the hunter and his assistant stood up in their canoe with harpoons in their hands.

The alligator, sure enough, came to the exact spot where the boy had stood and not finding its prey there, rose to the surface to see where he had gone. No sooner had the brute raised its head above water, than a couple of harpoons were sought to be plunged into it. One failed but the other stuck, and firmly too. Being thus hurt, the brute dived again with a tremendous splashing of water, and ran furiously towards the middle of the stream. The chief hunter, who had succeeded in his aim, let go the rope made of *sone* (jute) which was tied to the other end of the harpoon. They also followed the monster in their canoe. It was the boy who was rowing, and one of the hunters again stood up with a harpoon in hand, while the other controlled the *sone* rope tied to the harpoon. The alligator first ran about a mile from the ghāt without stopping, and without making itself seen. It then turned its head for motives of its own. Other people had then joined in the pursuit. All the boats that were in the village were launched into the river for the purpose of joining in the sport. All these people had spears or bamboo poles in their hands. Soon after, the alligator was found to rise up close to the boat managed by the amateur hunters. But they could do no harm to the brute. They only succeeded in giving it a fright and confounding its movements by their shout. The brute was thus driven towards the island. Hitherto, it had been able to manage to breathe without showing itself much to its pursuers. In this manner, it had risen to the surface for a moment only, to breathe three or four times, during all the three or four hours that it was being pursued. When driven towards the island, all the boats followed it. The alligator finding that it was going towards shallow waters, turned back again, and, when accomplishing this movement, it allowed itself to be seen by the hunters, and a second harpoon was plunged into its head!

When this harpoon was seen to stick firmly to its head, the chief hunter exclaimed in a loud voice, "You are mine" So long he was not sure of his game, for he felt that one harpoon was not quite enough to secure a monster like that. It was one of the biggest alligators, that, he declared, he had ever seen.

The second blow weakened the movements of the alligator, and it could be seen that it was getting weaker rapidly. At last the hunters managed to approach it, and, after several attempts, succeeded in tying its tail with a strong piece of cord. But it was felt that the cord was not strong enough, and so another was used for the purpose. It was at about 12 o'clock that the first harpoon had been struck, and it was just before evening that the monster was dragged up by hundreds of men to dry land. As we said above, it was one of the biggest of its kind.

Its stomach was opened, and some gold and silver ornaments were found. This will go to show that alligators swallow limbs entire. They catch their prey and hide it in a secure place, for they don't relish meat which is not decomposed.

The Mussalmans paid a good reward for the labours of the hunter, and the latter also got good presents from some rich folks in the neighbourhood, to whom they carried the brute for exhibition. Porpoises are also hunted in this manner, but as they are not dangerous, their hunting does not excite as much interest as that of an alligator.

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## ALLIGATOR HUNTING —II

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ALLIGATORS are usually very shy creatures, but when they have once tasted human flesh, (which must be in a decomposed state to suit their palate) and found out what a weak creature man is, they become very bold. Alligators, which are seen from the banks of rivers, floating on the bosom thereof as if quite unconscious of the presence of the human beings who are watching their movements, will, gradually and slowly, approach the shores in the hope that some one might come into the river to provide food for them. They are, however, inspite of their ferocity, very stupid creatures, even more stupid than the rhino. A gentleman, a Brahmin by caste, was once pounced upon by an alligator, in the river which flows past the town of Bongong. Now, the usual practice of the brute is to seize its victim and dive to the bottom of the river and not to come up to the surface again, until its victim is quite dead. In this case, however, the alligator swam with the elbow of the Brahmin held fast between its jaws, so that the poor fellow was, with his head above the water, fully conscious of the horrible danger of his position. The Brahmin believing his last moments had arrived, ceased to cry for help but beg-

swimming towards him from the opposite direction. This led him to look out for mischief and he turned tail to put away his victim in what he thought a private place, which was nothing but the bend of the river. There he left the Brahmin, and turned its head again towards the other alligator as if it had done nothing wrong. The Brahmin, of course, did not lose this excellent opportunity of saving his life.

It was on the 2nd April 1896 that khabar was brought in to us of an alligator in the river Kapatakhi, on the banks of which our native village, Amrita Bazar, stands. Now, usually these brutes are not found in the northern part of the said river where the water is generally shallow, though they are found in large numbers in the southern part. This brute either from hunger or from whatever cause which, of course, could not be ascertained, appeared in this part of the river where alligators are not usually seen. It made its appearance felt by killing a cow. Its second attempt was upon a Moochi woman. Mir Nurul Huq of the adjacent village with his double-barrelled gun undertook to kill the brute. He fired several shots at it, a few of which no doubt hit him, but it took refuge near a bend of the river where the water happened to be very deep.

On getting khabar we went to the spot at about half past three. We found Nurul Huq in a boat with his double-barrelled gun and three or four men with fish-harpoons to help him. We learned from Nurul Huq that he had no more shot, powder or percussion caps, and that two of his harpoons had become blunt by frequent use. We then made the following preparations. We sent for all the boats and fishermen available with their harpoons, and we also procured munitions of war, which consisted of percussion caps, powder and small shot, fit only to kill snipes. We had no guns, for we had taken a vow, when the country was disarmed, never to pay the license fee for the purpose of keeping a gun, so necessary in a country of snakes,

tigers, leopards, wild boars, mad dogs, and alligators At our requisition, four boats, with four fishermen and one fish-harpoon, soon arrived on the spot

Now, it must be borne in mind, that there was nothing to prevent the alligator from going wherever it chose Indeed, if it had a drop of common-sense in it, it would have gone either south or north without letting us have any trace of its movements But such was the stupidity of the brute that it would not leave the spot where it had taken refuge Perhaps, it stuck to the place because the water was very deep there, perhaps the sight of hundreds of men who watched its movements from the banks tempted it to stop there and see if it could get hold of one What it did all this time was this It rose to the surface, remained there, say, about half-a-minute, and then disappeared Ten minutes after it would again rise to the surface to breathe, but this time it was found to have crossed the river and gone to the other side Thus it was seen to cross and recross the river and to come to view every ten minutes Whenever it came up to the surface of the water, a barrel was emptied at it Sometimes the barrels were loaded with pieces of iron and sometimes with pellets Whenever it rose to the surface it opened its white mouth wide, which seemed to be armed with a set of teeth terrible to look at, as if intended to frighten its tormentors

We were then in a boat, with four others As soon as the alligator came up, the cry of "there," "there," was raised by hundreds of spectators, and a shot was fired at it As it was fired at from close quarters very possibly the brute was on every occasion hit, and it shewed this by cutting a semi-somersault Sometimes, when hit, it turned completely upside down, and disappeared immediately beneath the surface It was then time for the fishermen  
bles which appeared

the man eater, was lying concealed. Ascertaining its position they would thrust their harpoons, but the water being very deep, the weapons did very little harm to the brute, though sometimes the harpoons struck it. Whenever this happened, the brute extricated itself by a mighty effort, which caused waves to rise on the still waters of the river, and rocked our boats. In this manner one harpoon was completely lost to us, another was rendered absolutely useless. It was the third and the last which remained in somewhat good condition.

Our situation was then this. The brute had by that time received, say, about twenty five shots from the gun and slight abrasions from the harpoons, while on our side we had yet some shots left as also one harpoon. Besides these, we had hundreds of men, who, with bamboo poles in their hands, were beating the water in the excess of their zeal from both banks, with heaven-rending shouts. Of course, the uncanny brute did not mind either the beating or the shouts of the spectators, or the axe which one carried on his shoulder with the object of cutting the animal open when caught and brought up to *terra firma*! Neither did it show by its attitude that it had got any fright at all. For, in the midst of the excitement, a cow came grazing to the brink of the river, and the alligator saw her. To our utter amazement we saw the brute slowly and stealthily approaching the cow evidently with sinister motives. A shot just then obliged it, however, to give up its pursuit.

The sun, however, was then about to set, and we did not know when and how this exciting game would end. Those in the boat were not absolutely in a safe position, for sometimes the alligator would suddenly rise so near the boat as to give it a violent jerk, so as to make one lose his balance and fall over-board. Indeed, in the heat of the excitement, a boat

hand in the use of their harpoons. They said, shots had done the brute very little harm and that it was time that they should be permitted to try their harpoons. To this arrangement we agreed. So, when the alligator rose again, no shot was permitted to be fired at him. The fisherman who was in our boat, slowly approached the brute and hurled his harpoon at it. As we were sitting by his right side, we could see that the harpoon had entered a tender part of the alligator's body.

The alligator, thus fairly caught, rushed onward with the harpoon sticking to its side. So, here was whale-fishing in the little river Kapatakh, though on a small scale! We let go the rope and began to watch further developments. The alligator carried the boat along with it for some time, then, it made a mighty effort and again extricated itself. If there had been another harpoon, the alligator might have been secured at once.

The sun had now set, and the alligator also began to show signs of exhaustion. It rose again, and was again struck, and this time in the most vital part of the animal. The brute still struggled to free itself, but its efforts had already become quite feeble. In a helpless state, it appeared on the surface of the river, and then a strong piece of cord was passed round its tail and another round its head, and it was securely tied to the boats. In this position we brought it to our bathing ghat, the alligator itself, which was yet quite alive, instinctively towing the boat with its legs! It measured full 9 cubits, and belonged to that species called man eaters.

The brute looked very hideous when dragged up on the beach. Why it died we do not as yet know. Of course, it had received innumerable small shots, but on examination it was found that they had done it very little harm. One of its teeth was certainly broken and one of its eyes was hurt too. It had also harpoon marks on its sides.



of the terrible monster—the dread of Bengali villagers, had not excited our sympathy, but we saw that even such a gigantic brute had its tormentors. For we found that leeches had stuck to its body all over, and we even found some in its mouth. These were comfortably sucking its blood, while the brute, with all its irresistible strength, could do nothing to expel them.

## THE BATTLE OF THE GODS.\*

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A MISSIONARY has come forward to prove that the true God is the God of the Christians, and that the Gods of the Hindu are all false. He has such a high authority as Bishop Caldwell to support him. But before we notice his arguments, we must repeat a pertinent story.

The Lay of the Gazeer is sung by the Mussalmans of Bengal. The Gazeer is described as a Mussalman warrior who travelled on the back of tigers. He and the Hindu Raja fought. The Raja had a most beautiful daughter, by name Champa, and the Gazeer wanted her for his wife. The Raja worshipped Durga, the Goddess of the Hindus, and the Gazeer worshipped Allah, the God of the Mussalmans. When the fight

to the people of this country They would bestow on the Hindus unbounded wisdom, favour and prosperity, and would probably commit to them the government of the rest of mankind How widely different from this is the actual condition of the Hindus! The supreme Government of every part of India has passed into the hands of Christians "

The missionary writer, referred to above, who calls himself a "Friend of India,"—he is obliged to announce himself as such, otherwise no one seeing his writings would take him for one,—quotes the above passages of the pious Bishop, to show that the Gods of the Hindus are all false, and that the God of the Christians is the true One! This 'Friend of India' goes a little further than the Mussalman poet who composed the "*Lay of the Gazee*," for, the latter allowed some powers and influence to the Gods of the Hindus, while the Christian missionary is not kind enough to admit that even

The argument, then, according to the missionary, is conclusive The Christians are masters, and the Hindus are slaves, and, therefore, the Christian God is the true God, and the Hindu Gods are false ones

We wish the Gods, the true and the false, had a fight over the question, as was done, in the matter of the *Gazee* and the Hindu Raja, for, in that case, not only would the spectacle of the true God on one side and the thirty-three millions of false Gods on the other, fighting tooth and nail for their respective pretensions, have been exceedingly interesting and instructive, but also conclusive on the point of the claims of both the parties Such a fight, however, is not possible, and we are obliged to have recourse to a wordy fight for the settlement of the question

We fear, the argument of the missionary is not universally applicable, for instance, the Sultan of Turkey holds sway over Christians From the above argument, if it were really conclu

sive, he, the Sultan, could also have declared that the God of the Christians was false, and the true God was only He of the Mussalmans. Besides, if sovereignty is a proof of the favour of God Almighty, the pious Christian divines are nowhere, for, some of them are very poor, some very meek and humble, and some lead the lives of ascetics. It cannot be, that if the Christian God is the true God, he should make these pious divines, His devoted followers, so poor and powerless.

And, then, if sovereignty is a proof of the favour of God, the Czar must be the most favoured of all of them on earth. For, he can kill and enslave as many Russians as he likes at his sweet will. And, then, there is the Emperor of Morocco. Is he not a true beloved of the true God? For, he has, we are told, several hundreds of wives, and has the power to massacre his people.

God is powerful, and He gives sovereignty to those whom he loves. He has given sovereignty to the Christians, and, therefore, He loves the Christians, says the Christian divine. This is very clear. But then, what has the Christian God to do, when two Christian nations fight? Both being Christians, how is He to divide His favour? For, He cannot give victory and sovereignty to both!

In days of yore, the Mussalmans were the ruling power in the world. They had conquered almost the half of Europe. Surely, true God was then on their side. Is it that God was subsequently converted to Christianity, and that He had previously been a Mussalman?

The idea that God favours his beloved men with sovereignty over others, reminds us of a story told us by Madame Blavatsky. The heroine of this story was a Russian Countess

favoured man The Countess, his mother, a very pious Christian, thereupon commenced fervently praying to God to console his son by restoring to him his lost mistress !

But the story of Kalu Roy is more to the point Many hundred years ago, Northern Bengal suddenly fell under the sway of the Goalas or the milk-men caste The deposed King, with all his efforts, could not oust the usurper from his position The ex-King died, and his son continued the struggle, and at last succeeded in killing Ichha Ghose, the Goala King This brave Prince, by name Dharam Raj, thus recovered the throne of his father, and became King In his old age, he made preparations for going to Heaven, and he sent for his beloved General, Kalu Roy, and addressed him thus "You have served me faithfully Now I am going to Heaven will you accompany me ?" Kalu Roy, the General, was a Dome by caste,—one of the lowest in Bengal The Domes are swineherds, and live mainly upon pork When Kalu Roy was thus addressed by the King, he said "Yes, my liege, I would go there But is pork abundant in Heaven, and also liquor ?" When Kalu Roy was assured that neither pork nor alcohol was to be had in Heaven, he declined to go there

But yet, what of that ? Kalu Roy had still to pay the debt of nature, to go to a place where there was neither pork nor liquor !

Sovereignty may be very desirable but, like pork and liquor, the right to lord it over fellow-beings is not to be found in the other world, where every one is bound to go, even the Christians

How absurd then is the contention of the good Bishop that the Hindu faith must be wrong, and the Christian faith the only right one, because Christians enjoy the supreme government of India ! The Bishop should learn from his own teacher, Jesus Christ, who declared that "His Kingdom was not of this world"

## THE BABOO \*

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[The following is an extract from the unpublished diary of a globe trotter in India ]

It was at Cawnpore, that I first heard of that strange animal of Bengal, of which so much has been spoken and written. I was expecting every moment my friend with whom I was staying, for it was past office hours, when he rushed in, apparently in a great fury, and threw himself prostrate upon a sofa. I soothingly inquired of him the cause of his ill-humor, and he said that his "Baboo would be the cause of death to him." "What was a Baboo?" thought I. I had heard of baboons and seen some of them in Africa, but never a baboo. I asked what was a baboo, and at this simple query, my friend laughed immoderately, till tears trickled down his cheeks. "Never heard of or saw a baboo in your life?" said he. "Well, a baboo is a strange animal and very vicious too." I was a little annoyed at his unseasonable merriment and told him so, but he apologised and told me that a baboo not only vexed but also amused him a great deal.

I wanted to see his baboo, for I was informed that the baboo had its own and separate quarters. I requested my friend to send

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\* In the beginning the Bengal Zemindar was the object of wrath to the average Englishman in India. When that class had been very humbled, the wrath was transferred to the "Baboos" of Bengal, by expression were meant those natives of Bengal who had learnt the language.

for its keeper to come along with the animal; but to my astonishment I was told that his baboo roamed at large and did not need the services of a keeper. Well, what was then a baboo? I petulantly asked. My friend said that it was an animal from Bengal which was his constant tormentor. It annoyed and irritated him very much, and it oftentimes roused his worst passions. "It will approach you when you don't want him and stick to you, and at last render you a helpless idiot!"

I interrupted him and inquired why then he kept a baboo at all. He said, because, he could not help it, "every European has a baboo and it is impossible to do anything in the country without its help. Baboo labour is cheap, and the baboos are very useful animals."

I did not fully understand what my friend meant, his words mystified me more than ever, and I inquired why he did not break those which proved vicious.

Friend — They are all vicious, and as to breaking them I dare not. They have paws and teeth and they can both scratch and bite.

Trotter — Are they more ferocious than the Bengal tiger and the African lion?

Fr — The baboo is a very gentle creature, indeed.

Tr — Why, then, don't you shoot him down whenever you find him, despite his cheap and useful labour?

Fr — Shoot a baboo! I would rather cut off my right forefinger. I dare not even flog him, and I am obliged even to humour him and treat him as a fellow being. Shoot a baboo! You don't know what would be the consequences of such a rash act. Shoot a baboo and he will no doubt be dead, but then the other baboos of the country, — thousands and tens of thousands, will join together, and raise such a piercing, terrible, awful, unearthly howl that it will shake the nerves of the boldest amongst us. They will howl from street to street,

from town to town, from province to province, from Calcutta to Bombay

Fr—I see I see, the baboos are then a species of apes which I saw in large numbers in America. They are called howling monkeys, of a brown color, with a capacious pouch under their chins

Fr—They are not howling monkeys, my friend, but they more closely resemble the human species, though I must tell you that the lower orders are now and then mistaken for apes and shot by the Europeans. But you are going down to Calcutta you will see plenty of them there. You will see baboos also in all the Railway Stations, for baboo power is absolutely necessary to make the cars go, but my last injunction to you is—avoid a baboo!

On the following morning I purchased a Calcutta ticket, and before getting into the train, closely examined the engine which waited there for some time, to see where the baboo power was applied. There the engine stood just like other engines I had seen in England and other places, and I could not see where the baboos were yoked. I inquired of the engine-driver, and evidently not understanding me, he pointed out to me one of the office rooms. Just then the bell rang and I was obliged to go in. There were some other Europeans in the car, and, as I was putting my luggage into order, the door of the compartment was violently shut by a gentleman who, evidently highly incensed, told to a fellow-passenger, "a rascally baboo was coming in." Though the gentleman was unknown to me, I could not help inquiring, with a shudder, whether the door had been properly shut, for I felt a little nervous. He said it had been shut but not locked. I then inquired where the baboo then was, for I longed to have a peep at him from such a safe place, surrounded as I was by my countrymen, but he said that the



All people were terrified —Hindus, Mussalmans, and Moochees, including the new converts. Under such circumstances the lower class Hindus set up images of gods and offer sacrifices before them. The Moochees followed suit by raising a subscription among themselves for the purpose of puja, and preparing the image of Hari-Kali.

Now, in this business, the Christian Moochees, having in their terror forgotten the precepts of their new religion, had heartily joined, as a matter of course. A temporary shed was erected and the image of the god was placed therein. The Hindu Moochees with their Brahmin priests were performing the ceremonies. The Christian Moochees being considered polluted creatures by their Hindu brethren, for their having become Christians, were not permitted to approach too near. So what the Christian Moochees did was to stand with folded hands in token of submission before god Hari Kali, outside the compound of the sacred edifice.

The missionary and his wife, though cholera, of a virulent type had broken out, bravely determined to remain at their post. They were, however, horrified to hear that their new converts, and even the most zealous among them were, in conjunction with the heathens, going to worship what they considered to be the very devil. So they ran to the spot to see if they could dissuade the newly made Christians from doing such an un-Christian and impious act as idol-worship.

On reaching the spot, they began to remonstrate, in no gentle language, with the converts, upon their sacrilegious conduct. The Moochees did not like this interference. The frequent and sudden deaths around them had completely demoralized them. Besides, being only nominal converts, they saw no harm in what they were doing. So, they tried to appease the infuriated missionary couple by telling them in very imploring tones, that every one knew that they were offering

puja to Hari Kali, not for the salvation of their souls, but only for protection from cholera

Some one amongst them, shrewder than his fellows, proposed to the missionary and his wife that the best thing for them would be not to offend the goddess Hari Kali, by refusing her puja just then "Let us," said they, "now give Puja to Hari Kali and avert this danger And when the danger is over, we can then go to church and ask forgiveness of our Lord "

Of the husband and wife, the latter was the more zealous She said, "Who is Hari Kali? He is a devil He can do us no harm I will shew you that your Hari Kali can do me no harm " So saying, she proceeded, with her stick in hand, towards the image, inspite of the protest of the Moochees, Hindu and Christian What she did afterwards, we can not approve of In short, with her stick, she broke the image !

The Moochees, though highly offended, could do nothing, for the offenders were an Englishman and his lady They, however, managed the puja somehow or other All the Moochees came to the conclusion that the lady had offended a mighty god by her conduct, and that in no time she would be made to feel it

It so happened, however, that the lady on coming back to her quarters found herself suddenly overtaken by sickness In short, she and her husband found that it was cholera by which she had been attacked There was no medical help near at hand, though they had a medicine chest with them, with which the missionary treated his wife as best as he could Within eight hours of the attack, however, the lady died The grief-stricken husband remembered very well how the Moochees had threatened the wrath of Hari Kali So, what he did, was to leave the place before dawn, with his dead wife and

valuables, for the nearest settlement, which was some six miles off

Early in the morning all the Moochees came to know of this melancholy affair. Of course, every one attributed the death of the lady to the wrath of Hari Kari. All Moochee converts then sought to be reconverted into Hinduism. But their Hindu brethren would not take them in, as they said, they had been polluted by accepting Christianity. However, a great meeting of the Moochees followed, and hundreds assembled to consider the question how the Christian Moochees could be taken back into the fold of the pure Moochee community. It was at last decided that every convert Moochee should pay a fine for the purpose of penance and feast. Thus they were restored to their original position.

The above story is taken down from the ~~statement~~ of one of the Moochee converts who took a prominent part in the above puja affair.

## THE GODDESS KALĪE AND THE GRASS-HOPPER \*

Now at the Goddess Kalīe's shrine  
His knee a zealot bent,  
And in a fit of holy zeal,  
From Heaven but rarely sent,

He vowed that chosen from his herds,  
With all convenient speed,  
The lordlings of the buffalo bulls,  
Should in her honour bleed

The Goddess hailed with glad assent  
This tribute to her fame,  
And waited longingly and long  
The gift that never came

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\* The natives of India having been ostracized from the public services of their country, the Government, in a fit of holy zeal, reserved the Postal Department for the benefit of the children of the soil. But the sacred promise was broken in the case of the higher offices at first. The subordinate offices yet looked very tempting and they too were then occupied by the "Poor Whites" and gradually the Department was filled almost from top to bottom with others than the natives of the soil.

Before her feet with streaming tears  
 The devout fell again,  
 Told her of drought and failing crops,  
 Of toil and want, and pain

And Kalle, pity touched, decreed  
 That he his vow should keep  
 But in lieu of lordly buffalo  
 Might sacrifice a sheep

Drying tears, the man went forth,  
 And vainly strove to find,  
 Among his fat and thriving flock,  
 One halt, or lean, or blind

The hours glide by, day follows day  
 And when the Goddess chid,  
 He strove to still her lawful ire  
 By promising a kid

I or her, and her alone, should be  
 The first that came to hand  
 He had not counted, first would come  
 The fattest of his band

So time went on and once again  
 Before her he appears  
 Lies prostrate at great Kalle's feet,  
 And bathes them with his tears,

"Goddess ! look down and pity me,  
 My children cry for bread,  
 A kid is much, deign to accept  
 A grasshopper instead "

"Well, be it so " The Goddess said,  
 In deep disgust and pain ,  
 And rendered bolder by her words  
 The zealot spoke again

"Lady, ' he said, ' to catch you one  
 Would cost me time and trouble,  
 • Stretch out your hand in yonder field,  
 And take them from the stubble "

Thus India ' to thy prayer at last  
 A gracious ear is lent  
 Not buffalo, sheep, or kid is here  
 But grass hoppers are sent

## APRIL, MAY AND JUNE

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IN those early days when gods did not disdain to come down from their celestial abodes to hold converse with men below—that such things happened, the Bible is our witness—the fishermen of Bengal prayed to Heaven to be protected from thieves. Their god, for each caste had its own, came down to listen to what they had to say. The fishermen said that their custom was to spread nets in rivers at night and watch out the river breeze induced sleep, and when they fell down overpowered by it, the thieves stole all the fishes that were netted. They, therefore, prayed for something to neutralize the effects of the river-breeze. Their god was moved to pity and gave them mosquitoes as a remedy against drowsiness. Thus came mosquitoes in India, says the legend of the fishermen.

The Bannias amassed gold, and were, in like manner, robbed by thieves. They prayed to their god to afford them some protection from the robbers of their hard earned property. The god came down and said that the fishermen had got mosquitoes, and those insects ought to be a sufficient protection to them also. The Bannias said that they had acquired a bad name for themselves by their economical habits. They were considered stingy, so stingy indeed, that even the mosquitoes have been affected by this foul rumour. Indeed, they have been so scared away by the rumour that they (the mosquitoes) avoided them as they did not expect a drop of blood from them. They

wanted something more potent than mosquitoes. On reflection, the god gave them poisonous snakes. Thus came these reptiles in India. The terror of being bitten by snakes which glided about at night, gave, in those days, sufficient protection to the Bannias from thieves.

Thus did India get its scourges, one by one, obtained by the people themselves, by their selfish folly. But, at one time, a national prayer was offered up to all the gods of the country. The gods had desired the people to live in peace, and treat all men as brethren and perform all religious sacrifices. The people followed the rule of life thus laid down by the thirty-three millions of gods for them. The result was disastrous, for, they forgot to fight and thus became objects of attack to all ungodly and powerful nations.

When the entire nation prayed, all the gods came down, and these thirty-three millions of celestial beings with their consorts looked, says the legend, like a swarm of glow-worms. They filled the whole heaven, and were yet fifty miles deep! The people with folded hands prayed to the gods to be protected from the invaders of their country.

The god of the fishermen thus replied addressing the people,—“You ought to have no fear of any invader. I have given your country mosquito. No foreign nation will consequently care to come to India.” The people submitted that mosquitoes would be no protection at all.

The god of the Bannias then said that he had given them poisonous snakes, and surely no nation would, after that, venture to come to India. The people again demurred.

The thirty-three millions of gods with their consorts then held a consultation amongst themselves, but could arrive at no definite and satisfactory conclusion. One goddess interrupted the proceedings by declaring that she would do the needful. She would give cholera, and that would afford the most



adequate protection to India against all invaders. The name of this ever to be feared goddess is Ola Devi or the Cholera Goddess.

The deluded people of India accepted the gift with joy, but they were not yet satisfied. The gods held another conference, and they at last succeeded in arriving at a definite conclusion. They said that invasions of India could only be made by powerful nations, and powerful nations come from cold countries. To make India intolerable to such people, the country ought to be made hot. Thus two hot months were given to India—the months of Baisakh and Jaishta. The gods calculated that any nation from the cold countries, however tenacious of purpose, would be compelled to flee from their beloved India, when subjected to the heat of April, May and June.

The overpowering heat which makes the life of every inhabitant of the Indian plains miserable, reminds us of the above legend which we heard in our early days, and which is still believed in by the ignorant masses of the country as true. If you ask them to explain how, in spite of the mosquitoes, the cobras, the cholera and the heat, India has been taken possession of by a nation hailing from a cold country, the believers in the above legend will tell you that, in this iron age, the gods have been rendered powerless by men. And are not the English, they will tell you, a nation powerful enough to defy even the ordinances of so many gods as thirty three millions?

We are, however, disposed to agree with the gods that the heat of April, May and June ought to be sufficient terror to any people from any cold country. The gods were right in their calculation, but they had no idea of the tenacity of purpose of an Englishman. Many of those Englishmen and Scotchmen, who come to India to earn money by entering service, do not act wisely. They do no good, to themselves in any way, by coming out here. India is as much dreary to them, as Siberia is to

a Russian prisoner They have to leave society behind to find no society here They have to live alone in the midst of millions of aliens They have to leave dear surroundings of their early days to live amongst strangers They have to do the same thing over again, all the days of their lives Their pay is fat no doubt, but their work is hard too They have barely time to enjoy the necessary sleep of seven hours The heat is unbearable for a native it can well be conceived how dreadful it must be to inhabitants of cold countries It is true they earn some money, but what of that? When in their old age they go home with their bags of money, they find themselves again in the midst of strangers, with no friends and no congenial spirits to make their existence bearable All that they gain is that they die rich, if that is any consolation at all The best thing for them is for most of them to go home Let those who can spend their days on hills alone remain for the purpose of ruling the country

## ONE OF THE LAST KINGS OF BENGAL

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WHEN the Bengalees were independent, they were a warlike race. Martial spirit, like Goddess Lakshmi, is fickle, and travels from one nation to another. A nation which is weak now, may become strong under the impulse of circumstances. This can at once be proved by a reference to history. The Bengalees were at one time not only a warlike, but also a conquering, race. This was under the Sen Kings of the province. These Sens are Kayasths according to Ajin Akbari, and Vaidyas according to popular belief.

The most warlike of these Sen Kings was Vijoy. He conquered Assam, Madras and Ceylon, and sent a fleet to the West by the Ganges, with what result is not known. But the martial spirit of the nation began to decline after the reign of Vijoy. Bengal was at last wrested by the Mussalmans from the hands of its old King, Lakshman Sen.

He is called Lakshmanian by the Mussalman authors. But popularly it is believed that the last Sen King of Bengal was Lakshman Sen who, when the Mussalmans came, was eighty years of age. When the Mussalmans invaded Bengal, he fled without offering them any battle. The Mussalman authors refer to a legend in connection with this King of Bengal. It is this. Astrologers had predicted that if his mother gave him birth at a certain auspicious moment, he would live to reign eighty years in Bengal. His mother was big with child,

when his father died. The auspicious moment was approaching, but the infant in the womb was in a hurry to be born, and, indeed, he would have come down two hours before the auspicious moment, had not the mother adopted a sure means of preventing it. She had herself hung up by the two feet, with the head downwards. She was taken down at the proper time, and when she gave birth to her child (Lakshman Sen) he was immediately proclaimed King. The mother, however, died of the means she had adopted to secure eighty years' reign for her son.

After Vijoy Sen, the Bengalees devoted themselves to arts, sciences, and literature. Mithila was the centre of the Naya philosophy, but Bengal soon after eclipsed that famous seat of learning. The Naya (logic), the Tantra (religious philosophy), literature, mathematics and poetry, etc., engrossed the attention of the higher classes of Bengalees during the days of the last Sen Kings of Bengal.

The last King, Lakshman Sen, was himself a great poet, and he surrounded himself by poets. His wife was a poetess, so was his son, so was his daughter-in-law, and so were his ministers. The great Jaydeva was the first poet at his court, and his rival was Umapati Dhar. This Umapati Dhar was a Suvānabānik. Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra mistook him for a Brahmin, however. Jaydeva talks of this Umapati in his great book, the best lyrical poem in the world, the *Geeta Govinda*. We said Lakshman Sen was himself a poet, some of his pieces are extant, and they are written in Bengalee characters.

Fancy the spectacle of a King and his cabinet devoting themselves to poetic pleasures! The village communities took care of themselves, and, being too strong for the governors, remained virtually independent. The King could be only approached by a subject with a Sloka (couplet) in hand. There was

no other way of having access to him. A good sentiment, a happy simile, or an apt metaphor carried the day with him.

The King had once sent his son to a distant part of his dominions on some business. The wife of his son pined away. The son could not come home without the permission of the King, his master, nor could he himself venture to ask it. But the wife of his son conceived and carried out a bold plan. She entered the bed chamber of the King, her father-in-law, when he was out, and wrote a couplet which is known to almost all pandits versed in Sanskrit. But there is no harm in giving a translation of the couplet. It is this —

“The clouds are pouring without intermission, and the peacocks are dancing with joy, on such a day, death or my beloved alone can remove my sufferings.”

The King, on entering his room for his afternoon nap, saw the couplet on the wall, and was deeply moved. On inquiry he learnt that it was the work of his daughter-in-law! He left his bed, and immediately sent an express for his son.

On another occasion, the King absented himself from home for a considerable time to the detriment of business, because of his love for a low born damsel. His son sent him two couplets which were addressed to a river. They may be translated thus:—  
“Generally cool art thou, O river! and transparent by nature. Thou art thyself not only pure, but makest every thing pure by thy touch. But more. Art not thou the life of all living things? Why then dost thou flow downwards?”

The penitent King, of course, hastened to his capital. When the Mussalmans came, the King was eighty years old. It is further said he had no heirs. He called all the philosophers of his court together. They were all poets and pious men, and none of them had any taste for fighting. They all addressed the King in these terms:—Life was like a drop of water on a lotus leaf. The object of life was salvation. It was only mad men who

fought for the acquirement of earthly blessings. It was a horrible sin to shed the blood of an animal, how much more horrible then it was to shed human blood! Let the Mussalmans enjoy the blessings of the world. They were fools to endanger their hereafter for such worthless advantages. They must endanger it, if they possessed them at the cost of others. "Let us," said they, "enjoy the nectar that flowed from the lotus feet of Sree Krishna",

English education has effected a good deal of change in the instincts of the Hindus of Bengal. But yet the feelings, which guided the last Sen King and his advisers, have not lost their hold completely upon their minds. Political agitation and political privileges are ideas imported from the West, and the Bengalees have not been able to acclimatize them yet in their country. What the rulers need to keep them contented is to leave them alone, with the enjoyment of their simple food, domestic enjoyments, intellectual pleasures, and religious exercises. If the rulers of the land had not tried to interfere with the domestic arrangements of the Bengalees and with their cherished objects and notions, there would have grown no political institution or newspaper in our country.

## A STORY OF PATRIOTISM IN BENGAL \*

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THE death of our lamented countryman, Mr Ganesh Vasudev Joshi of Poona, and the attempt of the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal (Sir Ashley Eden) to snub Mr O'Donnell, a District Magistrate, for directing public attention to the abuses of the indigo planting system in Behar, reminds us of a promise, we had made to a friend, of disclosing to the world the secret of the origin of the great indigo disturbance in Bengal in which millions of indigo ryots and other Bengalees shewed a degree of patriotism, self-sacrifice and devotion scarcely witnessed in the annals of the world before. People in jail refused to sow indigo, though solemn promises were held out by the authorities to set them free, to rebuild their houses, which had been destroyed by their opponents, the planters, and to restore to them their families, wives and children who had been roaming in the country as beggars. People refused to sow indigo even for a year. Thousands thus preferred indescribable misery to handling indigo seed again.

The rulers of the Empire know not the origin of this great combination. It is yet a mystery to them as to how a combination of the apathetic Bengalee ryots, a combination in which about five millions of men took part, was brought about so secretly and so suddenly without the authorities knowing anything about it. We shall disclose the secret to day, for the

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\* This appeared in 1880 in the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*

benefit of the rulers of the land. There is no longer any need for secrecy as both the noble heroes of our story are dead.

In the village of Chougatcha, district Nadia, lived two gentlemen, Babus Vishnu Charan Biswas and Digambar Biswas. They were both men of some property. Babu Vishnu Charan was a small Zemindar, and Babu Digambar, a Mahajan, that is, he lent money and paddy on interest. They were not acquainted with the English language, but they were men of indomitable perseverance and courage. They were, besides, men of heart, and had a large share of that intelligence which generally characterises a Bengalee gentleman. Both of them served as Dewans of several indigo factories in the district of Nadia, and they were obliged to leave service in disgust, as Dewans of indigo factories, who had hearts, had to do in those days.

In those days, the indigo planters of Bengal governed the country with despotic sway. Sir Frederic Halliday was not aware of the real state of affairs, and the planters found in him a warm friend and supporter. So much so that the ignorant ryot had been led to believe that the Government had a share in all the indigo concerns of the country. The more intelligent believed that the Lieutenant-Governor was personally interested in some indigo factories. At least, the planters never failed to give circulation to that rumour, to the damage of that worthy statesman's character. In short, the planters obtained the support of the executive, from the police constable to the head of the province, in their acts of spoliation and oppression.

They held courts, criminal and civil, and awarded all sorts of punishment. They confined men in their own jails, and sometimes did much worse. They were not respectors of persons and Zemindars and ryots trembled before them. In short, they were the absolute masters of the persons and property of the people, and they never failed to exercise, to the utmost, their power.



the despotic powers they possessed. The ryots meekly suffered, for they had no help. If they resisted, their villages were plundered, and sometimes burnt down and some of them murdered. The Magistrates punished, not the planters, but the injured ryots. The ring leaders were sent to prison on alleged charges of damaging indigo crops and others too numerous to mention, and this kept the people in a quiet state.

It was during the government of Sir Frederic Halliday, that this system of growing indigo was pushed to its uttermost limits. Previously the planters fought amongst themselves, and thus enhanced the value of the indigo ryot, and he obtained protection from rival planters. But the shrewd planters saw their mistake, and formed themselves into a body, for the purpose of avoiding these internal dissensions. From that day, the indigo ryots of Bengal became utterly helpless. And when everything was ripe for an outburst, Babus Vishnu Charan and Digambar applied the lighted match to the fuse. It took, however, two years to ignite the whole country.

Babu Vishnu Charan left the planter's service in disgust. He saw, and was made to do, things which shocked his feelings, and he at last came to the determination of not serving the planters, but to expel them from the country, if possible. He knew that the planters never resorted to law courts unless they were forced by circumstances. Law was expensive, but this deterred them not so much as the idea that going to the law courts would cause damage to their prestige. "Why should I allow that damaging idea to be circulated that I am not strong enough to subdue refractory ryots and that I have a master in the hakims?" thought the average planter. Babu Vishnu Charan thought that the first thing necessary was to defy the planter, the second to fight a battle and win it, and the third, to rouse the whole country. He knew that the first battle won would secure to him allies. The ryots had been goaded to desperation for they

were reduced almost to the condition of Carolina slaves inspite of the law-courts with which the country was studded

He counselled with Digambar Biswas who heartily entered into the plot. It was just at the time when Nana Saheb was organizing his revolt. Nana's efforts were directed against the Government, those of the two Biswases against the planters. The first thing that they did was to prevent the ryots of their village from sowing indigo, and to promise them protection. They sent envoys to other villages to induce the ryots to join in the combination, and engaged the services of renowned lathials (clubmen) whom they brought from the east, *i.e.*, Barrisal. All the villages declined to join them except one, and to that village they sent eight spearsmen for its protection. The planter, who was thus defied, resolved to nip the rebellion in the bud, and collected about a thousand men, about one hundred of whom were regulars. Mind all these preparations were being made within eight to ten miles of the sudder station, the town of Nadia.

The planters spread a rumour to the effect that they would attack the village of Chougatcha on a certain day, and in the morning of that day actually advanced towards it. But wheeling round suddenly, they attacked the village which had joined the two Biswases. The villagers had entrenched themselves within an impenetrable fence, but, deceived by the rumour of the planters, they had sent away four out of the eight lancers they had for their own protection to help the garrison of Chougatcha. They were thus taken at a disadvantage, and found themselves surrounded by one thousand men. The fence protected them for a time, but eventually the village was taken by assault and plundered, one of the Sharkwallas or spearsmen being wounded, who subsequently died in the factory.

So the first battle was lost, and the combination might have collapsed, but for an extremely lucky circumstance. About that time, the district of Nadia was in charge of a young and



join you" The Biswases did pay the amount The planters obtained decrees against many ryots, but the money was ungrudgingly paid by the Biswases There were ryots who were rascally enough to lay blackmail upon the Biswases simply for their forbearance in not going against them ' 1

Another village joined them, and another Within the course of a year and-a-half, they found the factory tottering The ryots had become then the stronger party The tidings spread far and wide that the indigo ryots had fought and won against the planters This the ryots could never believe before Babus Vishnu Charan and Digambar shewed by their disinterested patriotism that it was possible, even for little men like them, to wage a war with the formidable planters of Bengal and that successfully The prestige of the planters was thus utterly destroyed The ryots of Lokenathpore concern in the same district were the next to take up arms, and within the course of two years, from the time the patriots had taken into their head to form a combination against the planters, the whole of Bengal was up against them

The Babus examined their accounts and found that the whole affair had cost them only seventeen thousand rupees, a large sum considering that they were only middle class men, but ridiculously small when the gigantic results obtained were considered They never made speeches, nor did the newspapers parade their good works Their names are not even known, and this is the first time that we are induced to give publicity to their doings Both of them have left descendants, but Babu Digambar was ruined, and his son is not in comfortable circumstances now

# THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOLARSHIPS

[ IN THREE ACTS ]

## ACT I

*(The Secretary of State receiving a deputation from Manchester Merchants)*

Deputation —The true interests of India are thus neglected. It is the duty of the Government of India to make India rich and contented.

Secretary of State —We are always very glad to receive practical suggestions from you.

Deputation —We are all practical men, my Lord. We shall prove to your lordship how the resources of India have been frittered away. First, then, India is an agricultural country. Do you admit that, my Lord?

Secretary —Certainly.

Deputation —Your lordship will also admit that cotton is indigenous in India.

Secretary —Yes, there cannot be any manner of doubt in that.

Deputation —That being so, is it not clear that India should grow cotton, only cotton, and nothing but cotton?

Secretary —I am all attention.

Deputation —Our second proposition is that, England is a manufacturing country. Can there be any doubt, therefore, that India should grow cotton and England should weave? Is not this a providential arrangement?

Secretary —I am hearing you with absorbing interest

Deputation —A fish must not run, nor a dog fly, Nature does not permit it. You must not, therefore, permit India to weave. India has a destiny of its own—a great destiny. We have conquered India for benevolent purposes. We must, therefore, grant her the inestimable privilege of growing as much cotton as we want. We must also grant her the additional privilege of purchasing the clothes manufactured in our mills. How is it that our manufactures are not more largely consumed in that country?

Secretary —The men there are poor.

Deputation —So you must first of all make them rich by developing the resources of the country. A thorough agricultural education must be given. India should grow cotton, only cotton, and nothing but cotton, and that will make India rich.

Secretary —You forget the second part of your proposition, that India should use cotton manufactured by you only, use nothing but cotton, and use more cotton.

Deputation —Just so.

Secretary —We shall issue instructions to India and we hope they will prove satisfactory to you.

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## ACT II

*(Present two Indian rulers.)*

Ruler 1st —We must do something to please Manchester, at least so we are ordered to do.

Ruler 2nd —It is not a hard task, for with all their wisdom, nothing is easier than to befool them.

Ruler 1st —But the difficulty is to please them without creating a howl here in India.

Ruler 2nd —That can be done easily enough We can spend a few thousands upon some agricultural scholarships It will help nobody, but it will cost little, please Manchester and enlightened native public opinion in India

Ruler 1st —What do you mean by enlightened native public opinion?

Ruler 2nd —The leading men in chief cities, who have never seen a blade of grass in their lives

Ruler 2nd —Let it be done then

### ACT III

*(An England-returned Agricultural Professor and his pupils)*

Pupil 1st.—Sir, is it time that we should sow paddy?

Professor —Don't ask me that, you can inquire about it of a common cultivator That is not a scientific question I did not go to England, interview Mr Gladstone, and study chemistry to be pestered with such petty matters Bring soils and I shall analyse them for you

Pupil 2nd —I gave some the other day, for the purpose of analysis

Professor —Yes, I found in them silica, alumina, vegetable and animal matter Ask the cultivators of the country to come to me with specimens of soil, and I shall analyse them, for a reasonable consideration

Pupil 2 —What will they gain by your analysis, Sir?

Professor —That is, again, a foolish question They will gain knowledge What is more valuable than knowledge itself?

Pupil 2 —You have analysed the soils that I brought, what are they fit for?

Professor —Well, I have thrown them away after analysis

Pupil 2 —I don't mean that You have analysed the soils What crops will grow best in them?

Professor —That, of course, you must learn by experiments First, you sow the lands with, say, paddy If paddy fails, sow wheat If it fails, sow sugar-cane And in this manner within the course of twenty to twenty-five years you shall be able to know, of course, if you conduct your experiments with care, what your lands are fit for

P 3 —Sir, we have come here to learn Some of us would like to learn how to cure tobacco, some to learn how to grow long-stapled cotton, and good tea Some are for improving jute, and some sugar-cane There are others who are for the improvement of silk, and some are for tussar, lac and rhea

P 4 —My ambition does not go so far I would like to learn how to make my lands yield more paddy, wheat, pulses, etc., than it does now

Prof —Well, you mention crops which I have never seen in England, and some of them I have never heard of in my life Neither the savants in England, nor men like Bright and Gladstone could give me any hint as to the existence of the crops you mention I cannot call, therefore, all these crops respectable If you want to learn from me how to grow any respectable crop, I can teach you how to grow Scotch beans and oats I saw them grown in Scotland

P 4 —Will you then let us know what you will teach us, besides the process by which soils are analysed?

Prof —Well, if you want to know how to grow jute, and such other things, you can go and ask a common cultivator But I shall teach you the curious process how the plant draws its moisture from the soil, and how the sap is beautifully carried through meandering veins I shall explain to you how the leaves and flowers get their colour I shall—

P 5 —(*Suddenly appearing*) —The new plough that you gave me does not work



Prof—What, that splendid plough constructed on scientific principles designed after the model of the latest inventions in America !

P 5 —They are too heavy for the cattle to drag

Prof—Is that all ? Then indent for a pair of bullocks from Ayrshire or Kentucky, and the plough will work beautifully

P 6 —My father, Sir, has asked me to return you the harrowing machine He says that he prefers his 4-anna harrow to yours which, you say, is worth Rs 25 The 4-anna implement works less effectually, but then it costs only 4 annas We cannot afford to pay Rs 25 for a harrow

P 7 —Talking of implements, Sir, the winnowing machine is broken

Prof—Then have it repaired

P 7 —They cannot repair it here

Prof—Well, then, in that case you must send it to England

P 7 —My father says very hard things of you

Prof—What does he say ?

P 7 —He says that you are a—humbug

Prof—( *Solus* ) I feel that I have yet something more to learn I am extremely doubtful whether my pupils will stick to me to learn only vegetable physiology, and the analysis of soils

## A FOREIGN OFFICE STORY.

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It was on the day of the elephant procession at Delhi, when Lord Lytton rode the painted elephant as the Mussalman Emperors of Delhi used to do, that the following incident happened. Lord Lytton headed the procession on a huge and painted elephant, and was followed by the Indian Princes, according to their rank. Suddenly, one of the latter, one of the biggest amongst them as also the most respected, left the procession with his elephant and hurried towards his tent. Lord Lytton saw it and was aghast with rage and astonishment. All the European nations were looking on with wonder and envy the grand ceremony which Lord Beaconsfield had entrusted Lord Lytton to carry out successfully. \* "And would a subordinate Prince in India spoil all by his contumacy? What does he mean by thus leaving the procession in a huff?"—cried Lord Lytton vowing deep revenge. "It is an insult to the Empress, and the Maharajah must be made an example of," muttered he.

But while Lord Lytton was thinking what steps to take, for he had been taken by surprise, the Maharajah had, in the meantime, reached his camp. The matter was immediately telegraphed to London. It was represented that either the Maharajah was positively disloyal or he was impertinent and defiant, and he having insulted the Empress before the entire body of the

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\* Lord Beaconsfield, when Prime Minister, found an opportunity of carrying out an idea which he had been entertaining from his early youth, viz., of making Queen Victoria the Empress of India and installing her Representative on the throne of Delhi with pomp, worthy of the occasion.

Princes of India and the Representatives of all European nations, and at a time when the Empire was being proclaimed, it was essential that he should be made an example of. The Secretary of State naturally took a serious view of the supposed affront, and sanctioned all sorts of punishment for the Maharajah, and left everything at the absolute disposal of Lord Lytton.

Thus armed, Lord Lytton began his operations. The fact was, the little incident had cast a gloom over those high officials who were all pledged to have the ceremony performed without a hitch. A suspicion lurked in their mind whether the Maharajah could have acted in the way he had done, if he had not some support from somewhere. It was determined to watch the Maharajah narrowly, and troops were posted round his tent without his knowledge, and he was asked to supply forthwith an explanation, as to why he had left the procession as it were in anger and thereby insulted the British flag, and made himself an object of observation to the entire body of Indian Princes.

The Maharajah was terrified, and he did all he could to appease the wrath of the Imperial Government. He professed the most ardent loyalty to the British Crown, and declared that he did not come away from any desire to insult the British flag, or from any feeling of disappointment or anger, but that he had an engagement which it was not possible for him to break.

This reply at once raised the Imperial feelings of Lord Lytton to the highest pitch. "So he had an engagement," thought Lord Lytton. "But what engagement could be more binding than the one he had broken?" He thought that the Maharajah was evading a reply, and was thus adding insult to injury. His deposition was determined upon, and his tent was surrounded by troops,—this time openly. The Maharajah was then called upon to give a more explicit explanation within so many hours, on default of which he would be dealt with as he deserved for his impertinence and disloyalty.

The Maharajah trembled with fear, and he wrote to the Foreign Secretary with great humility to be so good as to pay him visit, as he did not like to go out, for, his tents had been surrounded by British troops before the eyes of other Princes, and that if he would be so good as to come, he would be able to give him a most satisfactory explanation, and clear his character from all blame. The matter was referred to the Executive Council, and it was determined upon to give the Maharajah a chance. So the Foreign Secretary proceeded to his tent in great pomp, attended by lots of subordinates.

He found the Maharajah in a most anxious state of mind, and waiting for him with the greatest impatience. When the Secretary came, the Maharajah caught hold of his hand and took him aside, and with heightened colour on his cheeks, breathed the explanation into his ears. When the Secretary first came he wore a very severe expression, befitting the occasion, but when he heard the explanation of the Maharajah, he could not, however, help laughing outright. He laughed and laughed till tears trickled down his cheeks. The incident occurred in this wise. While the Maharajah was riding on his elephant with the procession, he felt a call of nature. Now, everybody must know that a call of nature is sometimes as inexorable as a debt of nature, and he found the absolute necessity of flying to his tent at once. The safest course would, no doubt, have been, for him to ask Lord Lytton,—“Sir, please let me go out,” but this he did not, or could not.

The Secretary carried the explanation to the Viceroy and Council who were anxiously waiting to hear what the Maharajah had to say in defence. The explanation astounded them, and though some laughed, they vividly found the awkwardness of their position, as they had telegraphed the matter to England, and the information had been probably put before the Cabinet, and perhaps the British public. There was no help for it, though. The Secre-

tary of State was immediately informed that the matter had been satisfactorily settled and he was requested to convey the intelligence to the British public, if his previous telegram had been sent to the press. Lord Lytton thus kept the real nature of the incident a secret from the Secretary of State, and he impressed upon all the officials to see that the matter was not allowed to ooze out and be published in the Indian newspapers.

The above story was told to us by Madame Blavatsky who saw it in a Russian paper, which had been supplied with the information by the Russian Representative here on that occasion.

## A STORY

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INDIA owes more to England than she can ever repay, is a sentiment we found in the columns of an Anglo-Indian paper a few days ago. This is very well-known to the people of this country, and always acknowledged by them gratefully. Perhaps England also owes some obligations to the people of this country. They say in honest pride, that, "we have generously given you education, good roads, railways, law courts and many other institutions." That is all true, but we shall here tell a nice story of a Brahmin and a plebeian, who met accidentally on their way to Calcutta. They accosted each other, and came to know that they were going in the same direction, for the same purpose, *viz*, to Calcutta in search of employment. Says the Brahmin to the other. "Now, as you are a low-caste man and can only be a menial servant, you can be provided for at once. I will do it for you, be my servant, and I will make you a reasonable allowance." This was agreed to by the other.

The Brahmin had very dirty clothes on, while his servant had provided himself with clean pieces. Says the Brahmin again — "Rama," (this was the name of his just-appointed servant) "this cannot be. I, your master, to put on such dirty clothes and you to wear such clean and nice ones! This won't do. People will laugh at me, but that I don't care, but they will laugh at you. So let us exchange clothes." To this

reasonable request, Rama, of course, gave his assent. And they changed their clothes, and thus attired, they came at last to Calcutta.

The Brahmin rented a small hut, and asked Rama whether he had any money with him. "Yes, two rupees I brought from home for passage expenses," says Rama. "Well, give me these two rupees, we must provide for our immediate wants," says the Brahmin, "and besides, the landlord will have to be paid one rupee in advance." Of course, Rama could not object to this second, and still more reasonable, request.

Says the Brahmin again: "Now, Rama, you are servant, I am master. It is your duty to see that I may be put to no trouble. You must do all the work of the house. An indolent man never prospers in this world. Besides, to tell you the truth, I am a little strict. If I find you in fault, I will dismiss you immediately. Well, have you finished all the household work?" "Yes, Sir," says Rama. "Have you had a bellyful of rice?" asks the master. (Now, be it remembered, the marketing was made with Rama's money.) "Yes, Sir," replies Rama again. Then the Brahmin tells him, "Now let me take my rest and afternoon nap, while you go to the streets to beg. Take care, don't loiter in the streets. I shall judge you by the amount you bring home."

Rama went to beg, and his master slept. In the evening, Rama came back with a good many annas in his pocket. His pocket was heavy with copper. Of course, all that Rama brought was taken by the master. Rama worked as a servant when at home and left it for begging every day. When he came home every evening, his master, of course, appropriated all his earnings. And, in this manner, after a couple of months, the Brahmin found a good many rupees in his box.

One day he had some private talk with his servant. "Rama," said he, "you must go home to my wife & I must

make a remittance to her, for, she must be in want I am sorry I can't send her much, for, you bring in a very small amount daily And to tell you the truth, you are a very stupid servant Indeed, I had intended to dismiss you, but I was loath to throw you adrift in the world However, carry all this money that I have been able to scrape to my native village to-morrow But stop When you go, what will become of me? Besides, as I am sending home every pice I have, you must do one thing Stop two days more, and do you beg from morn to midnight, so that you can leave me provision for the few days that you will be absent "

This was settled, and when Rama was going, he begged of his master his passage expenses The master looked angrily at him "Rama, you are getting to be a very expensive luxury, you heartless rogue Do you mean that I should starve myself to provide you with passage expenses? A fine servant he who wants his passage expenses! You ass, beg your way to my home, and don't trouble me with your odious selfishness again Don't forget that I am your *ma bap*, and had I not put you in the way, and had I not rented this house for you, you would have starved in the streets "

After providing the Brahmin with expenses for several days, Rama left Calcutta, and begged his way to the native village of the Brahmin He found out the house of his master, and handed over to his master's wife the money that he had brought

After providing Rama with some refreshment, the excellent wife of the Brahmin asked him, "What is the nature of the service that your master has been able to secure so soon?" Rama said in reply. "Mother, no service in particular I, as his servant, beg in the streets, from the proceeds of which this amount of money has been sent to you " The lady paused for a moment, and said "Then, I suppose, you go alone, and your master does not accompany you " "No, he does not " said Rama.



I suppose, when you come back, he takes of you an account of the number of houses you resorted to, and the amount you received from each?" "No, that he does not," said Ram in reply. "Is it so?"—said the lady in reply, "I always knew him to be a foolish, worthless, careless and generous sort of man. He takes no account? I can guess, the generous fool will never prosper. It never strikes him that it is in your power to forget your obligations to him and conceal a portion of the day's earnings from him. His generosity will ruin him. But you, Ram, don't take advantage of it. You must never forget that you can never repay the debt you owe to your master."

It may be objected that the story is not quite appropriate, for, a large amount of capital came to the country from England. That is quite true, but the story is there, and it is too good to be lost and is hence put on record.

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## MR. KIPLING AND HIS MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

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MR KIPLING has published a paper, in the *Contemporary Review*, which has created some sensation here on account of the intensity of hatred against the people of India, especially those of Bengal, that it betrays. It was in this manner that Mr Kipling became famous in England by abusing the people of Ireland. It is safe to abuse the Irish and the Indians, and it is profitable too, and Mr Kipling is quite aware of these two facts, and he makes the best of them. Mark Twain came to India and was feted by Englishmen. He found them strong here, and he found that some of them would like it if he abused the people. As a humorist he lives upon popularity, he found that it would serve him better if he flattered the strong and abused the weak, and so he did it. Mr Kipling knows as well that he has to pay court to the strong, and the one short way of pleasing the strong is to leave him alone and abuse the weak. It would be a pleasant, though not an ennobling, task to give a suitable reply to Mr Kipling, but then we have no desire to imitate the style of Mr Kipling for many good reasons. Besides, it seems to us that there is something like vulgarity in the tone of Mr Kipling, but we cannot be certain of this point, English being a foreign tongue to us. Anyhow we do not like to imitate his style, his arguments, and his methods.

The object of Mr Kipling is to laud up the Indian officials and cry down the educated Indians and their friends in Parlia-

ment. A member of Parliament who takes interest in Indian affairs, is an object of dread, and therefore of ridicule and hatred, to those Anglo Indian officials, who are given to idiosyncracies. He has been ridiculed in Indian novels and pilloried in the columns of the Anglo Indian papers times without number. Do you know how Ali Baba became so particularly dear to a class of Englishmen here? He described, in one of his papers, how a Parliamentary Member of Radical tendencies came to India, and fell from his gharry on the metalled road of a city in India with his head downwards, and how this made a great hole on the metalled street! This joke of Ali Baba at the block head of a Member of Parliament caused infinite amusement in the ranks of officials who dislike Parliamentary enquiries and Radical Members.

The manner in which a Member of Parliament of Radical tendencies is hated in India, reminds us of the famous *Almaram Sarkar* of Bengal. This gentleman exposed the tricks of Indian magicians and jugglers. These Indian jugglers have never forgotten this *Almaram Sarkar*, though he died many hundreds of years ago. Every one of these jugglers has an effigy of this Bengali in his bag, and he will never begin his play without bringing it out and spitting upon it.

In the same manner, Mr Kipling begins his paper by spitting on a Member of Parliament with Radical tendencies. He knows, such a procedure will please mightily those who are in power in India. And that is all that Mr Kipling wants. He begins by creating two figures, *viz*, one a Radical Member of Parliament who is, of course, a fool, and another an Indian official who is, of course, an angel. The figures are his, and he makes them talk as he pleases. And, as a matter of course, he makes the Member of Parliament rave like an idiot, and his dear official sing like a pretty dove.

Then, the plot is his, so are his arguments, and so are his facts. He makes statements which he calls facts. It is not of

the slightest moment to him whether they are so or not. He wants a premise for an argument and creates it then and there. Mr Kipling is a shrewd man, and he knows that in England most people are not in a position to test his facts, and those who are, are too interested to question their accuracy. It is in this manner that he creates his premises for his arguments, and then he triumphantly draws his inferences.

His creation, whom he calls Piget M P, must make statements which can be easily combated. He must argue foolishly so that he may be at once worsted, and it is in this manner that he amuses his readers and himself.

We do not think, Mr Kipling has performed a difficult feat. Following the practice of Mr Kipling, we can make his wise man look like a fool, if he will only permit us to put our words in his mouth. When Mr Kipling's Member of Parliament taxes the official with being jealous of native progress, Mr Kipling makes the official reply thus — "Why should I change my mind—our mind—because I change my sky? Why should I and the few hundred Englishmen in my service become unreasonable, prejudiced fossils, while you and your newer friends alone remain bright and open minded?" And then Mr Kipling makes the unfortunate Member of Parliament "move his knee up and down a little uneasily," under the above reply.

Well, if we had the control of the two figures created by Mr Kipling, the official and the M P, we would have made the Member of Parliament sit still, and not made him move his knee at all. We would have made him tell the official that he being directly interested in the matter, could not be an impartial judge about the aspirations of the natives of the soil. His direct and immediate interests are served by keeping the Indians down.

Mr Kipling creates a Punjabi carpenter and then he makes him talk about the Bengali carpenters in this manner —

"Those carpenters!" said Bishen Singh, "Black apes were

made more efficient work mates and as for the Bengali Babu—*tschick* !”

Now this Bishen Singh is the Punjabi carpenter Mr. Kipling, of course, makes this man know nothing of the National Congress. But yet he has been made to know how to hate the Bengali Babu who is a creation of his proteges, the officials, and even the Bengali carpenter.

It is in this manner, that he wins the ground inch by inch. He gives no new idea in his paper. The sentiments that he preaches are all familiar to us. They are—(1) the Government is better here than it is in England, (2) the people have no grievance, (3) the Congress is the work of Hume, Norton and Digby, and school boys, (4) the Mussalmans, Christians and elderly Hindus are against it, (5) the Member of Parliament who takes an interest in Indian affairs is a fool, and the Bengali Babu, who is hated by all other races of India, is a—*tschick*, whatever that may mean. He ends his paper, in the usual way, by declaring that Indians only need social reform.

Talking of social reform, Mr. Kipling makes the statement that “the average age of marriage in India is seven, but thousands are married still earlier.” But, as we said, Mr. Kipling is not very particular about his facts.

So, you see, Mr. Kipling gives you no new idea, and adduces no new arguments or facts. He is only remarkable for the intensity of his hatred towards the weak, and the warmth of his admiration for the strong. He is also remarkable for the decisive manner he finishes an argument, and the coarse way he deals with an opponent.

## RUPTURE OF THE SPLEEN.\*

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THE Royal College of Physicians has been asked by the Secretary of State for India to give their opinion on the following points —

*How is it that the natives of India generally die of rupture of the spleen when they are struck by Europeans, and not when struck by one of their own race ?*

They were also supplied with a mass of papers, bearing on the subject. We give below a summary of their speculations on and researches in the subject. It is needless to add that they gave their best attention to the subject, not only on account of the high position of the party from which the behest came, but on account of the curious and valuable physiologico-pathological points involved in the question.

The first point that occurs to them is, whether these deaths are actually occasioned by a rupture of the spleen or from any other cause. That these deaths are due solely to spleen-rupture, has been established beyond doubt. The fact has been testified to by so many eminent medical men, and that on oath before Courts of Justice, when they were subjected to severe cross examination by lawyers, that it is impossible to deny it.

The next question to be settled is, whether Europeans generally aim their blows at the splenic regions ? But by a careful

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\* The above was written at a time when the complaint was universal in India, that the theory of rupture of the spleen was made to do duty in extricating Europeans, charged with the murder of natives, from the clutches of law

study of the papers before them, they cannot come to that conclusion. It is in evidence that when a man has been dragged by the hair or hurt in the face the same disastrous effect has happened. That is to say, a rupture of the spleen has resulted.

Neither can they attribute these ruptures to the violence of the blows inflicted by muscular Europeans. For, firstly, it is on record that blows inflicted by European females, caused also the rupture of the spleen, secondly, it is on record too, that blows, administered by Europeans who are physically weak, have occasioned the same result, and, thirdly, it is on record that blows applied to the face, or dragging by the hair, have produced the same consequence.

Now, it is the deliberate opinion of the College of Physicians that blows, however violent, when applied to the face, can either cause a rupture of the facial artery or a fracture of the superior maxillary bone, but never a rupture of the spleen, at least, such a case never occurred within their knowledge, either in Europe or America. Neither is it apparent what connection there may be between the hair, and the organ called the spleen. If you drag a man by the hair, the person thus dragged will bend his cranium, as every hen pecked male of the human species will testify. But if it is done with greater violence, the hair will be torn from the skull and remain in the hand, but it is difficult to understand how it can affect the spleen of a person.

Thus it would appear that the following facts are established

(a) That deaths attributed to the rupture of the spleen, are occasioned by the cause attributed, and from no other cause.

(b) That these ruptures do not occur from the violence of the blows inflicted.

(c) That these ruptures occur when any European in India inflicts a blow upon any part of the person of a native.

The problem to be solved, then, is, how a blow, struck at any part of the person of a human body, can cause rupture of the

spleen, and low this occurs only when the blow is inflicted by a European, and not by a native, upon a native. The problem would have been easier of solution, if the functions of the spleen were known to the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians, but to their shame and to the misfortune of humanity, it must be confessed that the duties of such an important organ have not as yet been ascertained. The spleen is a highly vascular organ containing travaculæ and glomeruli, and its structure is such that it is capable of distending itself. It is situated within the abdomen in the left hypochondrium. This organ is, therefore, susceptible of being ruptured by a blow. So far the Fellows are quite certain, but yet this fact does not account for the incidents which have been placed at their disposal for explanation.

Dr Leeds is of opinion that there is action and re-action throughout the universe, and the human system is not an exception to the rule. If the hair is drawn with force, it is an action upon the skull, and the natural consequence of reaction must follow. When the hairs are drawn with force, that force generates something like a counter-force. This imparts an activity to the system and an impetus to the sanguinous fluid to rush downwards. Now, though nothing absolutely certain is yet known of the functions of the spleen, it is generally admitted that it serves as a reservoir of all the superfluous blood of the system. The blood, therefore, rushes like a torrent through the hypochondriac region into the spleen and causes its rupture. This theory, though very clever, is defective in this respect that it does not account for the absolute necessity of a European agency in causing the rupture.

Dr Kirkwood is of opinion that the facial nerve is superficially situated, and as such, any blows, thus inflicted, give a shock to the superficial nerve, which faithfully carries it to the brain, the centre of all nervous force. From this it is thrown headlong on the



reflex action of the brain, and the shock thus falls heavily upon the spleen and causes its rupture. This theory has the same defect as that of the philosopher, first named.

Dr Moreley thinks that, since the rupture is possible, as has been satisfactorily established by Drs Leach and Kirkwood, when the more distant parts of the body from the spleen, such as the head and hands, are attacked, it is unnecessary to feel any wonder when the same rupture is occasioned by a blow nearer the function.

Dr D'Oyley regrets that no care was taken to ascertain whether the persons who died, shammed themselves to death or not. If they simply shammed death, they certainly did not die of rupture.

Dr Whinfield also expresses regret that there is no sufficient evidence before the Fellows to have an accurate view of the nature of a native spleen. Is it not possible, inquires the Doctor, that the natives of India are born with a ruptured spleen and a ruptured spleen is congenital with them?

Dr Weld takes an original view of the matter. He says that the doctors who gave testimony before the Courts possibly attached a quite different meaning to this expression, viz, rupture of the spleen, from what is popularly attributed to it. A rupture of the spleen, says Dr Weld, probably means this "Rupture" means "burstenness" (see Walker page 446) and "spleen" means "anger", "spite", "ill-humour" (see Walker page 487). Rupture of the spleen, therefore, means outburst of anger, spite, or ill humour. It is clear, therefore, that the eminent medical men of India who gave it as their opinion that such a man died of rupture of the spleen possibly meant that they died of an outburst of anger, or spite, or ill humour. They also always took care never to commit themselves as to say from which side the outburst came, from that of the victim or of the assailant.

From the opinions of the above named eminent and high authorities, the Royal College of Physicians come to the conclusion, after much thought and deliberation, that spleen is actually the seat of anger and spite. For anger and spite must have a seat, and as they do not know where to place them, and as the spleen seems unoccupied, its functions being unknown, they unhesitatingly place anger and spite there. They do so more gladly, as it establishes and does not controvert the theory of the learned ancients. This being so, anything which gives rise to anger and spite, distends the dimension of the spleen. It is quite true that the spleen is extremely vascular and capable of being extremely distended, but there must be a limit to such distention. When the anger and spite are abnormally and enormously increased, the spleen increases with it, so that at last it bursts and causes a sudden death. It is quite clear that the feelings between Europeans and natives in India are not quite cordial, and if what Dr D'Oyley says is correct, that natives sometimes sham themselves to death, merely to bring a European to trouble, the spite of the natives against the Europeans must be constantly working in the Indian mind, and this accounts for the enlargement of spleen from which the natives of India habitually suffer. This feeling gets a sudden impulse when the natives are struck by Europeans, and the distention of the spleen is the consequence. A rupture immediately follows and this is the opinion of the Royal College of Physicians of England.

## AN ORTHODOX GHOST STORY.

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It was bitter cold, for the month was January, and the weather very foul. The wife of a poor Brahmin was shivering in her hut, for she had no clothes to cover herself. She advised her husband, who was sitting by her, that he should take up a piece of cord and hang himself, since he could not provide his wife with sufficient clothing to cover her body. The Brahmin took this remark of his wife very much to heart, made a deep resolve in his mind, and left home immediately, although it was a dark night and raining, and he had no clothing to protect himself against the biting cold. His wife thought that he left her in a huff and would soon return, but he did not.

The Brahmin left the village, and entered a vast plain, in the middle of which there was a *beel* or marsh. He found that it was colder there than in the village, and that his limbs were getting benumbed. Indeed, he felt that he was losing all his strength, and had scarcely any to come back to his hut. In short, he felt that he would die in a few minutes, if he did not return.

At this critical moment he saw a blazing fire, which seemed to be burning on the brink of the *beel* referred to above. The sight revived his courage, and he gave up his determination of seeking home again. He then dragged himself there with difficulty, and found that some men, as it were, were warming themselves before a large fire. The fire was in the centre, and the men sat around. It never occurred to him that a fire in a place

like that, in spite of the rain that was falling, would be a strange affair. And stranger still would it be for men to be warming themselves in a place, and at a time, like that. But in the condition in which the Brahmin was, all these ideas never occurred to him. He saw that there was no place for him to sit by the fireside, so he gave a slight push to one of those who were warming themselves, with a request to move a little and make room for him, and then he let himself drop there. What he said when he gave the push was in colloquial Bengalee,—for he was a Bengalee and had to express himself in a few short words, as he had no strength for a long speech. What he said was only—*sar re bhai tapai*. By *tapai* the Brahmin meant, “let me warm myself.” Now, *sar* means “movest,” *re* means “thou,” *bhai* means “brother,” *tapai* means “let me warm myself.” In other words what the Brahmin meant was this,—“movest thou, brother, let me warm myself.”

The Brahmin thus seated himself before the fire, although he was in such a wretched plight that he had not life enough to take note of his new acquaintances. But the heat of the blazing fire soon revived him. He also found just then that his new acquaintances were talking in whispers, and that about himself. The Brahmin now raised his head to take stock of the company in which circumstances had thrown him. To his horror he found that all his acquaintances had their feet turned backwards!

Now, in Europe, ghosts have hoofs instead of feet, but in India they have their feet no doubt, but with this difference that while human beings have their toes and feet in the front, the ghosts have theirs behind. Why European ghosts should have hoofs and their Indian brethren feet turned backwards,—is a problem which is not easy of solution. It has been established beyond doubt that the Europeans must pass through a few hundreds of births more before they ~~could~~ <sup>will</sup> be as

perfect specimens of humanity as the Indians are. In the same manner, it may be urged, that the ghosts of Europe belong to an undeveloped species, and that if they have hoofs now, in time, after a few hundred births more, they may get in their place human feet, though turned backwards, as the Indian ghosts have

But to proceed with the story When the Brahmin saw that all his acquaintances were a company of ghosts, every hair of his body stood erect He thought that he was lost, and a feeling of faintness very naturally came over him In his terror he began to invoke all the gods in the heavens to protect him from his dreadful companions, though, of course, for fear of offending them he was doing so in his heart, without their knowledge Just then, he was roused by a question from one of the ghosts

But here some preliminary explanations are necessary When the Brahmin had given a push to a ghost to make room for himself, our readers would remember that, to give emphasis to motion, he had uttered some words, one of which was *tapai* Now, the ghost to whom he had given the push, unluckily or luckily, bore the name of "Tapai" The matter then stood thus What the Brahmin meant was "movest, thou, brother, let me warm myself," but what the ghosts understood was that the Brahmin knew "Tapai", and hence he had called him by name, and asked him to move to make room for him (the Brahmin) In short, they understood that the Brahmin had only addressed an old acquaintance saying, "Movest thou, brother Tapai"

The ghosts wondered how the Brahmin could know the name of Tapai, who was a ghost and the Brahmin only a man, so they held a conference in whispers One wanted to know of Tapai himself, whether he and the Brahmin were previously known to each other But Tapai denied all knowledge of the

Brahmin They then all came to an agreement on this point, which was to ask the Brahmin himself direct, to explain how he had come to know the name of Tapai. So, while the Brahmin was at the point of falling down in a swoon from fright, he was addressed by Tapai himself. He said, "*Thakoor*, (Brahmin) how could you know that my name was Tapai?"

The question roused the Brahmin to a full consciousness of his dangerous position. In times of danger the mind works with rapidity. He was then in desperate circumstance and he found that he must act with promptitude to save himself. An idea entered his head and he wanted to put it into action. He did not give any direct reply to the question put to him, but he rose and caught hold of the hair of Tapai, and threateningly addressed him thus — "Don't I know you, Tapai, you rascal? If you have forgotten me, I have not forgotten you. Where is my three hundred rupees which you owed me? I demand instant payment. And if you do it not, I will make you longer by two cubits by a profuse beating of the shoe." Of course, the Brahmin had no shoes on, nor had he ever known what shoe-wearing was, but he used that expression, "shoe beating", in order to frighten the ghosts.

Tapai, taken aback by this sudden attack, stammered out a reply to the effect that he never knew anything about the debt. "But, *Thakoor*", said he, "when did I borrow money from you?" The Brahmin had already framed the reply. He said "Of course, it was not you who borrowed the money but your father, and if I can get hold of him I will teach him a lesson which he will never forget." The fact was, all the ghosts that were sitting there were young, and the Brahmin could see that Tapai's father was not among them.

When the Brahmin said that it was Tapai's father who had borrowed the money, they all said that Tapai's father was dead. This was another piece of good luck which the Brahmin thought of utilizing at once. He said, "And because your father is dead,

am I, therefore, to lose my money? Is this the sense of justice of ghosts? 'Take that as an earnest," and down came the fist of the Brahmin upon the devoted back of poor Tapai. The Brahmin was strong,—desperation had made him stronger, and the blow fell upon the back of Tapai like a sledge hammer.

Now, if the ghosts had so minded, anyone of them could have trampled five hundred Brahmins like him under foot. But it must be borne in mind that ghosts are a stupid race, besides, everyone of them was quite young, none being older than 10 or 12. The real fact, however, was that the attitude of the Brahmin confounded them and took away the little sense they possessed. The Brahmin was a great bully, everyone knows that in this *Kali-yug*, a bully, generally speaking, is always the master in every situation. When the Brahmin looked threateningly at the friends of Tapai, they feared, he might let go his victim and fall upon them. The eldest among them, however, muttered that there was no law if one should be murdered for his debts, far less for those that were contracted by his father.

The Brahmin smiled. He said, "Do you call this gentle touch of mine, murder? If Tapai's father had been here, you would have seen what a blow I always carry for my defaulting debtor. I am by nature a merciful man and, therefore, I am showing great consideration to Tapai, you ungrateful creatures. I am willing still to show some more favours to him. I will relinquish all my interest. Let him only pay the principal. But it must be paid cash down."

With this the Brahmin raised his hand, as if to inflict another blow for the purpose of giving emphasis to his proposition. The blow did not come, though Tapai shrieked in apprehension. The Brahmin was a lucky individual. Tapai was an orphan, and had no one but his maternal uncle, by name Banróo, who had exactly three hundred rupees, which he had kept concealed

underneath the roots of a palm tree. This fact was known to all the ghosts, yet nobody dared to meddle with that sum. For Banroo was the most terrible and cruel of all the ghosts in the neighbourhood.

The ghosts held a secret consultation, and one of them proposed that Banroo's three hundred rupees should be paid to the Brahmin. To this proposal Tapai did not agree, he said that he would rather incur the wrath of the Brahmin than that of his uncle. But all the ghosts assured Tapai that as he was Banroo's nephew, and that as he was going to meddle with the amount only to save his life, they would all combine to protect him from the wrath of his uncle. The money was dug up, counted one by one, and paid to the Brahmin.

Here was, however, another difficulty, the Brahmin did not venture to let go the hold he had upon Tapai. His idea was that it would be dangerous to release Tapai, and then carry the money home, leaving the ghosts behind him to do all the mischief they could. So he said in an angry tone "Am I to carry all this money home? Tapai, you must go with me with this bag." But Tapai was afraid to go alone, and so a few others were induced to accompany him. Thus the Brahmin with the lock of Tapai's hair in his hands, and the money bag on the latter's shoulders, accompanied by half-a-dozen ghosts, returned to the village. The Brahmin thought that it would not be safe to show his house to the ghosts, besides, his poor hut would go very much against his pretension of being a money-lender. So, he pointed out the house of another Brahmin instead of his own—of one who was comparatively in better circumstances,—took the bag in his hands and dismissed the ghosts, and they fled precipitately without looking behind. The Brahmin entered his hut, threw the bag of money before his wife and declared, "See, you wretch, whether your husband is worth anything or not."



Banroo, who had gone on an errand to the South Pole, came home a few days after the incident described above. The first thing he did on his arrival was to take a peep at his buried treasure. Seeing his money gone, he flew into a fit of ungovernable passion, and uprooted the palm tree in his fury, with his pair of horns, for he had two of them,—short and well-pointed.

Here parenthetically let us remark, that all ghosts have not horns. A few have, but the majority are without them. In this manner some have their tails, others, three legs, and some, though they have legs, do not walk with them but on their heads. It is also said that some have the shape of a dome, while others eat with their eyes, having no mouth. But it is a herculean task to describe the peculiarities of the race of ghosts.

Banroo then went straight to kill his nephew. But others came to the latter's rescue. In short, everything was fully explained to him. When Banroo had heard everything he burst into a loud fit of laughter, which sounded like the howl of a hyena. People in the nearest village thought that it was a hyena that was laughing, but it was Banroo. Said he, "I have heard that laughter sometimes follows great misery. I cannot help laughing at my own misery. And fools, did it never occur to you that the Brahmin was only a man, that ghosts never borrow money of men, and that you could have killed him then and there?"

The oldest amongst them replied, "We know that you have great courage, but it would have oozed out before the blows of the Brahmin. If you were there, you would have, of your own accord, paid the money to appease his wrath. If we are ghosts, he is an—arch ghost."

Banroo said, "Stop fools. I must recover the money and also teach the Brahmin a lesson. He must know what it is to meddle with us ghosts. But you must point out to me the house."

All the ghosts, however, declined, they apprehended another attack from the Brahmin. Banroo then caught his nephew by the neck, and told him that he must either pay him the money, or point out to him the house of the Brahmin. Tapai found that he must go, so he accompanied his uncle, pointed out to him the house of the Brahmin from a distance, and fled. Of course, it need not be explained here that the house he pointed out was not that of the hero of this tale, but of the other and wealthier Brahmin of the village.

It was at about 9 o'clock at night when Banroo reached the house of the Brahmin. There was a big, bushy tamarind tree by the wall which surrounded the house, and he took his seat upon a projecting branch thereof, watching his opportunity and the course of events. The owner of the house was an old Brahmin, who had a young son. He had a cow which was missing and which was named "Benre," because it had somehow lost its tail. Brahmin junior, after dinner, came out of the house to wash himself. He had no notion that a terrible ghost was sitting close by, and fiercely and threateningly looking at him from the projecting branch of the tamarind tree, on which he was perched. While washing himself, the young Brahmin saw before him the missing cow "Benre." In the delight of his heart he called aloud to his father. "Papa", said he, "Banroo is come." Now, it must be borne in mind that the name of the cow was "Benre" and not Banroo, but it was called "Banroo" in a tone of banter. Benre, the cow, was called Banroo to express indignation at her truant conduct.

The young Brahmin said, "Papa, Banroo is at last come." No sooner had he uttered it than Banroo, the ghost, started. He muttered to himself, "How could he know that I am here?" But the young Brahmin continued,—"Banroo, I was expecting you. So you are come just in time." Banroo in the tree felt very uncomfortable. He thought that this was very queer, and the

strangeness of his position gave him a good deal of uneasiness. But the young Brahmin continued, "Banroo, I have this time provided myself with a strong piece of cord for the benefit of your fine horns." Banroo began to move backward slowly, to make his presence still more unknown if possible. But the young Brahmin went on to say, "Papa, Banroo is restless and he means flight. Fetch me that new piece of cord so that I can secure him at once." Banroo felt his horns with his two hands, and he thought that he would never permit the cord to be put round them. He now began to retreat rather rapidly. Just then the cow was leaving the place. So the young Brahmin said, "Papa, be quick with the cord, Banroo is escaping my hands." The old Brahmin thereupon threw a piece of cord from the house and the young Brahmin ran to fetch it. But Banroo, the ghost was not to lose this opportunity, he could bear it no longer. By a big ghostly jump he reached the ground from the high branch where he had been perching, and fled with a loud shriek towards his haunt. The villagers thought that it was only the howl of a jackal, but no, it was of Banroo.

## THE STORY OF A LUNATIC

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ONE-HALF of the world thinks the other half mad, but there is no harm in this argument, for the halves are equally matched. If the man of the world laughs at a pious man, the pious man also weeps over the wretched condition of the worldly man. If what pious men say be true that there is an after world and men there will have to give an account of their wicked deeds, then most of the greatest men of the human species are mad men no doubt.

But the matter assumes a quite different aspect when a so-called mad man is in a minority in a combat with another so-called lunatic, for, the other party, who thinks him mad, being the stronger, overpowers his opponent, and puts him into a lunatic asylum. Krsto Sarkar, whose story we were just going to relate, was thus overpowered by a stronger party, and kept in the Dullanda Lunatic Asylum for eight months, and is being sent there again as a lunatic.

Krsto Sarkar is now on bail, and, on the expiry of its term, he will, under the orders of the Bengal Government, be again put into the Lunatic Asylum at Dullanda. Fancy the arrangement of setting a lunatic at liberty on bail! He has only a few days of liberty before him, and after that he will be incarcerated during the term of his life. And Krsto Sarkar takes advantage of the few days he has before him to run down to Calcutta and see what he can do to escape from his doom.

Kristo Sarkar, who will be sent to the lunatic asylum on the ground of his being a dangerous maniac, however, sits before us, and relates his own story. Of course, he has given bail and he cannot offer any violence upon us without forfeiting his bond. The authorities, who let loose this dangerous lunatic in society, know very well that he being bound hand and foot by his bond, would not be able to do harm, and so he is allowed to come out of the asylum only for some weeks. But to proceed with his story. He says that he was accused of having killed an old woman by biting her cheek. He was hauled up on a charge of culpable homicide, but the Civil Surgeon gave him a certificate that he was a dangerous lunatic, and, on that ground, he was acquitted. The Magistrate who tried the case reported the matter to Government, and the Government have ordered the authorities to send him up to the lunatic asylum.

Kristo Sarkar has all the papers of his case with him, and he shows us the judgment of the Magistrate which runs as follows —

"The evidence for the prosecution leaves no doubt that Kristo Sarkar bit the sick and bed-ridden old woman Bidhu Dass, in the cheek, and thereby accelerated her death. The act was done in a fit of insanity and would have amounted to grievous hurt if Kristo Sarkar had been sane. Kristo Sarkar is acquitted on the ground of insanity. The case will be reported for orders of the Government in due course."

The dangerous maniac then shows to us the report of the Surgeon who made the *post mortem* examination, on the body of the old woman, and we extract the following from it —

"The probable cause of death was extensive hemorrhage of the skin in various parts of the body, effusion in the brain, discharge of blood from the lacerated wound in the lip coupled with a bad state of health. *I did not see any mark of teeth in the lacerated wound.* The deceased must have received blows on the ribs and on her head. The third and fourth ribs of

the left side, and the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th ribs of the right side broken."

Kristo Sarkar draws our attention to the above, and tells us, ' Now see, sir, who is the mad man, I or the Magistrate? I am accused of having bitten the woman with my teeth, the result of which was that there were no marks of teeth on the person of the dead woman, but her ribs were broken! Now, sir, you have a world-wide celebrity for being an impartial, just, frank, out-spoken man? Tell me, sir, I repeat, whether I or the Magistrate is the mad man "

Now, this was a most difficult and delicate question to answer. It appeared to us that reason was on the side of the alleged lunatic, but he was in the minority. To side with him would be altogether a risky business, so what we did was not to give any reply to his question, but we asked him to proceed with his story. He then said "Perhaps, sir, you are not decided, but I shall at once settle the question for you," and he opened his mouth and showed us that his lower jaw was devoid of nearly half-a-dozen teeth! "Now, sir," continued he, "how could a man manage to bite with one set of teeth? The Magistrate, however, adjudges that I did perform that impossible feat. Now, give me, sir, I entreat you, your frank opinion, who is the really mad man—he or I?"

We told him, "Do not, please, press us for an answer. Either you or the Hakim who tried you must be mad, and in going to decide the question,—who is really the mad man,—we may ourselves lose the balance of our head. You are leading us to dangerous ground, so, please, go on with your story." Thereupon he stopped, and handed over to us a copy of the deposition of Dr Henry Purves, the Civil Surgeon of Burdwan, entreating us to read it carefully. We did it, and for the edification of our readers, we insert it below —

"I have examined the man, Kristo Sarkar, now in the Burdwan

Jail, on a charge of culpable homicide. It appears to me, from what I have learned of his history and what I have seen of him, that he is a dangerous lunatic and that he is unfit at present to stand his trial. Though he apparently gives rational answers to questions put to him, I believe, he is incapable of entering on his defence. He shows a good deal of cunning when being questioned and that makes him more dangerous. I think he ought to be detained in a Lunatic Asylum for observation and safe custody."

When we had finished reading the deposition of the Civil Surgeon, Kristo Sarkar said, "The Doctor Sahib put me down for a mad man because I gave rational answers. It seems the Doctor Sahib's idea of a sane man is that he must talk in coherently. Then I am, according to him, not only mad, but 'dangerous', dangerous because I showed some 'cunning,' in giving my answers. The fact is, when I was put upon my examination, I tried my best to give intelligent answers, because I felt that it was within the power of the Doctor either to procure my release, or to send me to the Lunatic Asylum. The result is, that my sanity convinced the Doctor of my insanity, and now I am to pass my days in the Lunatic Asylum because I gave rational and cunning answers!"

For ourselves we must tell what we felt on the occasion. We have heard of sane men feigning insanity, successfully rarely, unsuccessfully generally, but we have never heard of a lunatic feigning sanity and so successfully. Kristo Sarkar is feigning sanity, he is doing it with complete success, and he is a psychological phenomenon, the possibility of which was never admitted before.

Kristo Sarkar thus related how he fared in the Lunatic Asylum. He said that the life he led there was horrible indeed, and he wonders that he did not turn mad though he was eight months there. He said, "I prefer a hundred deaths to the life I led in the Lunatic Asylum. Now just conceive my position. I was

surrounded on all sides by mad men. I though a perfectly sane man, more sane perhaps than the Civil Surgeon of Burdwan and the Magistrate who tried me, yet I was doomed to pass my time with companions who were most of them raving maniacs. I had nobody to talk to but these men bereft of sense. Some of them took a delight in thrashing me. One day a violent lunatic had nearly killed me. Almost not a day passed without my receiving some sort of ill-treatment at their hands. In short, I was constantly in dread of them, and my life was completely at their mercy.

"At night I had to sleep in the same room with these lunatics. Fortunately, my night companions were not of a violent temper. But yet their strange hallucinations produced an indescribable feeling in me. I really began to be affected by them, and sometimes doubts arose in my mind whether I was really a mad man or not. Then my thoughts ran to my persecutors, to the Zeminder, the Civil Surgeon and the Magistrate who had been the cause of my incarceration, and I called upon Heaven to forgive them for the miseries which I owed to them. Indeed, sir, can you tell me, why these men should combine against me, and subject me to the sufferings of hell on earth? I do not remember to have done any the least harm to them." The man was evidently a very pious Vaishnava.

Here the poor man turned serious, his eyes moistening with tears, and the sight of his woe-begone face would have perhaps melted a hard stone. He then said he was made to work from morning till 5.30 P.M., in the evening, constantly, getting only one hour's respite for dinner. He saw how the lunatics were thrashed by their guards for refusing to do work, and he therefore never neglected the task allotted to him. But it was too much for him, he said, to work for 11 or 12 hours daily. "A heart of burden," remarked he, "breaks down if thus worked." He was fed upon unhusked rice and a little vegetable,



the most abominable fashion imaginable The other lunatics had mutton every other day, but being a Vaishnava, unused to take meat, he never touched it What pained him the most was the fact that he was compelled to eat his food, often polluted by the touch of lunatics, who were either low caste men, or Mahomedans

But it would not have mattered much if Kristo Sarkar's sufferings were at an end, but, as we said, he is again going to be put into the asylum This time it is not the Magistrate or Dr Purves, who sends him there, but the Government of Bengal Indeed, the Magistrate, in his report to the Government, acknowledges that, since Kristo Sarkar's return from the asylum he is "apparently perfectly sane" and "he ought not to be detained in an asylum" The Civil Surgeon of Burdwan does not see "the wild stare" which he used to mark in him whilst he was in the Burdwan Jail The wife of Kristo Sarkar also petitioned the Lieutenant-Governor, alleging that her husband was never a lunatic, and that it was through the machinations of his enemies that he had been placed in the unfortunate position he was But all these appear to have gone for nothing, and the order comes from the Lieutenant Governor that he should be again locked up in the Lunatic Asylum<sup>1</sup>

We do not blame the Lieutenant-Governor he is not acquainted with the circumstances of the case, and has been guided by routine merely But he ought to have taken into consideration the remarks of the Magistrate who considers Kristo Sarkar to be now apparently sane, and that of the Civil Surgeon who says that he has no longer that mad stare Indeed, with these facts and recommendations before His Honour, Kristo Sarkar should not be sent to the Lunatic Asylum again without a previous medical examination by thoroughly competent persons, by persons who will not put him down for a mad man by reason of giving rational answers \*

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\* Let it be noted here that agitation in the press had its effect and the alleged lunatic was released

## THE RAILWAY PLATFORM

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BHAWANEE BABU was attentively turning over the pages of the *Gazette* when he suddenly came across a most important Notification, announcing the date and hour of the departure of Lord Lytton from Calcutta. Bhawanee Babu, being a little nervous, was deeply moved, and it took him some time to recover from the shock the announcement had given him. When his perturbed spirit was a little calmed, he hastily summoned his Dewan, who had his office downstairs. The Dewan heard the summons, and hurriedly presented himself before his lord, with a pen stuck in his ear and a bunch of keys in his left hand. "Well, Dewa nje?" says Bhawanee Babu, "the Burra Lat Shaheb goes away from Calcutta seven days hence, you know. I must bid him farewell at the Rationalist way."

Dewan—Certainly, that you must do, Huzoor. Has the Burra Shaheb written to you about it?

Bhawanee Babu—Well, yes and no. It is true he has not written to me direct, but he has intimated it in such a manner as I may know it. Don't you see it would be invidious to write to me direct?

Dewan—Certainly, Huzoor. Directly or indirectly, it matters not. It is clear that it is His Excellency's wish that you should be present.

B. Babu—Of course. If I don't go, what will the Burra Shaheb think? What will other Shahebs think? What will the public think? I, who have never

the performance of this sacred and solemn duty for the last twelve years, cannot stay in my parlour, when the Burra Shahab himself is going away. Ask the family priest to make *hom* every day and to offer some thousands of *toolsee* leaves to the *Thakur* for my success on that day. I will not forget the date and the hour, yet let it be recorded, and do remind me of it every day twice. Let the horses be well fed and taken care of, and the big phaeton kept clean. What are these horses and phaetons for, if not to carry me to the Railway platform on such great occasions? I hope, Ramanee Babu will get no intimation. I say this from a pure feeling of friendship for him, the last time, on a similar occasion, he made himself the laughing stock of all present by his awkward manner.

The Dewan carried out the orders of his master, and the eventful day arrived at last. The phaeton was in attendance, Bhawanee Babu was richly and gaudily dressed, his dependants all stood beside him, and the family priest came with his offerings. The priest blessed him, bells were rung, conches blown, and the ladies filled the house with the joyful peal of *ulu*. Solemnly and sedately, Bhawanee Babu advanced towards his carriage, there was another joyful and louder peal of *ulu*, and the big phaeton rattled along the narrow street towards the Howrah Railway Station.

Bhawanee Babu was punctual, that is to say, he arrived only two hours before the time. He alighted from his carriage, but his dismay knew no bounds when he saw that Ramanee Babu was already there, as richly dressed as himself. There was a cloud in the face of both, and they savagely glared at each other for a moment, but, by superhuman effort they mastered their feelings and cordially grasped each other's hands. "What brings you so early, Ramanee Babu?"—Asks Bhawanee Babu, still hoping against hope that his friend perhaps knew nothing about the departure affair, but was only going to Chandernagar or Burdwan.

But Ramnec Babu was equal to the occasion, and replied to the query by a specimen of his wit "What brings you here, Bhawanec Babu?" They laughed, and Bhawanec Babu was meditating another attack when others arrived. Some came alone, some in pairs, but each with a peculiar head dress. The Railway platform was soon filled with a sea of turbans of various shapes and hues. And Bhawanec Babu was lost in the crowd.

Burra Shahab comes at last and there is a rush towards his carriage. One, whose head is too small for his turban, finds it under the feet of half a dozen of eager farewell givers, and trampled and for ever damaged. Another finds his trail suddenly caught from behind as if by a vice, he looks behind and finds that his neighbour behind him was standing upon it. It is not on record that anybody was trampled to death on that occasion, but it is on record that many lost their valuable turbans and damaged their valuable dresses, and all received pushes, lateral and horizontal, from behind and from before, during those eventful moments, when the crowd rushed towards the carriage of the big man.

The Burra Shahab alighted from his carriage, and that event was followed by numberless salams from the assembled guests or hosts, call them whichever you like. The big man proceeded on straight without looking to the right or left, and a passage was immediately made for him. On the platform he accosted one or two men who stood close by, though there were hundreds before him ready to accost him and to be accosted in return. But the big man had only come three minutes before time, and he had, therefore, no time, even if he had the inclination, of addressing and receiving the salute of each. The assembly stood before him with their hearts beating, anxious to catch one glance of the big man. But no response came from him, and the assembled guests were not even sure whether the big man was at all aware of their presence.

Bhawanee Babu was standing behind. There was a thick phalanx before him, and he was trying every posture to have a peep at the Viceroy. It so happened, however, that just before entering the car, the big man took a survey of the throng from one end to the other. His glance gradually, though with the rapidity of the lightning, came towards the spot where Bhawanee Babu was standing. That was the proudest moment in the life of Bhawanee Babu. He was not slow to take advantage of it. Like the pendulum of a clock from which the ball had been removed, or more appropriately, like the wing of the humble bee, the hands of Bhawanee Babu began to move rapidly so that he managed twenty five salaams in a second. But, alas! for Bhawanee Babu, he could not detain that big man's glance even for a second, and long before he had finished his salaams, the glance had left him far behind and encountered others, who were doing precisely what he had begun a little before. Readers, have you ever seen an *oolloo* field? Well, when a strong gale passes over it, the grass, as the wind touches it, bends down, and continues to move for a time even when the gale has left it. Thus the Railway platform was like a *oolloo* field, and the guests were like *oolloos*, and the glance like a strong gale, and the metaphor complete.

The Viceroy proceeded towards Simla, and Bhawanee Babu came home. His servants and dependants had already assembled at the gate to receive him, and the ladies, his wife and daughters, were peeping through the lattice, eager to learn his success. Bhawanee Babu alighted from his carriage, and his servants almost carried him up stairs, where he was undressed, fanned, shampooed, and tended as a delicate infant. The Dewan, after the lapse of half-an hour, at last ventured to enquire about the result of his meeting with the Lord Shaheb. Now, Bhawanee Babu was a tender-hearted soul, incapable of giving pain to any one. He knew, if he told the bare

truth it would deeply disappoint his friends. He had, therefore, to tell them some lies. He had been building airy castles while proceeding towards the Railway platform, how the Viceroy would receive him till to him without taking any notice of Ramance Babu, &c., &c. Now, poor soul! his airy castles had been all crumbled to the ground. "I had a hot time of it, Dewanjee," said the Babu with a bold face. "There was an exchange of sharp words between myself and His Excellency."

Devin—"Sharp words?" I hope, His Excellency was not offended.

B. Babu—"Ah! no. He was in a dry humour, so was I. His Excellency is not, and said to me, "I am much obliged to you, Bhawance Babu, for this attention," while shaking hands with me. I told him in reply, "My Lord, I am the most loyalist subject of Her Most August, September, November and Gracious Majesty. It is my most serious, and solemn, and sacred duty to be present on such occasions." You know, when my tongue is once unloosed, I can make a very good speech. His Excellency was mightily pleased.

Devin—"But what about sharp words?"

B. Babu—"Oh, I forget. I told his Lordship that "the British Government with its Zulu War, Bengal Pink, and Post Office was a very good Government, but it was not particularly discriminate in offering titles of honour. People who were nobodies were honoured, while men of ancient families were neglected. You see, Dewanjee, I gave him a hint, a broad hint. But, poor Ramance was standing aloof alone, unnoticed, in the crowd. I don't know who wanted him there."

But while Bhawance Babu was relating his adventures to his friends and relations, Ramance Babu was doing the same to his, not forgetting his particular friend Bhawance Babu, in the relation of his adventures.

## THE PERPETUAL SLAVERY OF INDIA

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We quoted some months ago a paragraph from Max Muller, in which the learned Professor declared that the contemplation, that the Hindus, so gentle, gifted and innocent, should be made subject to other nations, for no fault of their own but simply because they had not cultivated the art of war, filled him with profound sorrow. Yes, the history of the Hindus is a history of continued humiliation, but we must bear up with that. It is also a history of massacres of their men, women and children, of outrages upon their women and sacred objects, and of the plunder and burning of their cities which they had built with the toil of ages. We shall describe, in a few short sentences, how Hindus began their national life, and how they have been treated by their fellow-beings.

Hindus lived innocent lives and respected the lives of the meanest creatures, they cultivated learning and philosophy, they preached and practised spirituality, neither wishing ill to their fellow beings nor apprehending ill from others. While thus passing their lives, they found themselves suddenly confronted by an overwhelming force of marauders. They saw that resistance would be useless, and they found also that the pitiless fiends who had invaded their country, had no human sentiments in them. So, what Hindus did, was to kill their women and to fall, with swords in hand, in the midst of the attacking hordes. There they were cut to pieces, their

country was looted and subsequently burnt to ashes, and an important town and an important clan were for ever extinguished

The above is the epitome of the history of India. In our schools and colleges, History of India is taught. Of course, students must go through that teaching, and there is no help for it. But grown up Hindus never, if they can help it, touch the History of India. It is not pleasant reading to them. It was thus that history was not written in India.

Neither, we think, is the study of Hindu History a profitable one, for, it teaches infidelity. The outrages committed upon India by barbarians, in their greed for material gains, are calculated to lead the Hindus to the idea that they are not in keeping with the character of the good God of the universe. That a nation so innocent, so gentle—a nation which has taught His worship to mankind—should be subjected to so gross outrages for no fault of their own, is no proof to the ordinary mind that God is good and just.

Max Müller was profoundly affected at seeing the condition of innocent India, because he came somewhat in touch with the people through their literature. But do Englishmen, who are in direct touch with the people of this country—who are, in fact, in the position of their “Ma Bap”—feel a similarly profound sympathy for the abject condition of an ancient people? Is not India, in many respects, the noblest and most interesting country, and the only country in the world which has no national liberty? And who are its masters now? The English! But how can this be? Englishmen can not bear injustice or oppression. They paid from their own pockets for the liberation of slaves in America, and for them formed a Republic, called Liberia. How is it that Englishmen, who are also ready to go to war with the Sultan because his Bulgarian subjects have no political liberty, have kept India in political bondage? How ~~is~~ at the only



subject nation in the world is under the sway of the most liberty loving nation in the world?

When Hindus recovered from the shock of the Greek invasion the Mahomedans came. It took the Mussulmans three hundred years to obtain possession of the country. To ascertain how India fared under them, we have only to examine the most sacred temples of the Hindus. The Image of Bishweshwar was—well, everybody knows what was done with the Image. The greatest temple in the world, that of Gobind Devī, was dismantled by Aurungzeb, on the plea that the act would be pleasing to his God.

Hindus never cared for political power. If they had done so, the Khsetriyas, who supplied the country with Kings, statesmen, and soldiers, would have been put in the first and not in the second rank. The Brahmins, who formed the first class, as a rule, never meddled with politics, nor served the State. Those who did, were considered outcastes. Chanakya, the celebrated Hindu statesman and minister of Chandra Gupta, gave up the world and spent the last days of his life in wilderness, in order to wipe out his sins which he had accumulated by his contact with politics.

It was not, as urged by Max Muller, that Hindus lost their independence because they had not cultivated the art of war. They lost their independence, because they did not put much value upon it.

It was of no moment to the Hindus, who governed them, if they were governed well. The lot of Kings, ministers and generals was not envied by the higher classes. Fighting and all political work were left to inferior classes, the Brahmins avoiding them as beneath their dignity. Here, then, we enter upon an important phase of this question, viz, the present abject condition of India. What led to this subject condition of India? It was not that the Hindus did not know how to fight—it was

because their main interest was opposed to that of other nations. When the Mussalmans invaded Bengal, the King and his advisers yielded without a struggle. The King was old, and he had no thought for the world. His advisers and his people did not do much care to obey him, provided they were let alone with the cultivation of their learning and religion. One can see that the best energies of the Western nations are devoted to the cultivation of the art of war, the invention of infernal and destructive machines and manœuvrable war balloons, and the arm and equipment of gigantic armies. Their national energies are focused in conquests, in diplomacy, in arts and commerce, and so forth.

But in India, kings abdicated their thrones when they found that they were growing old, and fatalism did so, to wipe out their sin. Every man under fifty was reputed to lead the life of a religious man, and he who did not, was considered something like a sinner. The intellectual classes devoted all their energies to the cultivation of the arts, sciences and their spiritual faculties. As for fighting, the shedding of blood was considered an inhuman practice. Surely, men were not dogs! Those, who killed fellow beings, were Ghouls, Rakshas, and so forth. Indeed, the Hindus avoided the cares of the State, and they would have thankfully given up everything to the Mussalmans if they had not committed oppressions. The Mussalmans fell because of their oppressions.

The East has been called "sensuous," because of the stories contained in the book, called "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The description of "black-eyed houriess" and "sparkling goblets of gold" in that book, created the impression that the people of the East were devoted to "women and wine." But if Persia or Brighdid was sensuous, it would be manifestly unjust to cull India so. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the Abkari Department, the people of India

have not yet been induced to take largely to intoxicating liquors. It would be no exaggeration to say, that drinking is even now almost unknown in India.

In the same manner, it may be said that the custom of eating meat does not obtain in this country. The higher classes are almost all vegetarians, and even the lower classes, though they are permitted to taste almost only the flesh of goats and sheep, rarely have recourse to it. We have thus a rare use of meat and drink in India, which would never have been the case if the country were sensuous.

Of course, polygamy is permitted under the national law of the land, in order to keep the balance of men and women equal in the marriage market, but the custom of marrying more wives than one, is likewise almost unknown. On the other hand, widows are not permitted to re-marry. It has often been alleged that this is a cruel custom. This must seem so to those who cannot go beyond the flesh. It was introduced only to give every woman a chance of marriage, for, re-marriage of widows would create an equal number of maids in the country.

But it must, at the same time, be borne in mind, that if widows are not permitted to re-marry here, in India alone men also are seen voluntarily to give up the world and its pleasures for the sake of a better future. If the custom of prohibiting the re-marriage of widows prevailed, along with it also prevailed the custom, amongst males, of adopting the life of an ascetic. So great an effect had the precepts and preachings of the Hindu saints produced upon the people, that they came vividly to realize, to their minds, the worthlessness of all worldly pleasures. It was thus that men turned ascetics in large numbers. Indeed, it was in India alone that people were divided into *grihastas* (family men) and *udasis* (ascetics). During the days of Sree Chaitanya, the Prophet of Nuddea,—that is, about four hundred years ago,—the number of ascetics, it was

estimated, formed about one sixteenth of the entire male population

It would, therefore, be manifestly unjust to call a people sensuous who, as a rule, never touched liquor or meat, and a large number of whom, male and female, lived the lives of ascetics

The matter would be made more plain when we come to consider the social constitution of the people. Here people were divided into four classes (1) the spiritual and intellectual, (2) warriors, statesmen, and political characters, (3) merchants and trades-people, (4) mechanics, agriculturists and labourers. In other words, people were divided into Brahmins, Kshetriyas, Vaishyas and Sudras. The Brahmins, as forming the spiritual and intellectual classes, obtained the first place. They had precedence over Kings, who belonged to the second class. Kings had to leave their thrones and fall at the feet of Brahmins. The Kshetriyas, who formed the second class, furnished the country with Kings, statesmen and warriors. The Vaishyas, who represented the wealth of the country, belonged to the third class only. The spiritual and intellectual classes, who formed the first class, were forbidden to meddle with property altogether. The Vaishyas, who formed the third class, accumulated wealth, and were thus the wealthy men in the country. They had, however, an inferior place in society.

In the West, however, there is a different arrangement. The Archbishop of Canterbury does not enjoy the same rank and respect as Mr. Prime Minister Gladstone. And the King himself is not only the head of the country, but also the head of the Church. Thus in the West, those who had power, that is to say, brute force and wealth, obtained the first place. In India, those who had brute force like the Kshetriyas, and wealth like the Vaisyas, occupied only subordinate places.

Now, if sensuousness had been the characteristic of India, the people would have considered the acquirement of wealth and brute force as the first objects in life, for, the gratification of the senses can be secured only by the possession of brute force and wealth. The first object in life in the West is material prosperity, in India, it is spirituality and learning. The allegation that India is sensuous is, therefore, absolutely without a foundation.

When the Western hordes crossed the Indus and came into the country, they found themselves in contact with a race from whom they differed considerably in instincts and modes of life. India was not prepared for the rush of such a horde, and the pitiless invaders carried everything before them. When Porus declared that he expected, as a matter of course, a kindly treatment from Alexander the Great, the "hero" was surprised. He was a Western, and he knew that people fought only for "greed of material gain."

Greeks were followed by Persians and Afghans. Hindus fought bravely for their religion, home and hearth, but the hordes were too many for them. The present masters of India claim that they are a superior and enlightened, and the Indians a half civilized and inferior, race. Their chief ground for this claim is, they are masters here and the Indians are slaves. But the argument is not conclusive. The Moors ruled Spain, France and Austria. That fact does not prove that they were a more enlightened, or that they came of a superior, race than the French. It was the barbarians who conquered Rome, and the Romans had ruled the Greeks, Spartans, Athenians, etc. The argument, therefore, that the English are a superior race because they hold sway over the Indians, is not thus conclusive. No body ventured to urge that the Mussalmans were a superior race to the Hindus, yet, the former held absolute sway over the latter for several hundred years.

Of course, the English come of a superior race, and they have eminent qualities, or else they could never have acquired so much ascendancy in the world. But they have yet serious defects in their national character. To be a really superior race, they must give up the practice of levelling guns at fellow-beings and killing them, of seizing lands belonging to others, of mowing down men who are defending their home, hearth, religion and national existence, by cannon shot, or hanging them on a charge of disloyalty and, of taking away the political liberties of weaker nations. The above practices England must give up, for, they are opposed to Christian religion, and are not in keeping with the teachings of their sweet Lord, on whom they depend for everlasting welfare, nor with those of their own instincts which are proverbially generous.

The natives of India and their English rulers do not agree in their views about public affairs regarding the country. Let us see, however, where they agree and where they do not. The great ambition of Englishmen, at least, of most of them, is to hold sway over India for ever and ever. Of course, there are some who do not go so far and who think that the functions of England are only to prepare India for a free existence in future. But the number of Englishmen holding the latter view, is very small, and, if they venture to give utterance to their sentiments, they are persecuted by all other classes of their countrymen, and are called traitors to their country. Because somebody was supposed to have used the expression "Perish India,"—though, as a matter of fact, nobody had ever actually done it,—very few Englishmen can utter his name and sentiments without giving vent to a feeling of indignation.

It is, however, a settled thing with most Englishmen that the greatest object of their lives is to see that this Empire of India be never permitted to slip out of their hands.

Strange as it may appear, it is a fact that in this view there is no difference between the natives of India and their rulers. If the prospect of a separation between India and England gives most Englishmen a shudder, it affects Indians also in a similar manner. Indians themselves consider that a separation, for the present, at least, would be a very great calamity to them.

We shall explain why. First, there is not a centre for Hindus to rally round, nor a centre for Mussalmans in India to do so. Secondly, a perfect union between Hindus and Mussalmans is impossible, and, therefore, the idea of a Hindu-Mussalman Government is Utopian. Thirdly, all that man really needs, is only good rule, no matter from whatever source it comes. It is only vanity which thirsts after what is called a national existence. It is quite possible for England to give India a good rule. Fourthly, the national feeling is not as strong among Hindus as among other nations in the world. This, because Hindus have been moulded by their religion to the thought that everything pertaining to this world is transitory, that India is not their permanent home, and that the chief object of human existence is to secure a good place in the permanent home, which is in the other world. Patriotism is considered to be the highest virtue in the world by other nations, and they will sacrifice everything, even their souls, for the cause of their country. In India, love of country has not that all controlling influence. Love of country has a third place in the heart of a Hindu, the love of religion occupying the first.

It is this peculiarity of the Hindu character, which led them to lose their national independence. It is this feeling which led the higher classes in India to stand aloof from public affairs of the country. Politics was considered beneath the notice of man with an immortal existence hereafter, because it dealt with purely worldly affairs. Thus the Brahmins refused to be Prime Ministers of Hindu Kings, and thus those Brahmins who agreed to serve,

were considered as fallen beings who had to regain their previous position by a rigorous penance

Well, we see here a perfect accord between the natives of India and their English rulers in regard to English supremacy in India. If the English people are resolved to hold India at any cost, the Indians too consider British supremacy essential for peace, in this land of Hindus and Mussalmans.

Yet, Indians and the English people will not agree, and are engaged in an irreconcilable feud. We shall try to explain why. It is because most Englishmen will not only have British supremacy, but something more.

What they will have is, as expressed by Colonel Parnell, "a perpetual military despotism for India." Please mind the word "perpetual." They will not only have despotism, but one that must be perpetual. They will not even make a beginning of an eventual relaxation of their iron grip, and, if they were led, during the past, for reasons which need not be enumerated here, to make any provision for a future relaxation of this hold, they would repent, and do their utmost to see that such provisions were rendered a dead letter.

In the above, we have laid down, we suppose, in clear language, why Indians and their English masters differ in their views about public affairs. What Indians expected, was British supremacy in the beginning, and British citizenship eventually. What Colonel Parnell and all other Englishmen holding his views, would reserve for the Indians, is absolute subjection, which must be perpetual. But, what is absolute subjection? Well, it can be explained by the manner in which India is governed now,—that is to say, by officials imported from Europe and armed with irresistible powers. Indians offered to provide better materials than these imported officials at a cheaper cost, but, the proposal of Simultaneous Examinations gave Englishmen here a shudder. You can offer the present rulers better materials



at a cheaper cost, but they would not accept such offers, because such an arrangement would run counter to their paramount idea of keeping India in perpetual despotic subjection. It is not that Englishmen do not know and feel the justice and expediency of utilising native talent, which is cheap, in a poor country which ought to be kept contented under an alien rule. But, what of that? A Simultaneous Examination is not compatible with their great idea of keeping India under absolute and perpetual sway.

Thus it is that Indians and their rulers do not agree. The rulers are always for measures which would secure to England the *perpetual* and *absolute* sovereignty of India. Indians object to such measures, and would have seeds sown for the eventual attainment of British citizenship. Hence this perpetual feud. It is not that the rulers do not appreciate the advantages of cheap and indigenous labour, or those of economy, or the needless cruelty of keeping on the Statute book such a measure as the Age of Consent Act, but their policy requires that officials must be imported from England, that oftentimes expenses are better than economy, and that it is essential that officials should have such weapons as the measure of the Age of Consent Act, to be able to keep people under control.

We have now to see what this perpetual subjection of India means for Englishmen. To secure the absolute mastership of India, England has to induce a large number of its best men to come out here to rule. If these men refuse to come, the great idea of Englishmen, to hold India in perpetual subjection, falls to the ground. Those Englishmen have, therefore, to be *persuaded* to come out here, with offers of divers advantages, namely, princely salaries, princely pensions, generous leave rules, absolute sway over the people, immunity from punishment for misdeeds, and so forth. Those who come out here, know their position of advantage. They naturally take advantage of their position and tyrannize over their countrymen at home. The Exchange

difficulty having reduced their incomes, they plainly told their countrymen at home, that they would not come out unless their pay was increased. Englishmen at home had to yield to this threat and dictation, for the purpose of carrying out their idea of holding India in perpetual sway. They further demanded that the Parliamentary Vote about the Simultaneous Examination should be set at nought, and it was done, though it meant a blow at their own glorious constitution. At the present moment, it is exceedingly doubtful which is the subordinate authority—the Indian Government or the British Parliament.

The authorities will thus only inaugurate such measures as will, in their opinion, secure to Englishmen this absolute and perpetual sovereignty. To this the natives of the soil object. The latter demand that the authorities should make a beginning for the eventual absorption of the people into the British Empire. This the authorities refuse to do. Hence the eternal and irreconcilable feud. Englishmen should, however, take note of what this desire for perpetual sovereignty of India costs them. We fancy they lose much more than they gain by this desire.

# THE PERPETUAL SLAVERY OF INDIA

(*Continued*)

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HAVE Englishmen taken stock of the losses that they have to sustain for the purpose of securing the absolute and perpetual sovereignty of India? It is only proper that they should do it. All reasonable and practical men do, now and then, see whether they are making any profit or not in their occupations. We have already taken a moral view of the question. Englishmen, as the leading nation in the world, are naturally objects of imitation to others. The example, shown by England by extending her conquests, has demoralized the whole of Europe. It may be easily shown that the reduction of civilised Europe to the condition of an armed camp, the employment of the best energies of the enlightened inhabitants of that continent to fighting, the invention and construction of deadly weapons, the conversion of the best men in a country to something like fighting materials,—all this is mainly due to the immoral example set before Europe by the leading nation of the world, the English. It is true that the Spaniards, the Portugese, and the Dutch first pointed out the way, it is true also that if England had been worsted in its encounter with France, the latter country would like England have conquered the world. But the stern fact remains that these conquests mean disruption of society, contempt for moral laws, disregard of human lives and rights of nations, and are thus putting up an insuperable bar

rier to the progress of humane principles, which alone mark out true civilization from false, and the human species from the brute creation

So long the Indians are not blessed with the privileges of the colonials, their country will remain in the condition of "a valuable property" This policy of keeping the country deprived of the rights of self-government has created the necessity of guarding India against foreign invasion and internal rebellion We have now to see what England has to pay for these two possible necessities referred to above It is impossible to give an exhaustive account on this head, but, we can give some idea to day of the sacrifices of England for this purpose

First of all, Englishmen have to keep some sixty or seventy thousands of their best men confined in this country It may be said that there is no harm in that On the other hand, it may be urged that these seventy thousand men, though imported into India and paid for by the Indians, could be used for the purposes of the whole Empire This is true That is, no doubt, an advantage, though it is one which is founded upon an immoral arrangement

But have Englishmen taken note of the miserable condition of these seventy thousands of their countrymen? Englishmen have the reputation of being very much attached to one another Colonel Olcott once told us that, one great virtue of the English people was that they would sacrifice everything for the sake of a countryman If a countryman of theirs were oppressed in the remotest corner of the world they would go there to avenge the wrong done to him, at any cost This being the English instinct, how is it, then, that they are so callous to the miseries of their countrymen in India?

It is because there is no help for it. For the purpose of securing the absolute and perpetual sovereignty of India the people of

of British soldiers in this country. These soldiers are brought from their homes to a distant and foreign land, the climate of which does not, of course, suit them, housed in barracks like horses in a stable, and treated as prisoners, never being permitted to go out of the precincts of the house without permission. Their only happiness consists in meat, drink, and the like, and in shooting birds, and even the latter pastime they are forbidden to indulge in, because of the danger to villagers which this pastime has been found to give rise to.

At a Railway station, two years ago, a few soldiers rested for a day. At about 4 P.M., some of them surrounded the clerk in charge of the Station, and insisted that they must have "three issues," but, the clerk in reply said not "three" but "two." Of course, we could not understand what was the subject-matter of the dispute. On enquiry, however, we learnt that the "issues" meant issues of rum. We inquired whether Government paid for them, and we were told, the soldiers themselves had to pay for the drink. We again wanted to know what objection Government could have if they drank rum thrice, since they had to pay for the pleasure. In reply, we were told, that if they were given a free hand, they would drink away their earnings in a week, and would remain drunk day and night.

And it is not their fault that they seek to while away time in drink. They have nothing to do, day and night. Ten thousand miles away from relations, friends and home, living as semi-prisoners in an uncongenial climate, under strict discipline, any breach of which means imprisonment and hard labour, there is no joy in the life of a British soldier. Other Englishmen who come to India may have their comforts for they can live an independent life and enjoy opportunities of making their pile. But the British soldier, we presume, gets only a shilling per day.

When the Purity party objected to a disgusting duty, which Government had taken upon itself, of supplying the animal requirements of the soldier, we did not, as a matter of fact, join in the cry with as much heart as it was our desire to do. For, we saw that the conditions of the existence of British soldiers in India required that they should be supplied with their animal wants. There was absolutely no help for it. Either the soldiers should be sent home, or none but married men should be brought here with their wives, or Government must take upon itself the disgusting duty of supplying them with "good-looking" and "healthy" females.

The task which Government took upon itself, however, was such a dirty one that the Purity party easily gained the day, for, there was none who had the courage of openly supporting it. Thus the Purity party gained, but the local authorities in India saw so much danger in the reform that they tried to evade the vote of Parliament by throwing dust in the eyes of the missionaries.

How that matter stands now we do not know, but, Anglo-Indian papers tell us that a large number of young Englishmen have for life been disabled by disease and have to be sent home invalided. Have Englishmen, who lose temper when they are told that they should associate with the natives of India for the government of the country, taken note as to how many of their own countrymen are killed in battle and by divers diseases, and invalided for life, simply because they shudder at the prospect of ever loosening, even slightly, the tight grip with which they now hold Hindustan?<sup>\*</sup>

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\* As the articles with the above headings appeared in the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* the reader will excuse repetition here and there.

# THE PERPETUAL SLAVERY OF INDIA

(Continued)

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We said that Englishmen, generally speaking, are prepared to sacrifice everything for their Empire of India and the Indians approve of this determination. There are, however, Englishmen who by this "Empire of India" mean the perpetual and absolute sovereignty of this country. Mere supremacy in India will not satisfy them, what they want is absolute sway, and that for ever and ever. The arrangement which Indians propose, *viz*, supremacy for Englishmen in India and British citizenship for Indians, will not suit them, hence this perpetual and inextinguishable feud between the ruled and the rulers, is unfortunately getting more bitter day by day. The rulers will scarcely inaugurate a measure which has not for its object *perpetual* and *absolute* sovereignty for them, and, the natives of the soil naturally view every such measure with alarm and sometimes with indignation.

We have already seen what this desire for perpetual and absolute sovereignty has cost England and India. India at present is not the country of a nation, but the property of England. This Englishmen admit by calling it the brightest "jewel" in the British diadem, for, a jewel is only a property. But so long India is regarded as a property, other nations will not cease to hanker after it. An English lord who had a beautiful mistress to whom he was devotedly attached, knew no peace on account of jealousy. He

kept her strongly guarded, and never permitted her to go out of sight. He had no faith in the virtue of the woman, and, then, he saw that many other candidates for her favour were trying to win her affections. All these circumstances made the bewitched nobleman very miserable. Seeing the misery of her master, the lady told him that he could never hope to put any trust in her or to get rid of his troublesome rivals until he had married her. "My dear," said she, addressing her lover, "marry me and then you will learn to put faith in me, and your rivals will consider my person sacred, and they will never venture to cast wistful glances at me."

In the same manner, unless India be granted something like a national existence, other strong Powers will never cease to covet her possession. And until that is done, Englishmen will never learn to put any faith in the children of the soil. But, now, Englishmen do not trust the natives of India at all, and are constantly afraid of foreign aggression. Every movement of the natives of the soil, every movement of a foreign Power, creates a suspicion in their minds, which sometimes not only makes the great British nation look absurd, but also leads them to many suicidal and costly undertakings. This is only because India is regarded as a property. But, if India be raised to the status of the country of a nation, she will not only cling to England with affection, as her best friend, but others will also consider it a sacrilege to try to take possession of the country. There are innumerable small republics in the world, and no one ever thinks of taking possession of any one of them. It is because they have each of them a national existence.

It is because India is regarded as a property that its rulers have to guard it against foreign aggressors, as also against the natives of the country. Make India the country of a nation, give it a national existence, and the Russian



bug bear will cease to give any trouble,—India will become sacred in the eyes of even all aggressive nations

The example shown by England and Russia have utterly demoralized Europe. In America, they do not know what it is to hold people under subjection. But, in Europe, every nation is after foreign conquests. In Europe, they have now all, generally speaking, practically become lawless. Lord Beaconsfield complacently remarked, "We have all of us room enough in Asia." They are just now dividing Africa "as we divide a cake," said the American Ambassador in Paris. France is just now desolating Madagascar, and other European Powers look on unconcerned, or rather with envy. They are rather sorry that they themselves are not in the place of France! Of course, amongst themselves they have laws to protect property and person, but they have no regard for the lives or rights of human beings outside Europe. They will seize anybody's country whenever they can, regardless of the fact that every nation has a natural right to a national existence. They will massacre weaker nations, defending their herith and home.

The piteous appeal of the Queen of Madagascar is calculated to move every heart which has a spark of humanity in it. But what of that? Earth-hunger has almost uprooted the sense of justice and the feeling of humanity from the European heart. Yet they, in Europe, profess to believe in a God and a Redeemer. They have innumerable churches where they sit to pray for forgiveness for their sins. But, what forgiveness can there be for those who mow down patriots with their deadly weapons, as the French are now doing in Madagascar,—patriots who are fighting in defence of the honour of their families, for their corn fields, their cattle, their children, and their national existence? Mind, in Europe, they are so just to themselves that they hang a man who takes the life of another. But, when others are concerned, they will not scruple to slay

thousands and thousands, to rob them of their country and gold !

We are, however, only concerned with Englishmen, who are decidedly the most moral and humane nation in Europe. The other day, a smart discussion was held by Englishmen in Calcutta, whether it was cruelty to cut the tail of a pigeon. But not a word was uttered by them when, say, about a thousand of the Swatis were killed in battle, while opposing the passage of our irresistible troops.

Now, we fancy, every man killed beyond our borders, was, according to all right-thinking Englishmen, a man unjustly massacred. It must have given a great shock to most Englishmen that a cruel necessity had led them to the massacre of brave patriots defending their home and hearth with stones, by means of their weapons made under scientific principles. These Englishmen mourned in silence, though they could not venture to utter a word. It must have occurred to most of the Englishmen, that such deeds could not be regarded by God with pleasure, and they are opposed to the teachings inculcated by Jesus Christ.

A little consideration will show that it is this passionate desire for a perpetual and absolute sovereignty of India, that led to this act and others similar in nature. It is thus under the provision of God, one immoral act is followed by many others.

Europe is now an armed camp. Twenty-two millions of its best men have been reduced to the condition of bull-dogs. Europeans really do not trust one another, they never believe one another. The declarations of the highest men of a country will not be believed by the people of another country. As a matter of fact, they are all bent on deceiving one another. And how is this possible in nations, so well-blessed as Europeans are, with intelligence, education and the finest sentiments which mark out man from brutes? It is because earth-hunger has blunted their sentiments, and they can scarcely perceive the unjustifiable character of their acts.

# THE PERPETUAL SLAVERY OF INDIA.

(Continued)

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FOR a better appreciation of the subject we shall summarise the observations we have already made. We said that the people of India and their English rulers are now engaged in a ceaseless feud. They are not on cordial terms, and the estrangement is getting wider day by day. The rulers are day by day losing their sympathy for the people, and the people, on the other hand, are losing their respect for, and confidence in, their English masters.

For an explanation of this condition of things, we said that this feud was solely due to a desire, on the part of the rulers, to hold an absolute and perpetual sway over this, what they call, "our Empire of India." The people, on the other hand, though they feel the absolute need of British sovereignty, also demand, along with it, British citizenship. Here we see a perfect accord on one point, *viz*, as to the necessity for British supremacy. But there is a difference on the other point, *viz*, that of British citizenship. The rulers will retain British supremacy but will not grant British citizenship, hence this difference.

The people of India revolted when they were asked to use cartridges which they believed contained the fat of the swine and the cow. The British people were led to come to the conclusion by that Mutiny, that the best course for them would be to grant British citizenship to Indians. And, as

a matter of fact, it was granted to the people of India by a Royal Charter in 1858. But, there is now no longer a disposition on the part of the rulers of the land to abide by the Queen's Proclamation. It has become now quite apparent to the meanest intellect, that the Proclamation is considered, by Englishmen in general, as a mistake, and such as should not be given effect to.

At the present moment, the natives of India do not enjoy the privileges of British citizens. They are not permitted to make laws, nor, not even to administer the laws made by their English masters. The laws are made by Englishmen and are administered by Englishmen. The people are taxed by Englishmen and the revenues are spent by Englishmen. The natives of the soil have not even the privilege of managing their own petty village affairs, or of being tried by their peers even in the pettiest of cases.

The Indians expected the great boon of British citizenship to come upon them in time. They were not in a hurry about it. They wanted a beginning. But that beginning never came. They formed themselves into a National Congress when they saw that there was no prospect of getting anything without agitation. They thought that the organization would prove conclusively, that the natives of India were earnest in their demands, that they stuck to British rule and did not want a severance, and that they were competent to take upon themselves some share of the work of administration.

The Indians in this effort expected help from their English masters. They had the firm conviction that Englishmen who always loved fair play—who, in spite of a rough exterior, were generous at heart, and always on the side of struggling humanity trying to get out of their difficulties—would come forward to lend them a helping hand in their efforts. But some petty, immediate and fanciful advantages led them to range against this national

movement. Instead of helping the disorganized Indians,—disorganized because of foreign rule—Englishmen here took upon themselves to throw obstacles in their way. They considered it a triumph if the Congress failed in any point. The rulers, in short, are not disposed to lend the Indians any help in their efforts to learn some sort of self-government.

Have Indians any prospect of getting anything twenty-five years hence?—Fifty years hence?—A hundred years hence? There is no such indication, however, on the part of the rulers to inspire the hope that Indians will have, at any future period, the prospect of enjoying any one of the privileges of British citizenship. No measure of Government now a days indicates any relaxation of hold on the people. On the other hand, almost every measure of Government now a-days shows a desire for a firmer hold, if that is possible, upon the people.

It is this disposition on the part of the rulers, that leads Indians to grumble, and it is this complaint, on the part of the Indians, which leads the English rulers to feel unsympathetically towards the people of this country.

There are kind-hearted Englishmen who try to soothe the Indians by a vague assurance that they would be blessed with political privileges when they showed their fitness for them. But this assurance does not now carry conviction. If the rulers had any serious intention of gradually incorporating the Indians in the ranks of British citizens, they would have given the latter a chance. They would have given them chances, and regarded their first failures with a lenient eye. When Lord Ripon inaugurated his scheme of local self-government, he remarked that failures on the part of the Indians were expected, and that the Government should make ample allowances for such shortcomings in the beginning. This measure of local self government, by the bye, was the last act of the Government of India which showed any sympathy

for the people Lord Ripon was hissed out of India for his "pro-native" tendencies, and this suicidal act, by the Anglo Indian rulers here, was a signal for the inauguration of a policy of repression. It is now repression all along the line,—repression in every direction.

As we said before, no chances are given now, on the other hand, we see an attempt everywhere to cry down everything done by an Indian. Mr —, Commissioner of the Presidency Division, had to deal with two Indian Civilians when writing his Annual Report, and both of them were put down by him as worthless!

The hope, however, once held out that Indians would be treated more and more as fellow subjects as they advanced in the knowledge of European methods, was annihilated by the attitude of the rulers of the land towards the National Congress. Here was an honest attempt on the part of Indians to extricate themselves from an abject condition. Here was an honest attempt on the part of the leaders to throw in their lot with the British nation and stick to them for ever. But were these honest and laudable efforts hailed with joy by their rulers? No! Every effort was made by the irresistible rulers of the land to see that Indians never succeeded. Dissension was sown in their ranks, the leaders were sought to be won over by offers of reward and threats of punishment. Everyone knows that now-a-days no man of property ventures to show any active sympathy for the Congress.

What the rulers of the land have reserved for the Indians is not only British sovereignty but an absolute rule, and not only an absolute rule but a perpetual one. This absolute and perpetual rule must endure for ever and ever, and, this is what the present policy of the Government clearly indicates,

# THE PERPETUAL SLAVERY OF INDIA

(Continued)

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We have asked several Englishmen of a liberal mind, both here and in England, to explain what their real intentions are as regards India. We have got, however, different replies from different parties. One said that he could not justify, on moral grounds, the ostracism of the natives of the soil from all share *in the government of the country*, but he is only one out of thirty millions of Englishmen who rule India, and he is obliged to take his share of the responsibility of the moral wrong. In short, he had no hopes to offer us. Another said that such a state of things could never continue for ever, and that relief was bound to come in course of time. His reply also did not contain anything definite, he left everything to chance. Another pious Christian, a philanthropist, told us, in reply to our question, that Indians had no right to complain, for, they had now a better rule than they had ever enjoyed before.

Now, this is exactly what we are told often,—not only by very good men in England but also by a large number of Englishmen here. We are thus asked to accept that we are now far better off than we ever were before. But, do the authorities, who rule India, believe it? Let them first believe it themselves and then it will be time for them to ask us to accept the view that India is better off now than it was ever before.

But do they believe the statement themselves? Why do they, then, entertain such a profound distrust for the Indians? Their actions show that they have no faith in Indian good-will, and that they entertain the notion that Indians are in a state of deep disaffection, and are only biding their time for a shaking-off of the foreign rule. Every action of theirs proves this suspicion of the Indians. Why did they disarm Indians if they had any faith in the good-will of the people? Can the annals of the world show another instance of two hundred and fifty millions of people disarmed and practically emasculated for ever? Why this terrible and unparalleled punishment? Englishmen are too intelligent not to know that, by this universal disarmament, they have done immense mischief to themselves. Indians could furnish ten millions of soldiers to the rulers of the land,—soldiers, efficient and cheap. With such a horde, and with their unparalleled generalship and inexhaustible resources, Englishmen could have defied the world. But why are they emasculating their own people and thus undermining their own strength?

They are fully aware of the mischief that they are doing to themselves by this emasculating process. But, their unconquerable suspicion leads them to it. This suspicion could never have got such a strong hold of their minds, if they had any faith in their own contention that, Indians have got now a better rule than they ever had before, or a very good rule, or anything like a good rule.

This distrust of the Indians has led the rulers of the land to undergo many such immense sacrifices. For the disarmament of the natives of the soil is a sacrifice, both to the ruled and rulers. Everyone knows that it is the forward policy of the Government which has almost ruined India. It has brought upon India an additional burden of twenty thousand British soldiers. To this forward policy we owe all our inglorious and costly border wars. To it we owe roads and railways through inaccessible regions, and forts



and fortresses, maintained at immense cost, in distant countries. This forward policy has added something like ten millions per annum to the burdens of a famished people. It has been the cause of the loss of lives of innumerable men, Indian and European, and cattle, the chief wealth of the Indians.

And do you know to what mainly we owe this forward policy? We quote the following sentences from the comments of an English newspaper on a recent paper of Col Hanna —

“Colonel Hanna recommends, as a line of defence, Jacobabad, Multan, Peshawar. As the writer in *The United Service Magazine* points out, ‘with Russia established in Afghanistan, we should be leaving constant intrigues and plots going on against us in India,’ and retreat or defeat outside our border would raise a horde in our rear of every discontented man in India. The *Civil and Military Gazette* recently showed how necessary it is to keep the actual fighting away from India itself. This is also the view of ‘An officer of the Indian staff corps,’ and, we heartily endorse it.”

So we owe this forward policy to the necessity of “keeping the actual fighting away from India.” Is not this ridiculous? Is it not calculated to produce shrieks of laughter amongst Indians? By marching forward to meet the enemy, we take upon ourselves all the difficulties which an invading army will have to overcome. By sustaining a defeat far away from our base of operations, we risk the animosity of the fierce and barbarous people in our rear through whose country we had marched. But, all these dangers are nothing compared with the other. And, what is it? The danger is, as the *Civil and Military Gazette* has it, “if the English sustain a defeat on the border, the whole of India will rise against them.” So the animosity of the blood thirsty barbarians is nothing compared to the animosity of the gentle Indians, who are alleged to be enjoying a

rule the like of which was never done before ! Does not such a state of the mind show that suspicion has made sober and intelligent Englishmen lose their senses ?

A belief, in the innate goodness of the rule given to India, is incompatible with such unconquerable and profound distrust of the people. It is not mere suspicion that the authorities feel for the people of India, it is something like a mania. Mr Balfour, in his speech at Glasgow, said, speaking in regard to Chitral, that "the day we lose our prestige will be the forerunner of the loss of the Empire." Mr Balfour, a master of the Empire, echoes but a generally-accepted sentiment. The belief is entertained almost universally, and it is oftentimes openly declared too, that, the British Government in India has no other basis to stand upon than its *prestige*. Such a view does not confirm the statement that Indians have got a better rule now than they ever enjoyed before. On the other hand, the unusual importance given to what is called *prestige*, goes to suggest that British Government has no hold whatsoever upon the people on account of its intrinsic merits. So, it owes its strength and existence to deceptions !

What does this ostracism of the natives of the soil from the military service prove, except that the rulers have no faith in them ? Mussalman Emperors trusted Hindu Generals, and the Russians trust Mussalman Generals selected from among their Mussalman subjects, but, the English rulers of India will not trust an Indian in the military service, though they declare that they have given a better rule to India than the Russians ever gave to their Mussalman subjects, or Mussalman Emperors did to their Hindu subjects. This does not show that they have any sincere faith in the excellence of their own rule. Jealous husbands oftentimes act in a ludicrous manner, but, the persecuted wife does not find anything pleasant in the mad pranks of her lord. The steps taken by the authorities to

guard the Empire from their own people, have a ridiculous aspect, only they are too serious for the people to derive any enjoyment from them. For every two Sepoys, one British soldier is imported to keep guard! The Sepoys are wanted to keep the people under control, and the British soldiers are wanted to keep the Sepoys under control!

Here we have a complicated machinery, wheels within wheels, which not only make the whole thing cumbrous and costly, but almost worthless for the purposes of any substantial work. India cannot show tangible progress, because of this complicated machinery which leads it on.

We said that England could raise ten millions of soldiers from India, but, then there is this difficulty. Would not these ten millions require also the services of five millions of British soldiers? But, where are these five millions to be got? And so England cannot utilize the forces that it is capable of raising in India.

Thus, what we see is suspicion everywhere, and that this suspicion is eating into the vitality of the nation. It is emasculating the Indians,—it is undermining the real basis of this gigantic Empire.

And, do they not watch with a jealous eye the sale of sulphur? And, why? It is because sulphur forms a component part of gun powder! How is it that even their own Indian soldier is not trusted with artillery? Are not these ridiculous precautions due to an unconquerable suspicion owing to an unalterable conviction that, Indians do not now enjoy as good a rule as they deserve?

We then come to the larger question of the importation of seventy-five thousand British soldiers. We implore every Englishman to think over the actual condition of these brave English soldiers, kept, confined in barracks. John Brown relates in the

*Asian* a story that he had heard from an Indian coachman This is what the coachman, an Indian, told him —

"The most curious incident during my service occurred when I was on the Umballa-Kalka Road It was in the hot weather and in broad day-light, when I, took up a passenger at the Umballa Station, he threw away an empty bottle Presently he produced another from his portmanteau, and finished half of it at a draught A few miles further, he emptied it and commenced a third bottle He then attacked the syce with his sword, and the man jumped off the tonga, and bolted I felt inclined to run away myself At the next stage, which was half way to Kalka, he left the tonga and went shrieking into the jungle As he did not return for a long time, we went to look for him and found him gasping for breath under a tree We gave him water, but, he died before we could reach the tonga I then drove the corpse back to Umballa to the Police Station, and the Judge Sahib, who held the enquiry, was very severe with me God knows why, for, I had done my duty according to my lights

"What was he drinking?"—asked the Judge of me

"Khodawand," I said, "I am a Brahmin, and don't drink spirits, I don't know"

"Was it sweet?"

"Was it bitter?"

"I am a Brahmin, and don't know"

"Was it sour?"

"I am a Brahmin, and don't know"

"Then he said I was a fool, and when asked why didn't I take away the bottles, I said I was a coachman, small of stature, and the Sahib was a big man with a drawn sword Then they said *jaan*, and I went. Your Honour will see that we are already at Kalka, and in good time for the train When your Honour comes again, if you will ask for Sarda Ram it will give me

great pleasure to drive you ; there is no one 'I would rather drive than your Honour, not even Lat Brassfoot himself whom your Honour much resembles *Khudda huzur ko Lat Kare!*'"

And said the coachman: 'How can I tell what he was drinking? I am a Brahmin.' What a commentary this upon the superior enlightenment of the Christians! But, it is not the fault of the officer that he died of drinking. In India, British soldiers,—even officers,—have to drink, in order to make their existence bearable

Let us view this question from another stand-point. There are 42,000 soldiers in Bengal, who are unmarried and only 1300 who are married. There are 14,000 in Madras and 12,000 in Bombay who are unmarried, and 650 in Madras, and 360 in Bombay who are married. The percentage of married to the actual strength in the three Presidencies of Bengal, Madras and Bombay, is thus a little more or less than 3, 4 and 2 respectively. So, here we have a total of 68,000 unmarried British soldiers in India. It is a pity that the significance of this fact is ignored, nay, sought to be concealed. And, does not this perpetual political disability of Indians need the practical banishment of seventy-five thousand of Englishmen to a foreign country in an uncongenial climate? We see here seventy-five thousand Englishmen, who are young and unmarried, kept confined in barracks in the deadly climate of India. The best course for Englishmen, who are so great patriots and who possess such strong humanitarian principles, is to send these men home at once

It may, however, be urged that if these seventy five thousand Englishmen were sent home, there would be none to guard the Empire. Why, Indians will do it! Why will Indians not do it when, by the admission of the rulers of the Empire themselves, the people of this country have now got such a good rule as they never enjoyed before? If Indians,

under such circumstances, rise against British authority,—if Hindus and Mussalmans can forget their mutual differences, which is an impossible supposition, if they can find a centre to rally round, which is another impossible supposition, why should not they govern the country themselves? The only justification for the occupation of the country by the English is that the natives of the country will cut one another's throats, if left to themselves. But if the Indians can organize themselves into a power capable of governing themselves, surely England would have no excuse to remain in the country at all. But let not the big-Englander have any fear on this score, there is no chance whatever for the Indians for an existence separate from the English \*

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\* The series will be continued later on

## TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS. \*

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WE said, some time ago, that we receive a good many letters every day. Indeed, this must be the fate of those who take upon themselves to conduct Newspapers, though the number of such letters must vary according to the extent of the circulation of each periodical. The preciseness and punctuality with which these letters are daily delivered to us, speak volumes in favour of English character, English Government, and its Postal arrangement. Letters despatched from Tuticorin reach us as safely and punctually as those despatched from Peshawar, and all at the cost of two pice per letter. And is not that nation, which could introduce such a machinery for the conveyance of letters, very wise and very clever? We are profoundly grateful to the Postal authorities for the manner in which they deliver letters to us, and we must declare for the sake of truth that, though there are complaints against the department, we have none against it, for we are sure to get *our* letters *at least*, safely and punctually.

The master when leaving a friend's house, where he had been residing for some time, asked of his faithful servant "Have you packed off all my articles, John?" "*At least* our articles," replied faithful John. So we can truthfully say that we do get *our* letters

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\* This was written on behalf of the managing Editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* the office of which was in Anand Chatterjee's Street, Bagbazar, Calcutta.

*at least*, for, as a matter of fact, we do not only get the letters addressed to us, but also many which are addressed to others !

Those who conduct newspapers in this country will at once agree with us when we say that the opening of letters, and especially the reading of their contents are the most troublesome part of managing Editor's business, of course, exception must be made in favor of those letters which contain money. Indeed, our troubles begin when the postman delivers not only all the letters that ought to reach us on that day, but alas ! with them, are many which ought not to have come to us or our office, or the lane in which our office is, or the ward in which the lane is, nay, not even the town in which the ward is. For letters addressed to Amritsar oftentimes reach our hands, and need we tell why ? Amritsar and Amritabazar are somewhat similar in sound, though the one is in Bengal and the other in the Punjab. But with less excusable reason are letters addressed to Aminbazar, Krishnagore, handed to us, and with still less excuse, letters, addressed to Bechoo Chatterjee's Street, are delivered to us because we happen to reside in that of Ananda Chatterjee's.

We have, however, no complaint against the Postal Department, but we have a great deal against our correspondents and constituents, and this article is solely meant for them and not for the former. Troublesome if it is to open the letters we receive and peruse their contents, yet the nature of this troublesome task none but those who have experienced it can appreciate. The least part of our trouble is to select our letters, and return those to the Postman which should not have reached us at all. Babu Chandra Nath Roy is the manager and publisher of this paper, and we would have not much cared for the havoc, now and then made in his name, if this frolic, on the part of our correspondents, had not been the cause of death to us. Chandra Nath or Chandra Kumar, or Chandra Kanta would have made very little difference





to put his name down in a letter. Alas ! how many such letters we receive annually and letters containing money too ! Letters we have got in dozens, letters perfect in every respect, duly numbered and dated, but with the omission of one not unimportant particular —the name of the writer ! Of course, when such letters contain simply the effusion of the writer's genius, we can safely put them aside, without troubling ourselves very much to ascertain the parties from whom they had come, but just fancy letters containing money or direction to change address, etc, yet no name, and then you can partly feel for the petty annoyances of an Indian Editor,—annoyances which, when accumulated, are quite sufficient to dismay the stoutest heart.

There are others who put their initials only, quite confident that the initials of such great men ought to be known to the whole world. But these great folks ought to know that there are many things we know not what we ought to know, and this we confess to our shame. Others there are who spend all their skill and ingenuity upon their name, and give all sorts of flourishes upon it, believing probably that the worldly prosperity and spiritual advancement of a man depend mainly upon the manner in which one can write his name. These gentlemen, no doubt, shew excellent skill, but the skill somewhat, and sometimes fatally, interferes with legibility. Then there are other great folks who write through their private secretaries. Certainly no harm in that, when one can afford to keep one. But these private secretaries, in writing letters to us ought to inform us, whose private secretaries they are. Their masters' names may be known throughout the world, but from that we shall never consent to deduce the proposition that the names of the private secretaries of such persons ought, therefore, to be known to all mankind. Any one of these private secretaries will write to you that his *Huzur* (master) bids him to write, etc., etc, only forgetting to mention who his *Huzur* is

There is some trouble in writing a legible hand, but there is greater trouble in perusing illegible writing. The correspondent who writes an illegible hand, thus seeks his comfort at our cost. May we inquire why should he be so selfish? Why do you, to save a little trouble, put us to a greater one? The question has then a legal side—whose duty is it to take the trouble? The question may at once be settled by referring to one fact which we shall, for the first time, disclose. When a letter, written in an illegible hand, is put into our hands, we think that the writer has committed an immoral act and is extremely selfish, and therefore deserves no consideration at our hands. If we get such letters after evening, we make a bonfire of them, and if before, we simply destroy them. Now, it is for our correspondents to judge, whether, after such a confession, they ought or ought not to send us illegible letters.

We are charitable enough to suppose that there are a few, who write an illegible hand from mere ignorance of the fact that their writing is not legible. The doubt never crosses their mind that others may not be able to decipher what they are at so much pains to write. They read their own writing with ease. They are perfectly cognizant of the thoughts which they are putting down, they are perfectly familiar with the peculiarity of their characters, and they read and understand perfectly what they write, and they naturally conclude that others should read and understand these writings with as much ease as they do themselves. In short, they think "what we write is very plain to us, why should it not be plain to others?" Now, we must confess the question is rather difficult to answer, and it would require a whole volume of a deep philosophical work to explain to such a thinker that man is divided into families, races, sects and individuals, and that each individual has his own surroundings and experiences and other matters to convince him that what is very plain to him, may not, as a matter of course, be plain to others.

But if an examination of the files of our letters do not display much legibility and preciseness, there is no end of variety in them. There you will find matters political, social, and religious, accounts of leopard hunts, burglaries and fairs; bribery cases, oppression cases and police cases; sedition, libel, and obscenity, reviews, philosophical dissertations and effusions of genius, scandals, encomiums and analysis of characters, and such a medley of matters that they are sure to make your head dizzy. If you only devote half an hour's time upon them. Yet the public and the Government hold the poor Editors responsible for the crimes of their correspondents! We are very much obliged to our correspondents for the trouble they take in supplying us with information, but we must protest against the habit, which some of them have, of making an elephant of a mouse, of giving branches (as the Bengali phrase goes) to their facts, and diluting a globule of fact in a tumbler of words. Is not that unfortunate man an object of sympathy who is made to go through a closely-written letter of four pages, to find at last that the writer only wants a Post Office for his native village? To you, dear public, we appeal for an impartial opinion, and to you, dear correspondent, we appeal for mercy.

We are, however, happy to be able to say that there are many thoroughly shrewd and business-like men amongst our correspondents. These practical men would ask us to publish letters, not for the benefit of the public but for their individual advantages. We are quite willing to oblige them, however, when we can find space. Thus, for instance, one sends an advertisement in the shape of a letter, believing, no doubt, in his mind that the trick will do very well with an Editor, who, being only an Editor, must be a very stupid man. Another has a case in a Judge's Court, and he wishes to publish a letter praising the official in unmeasured terms, and taking good care to give his full name and address, so that the delighted Judge may at once see who

the writer is These are innocent tricks, and we can enjoy them even when they are played, and sometimes successfully played, upon us. But there are other dangerous tricks which we would prefer to see practised upon those Editors who are less innocent than we think we are. For instance, when a man charges a Judge with bribery in a letter, and wishes us to publish it, taking great care to conceal his own name Take another instance Babu A has a grudge against Babu B, but A has no means of satisfying his revenge. He therefore rushes to print, and charges B's sister with adultery or so forth, and solicits us, in the humblest terms possible, to publish his letter. He does not, however, disclose his identity to us, he means only to come behind us, and place a dagger in our hand with instructions to stab his enemy and disappear immediately without our being able to see who it was that gave us the instructions. He means to stand at a safe distance and enjoy the pleasure of seeing his enemy stabbed. Well, if any body is found out and punished for the murder, it will, of course, be the poor Editor, and not he

## THE ARGUMENTS OF A MAGISTRATE \*

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MR. ROSEN'S boat was moored at the Narivabad Ghat. He was absent, and the boat was in charge of the boatmen. Kalu is a man, who watches the boat with a lustful eye from the shore. He wants to rob Mr. Rosen, and was, therefore, trying to enter the boat stealthily. An opportunity soon presented itself, for, the Serang and the Khansama asked him to come and smoke. Thus he entered the boat unperceived by all on board. None could see him, for, it was then broad daylight. Kalu entered the boat, and concealed himself on the deck, and the Serang, who, of course, had not seen him, offered him smoke. Abdul Karim, the Khansama, who likewise was unaware of Kalu's presence, had some talk with him. Kalu had thus effectually concealed himself from all men on the boat and was squatting on the deck, holding converse with those on the boat. He was only abiding his time. He could not

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\* Kalu, a Mussalman, went to the boat of Mr. Rosen, a German, for employment. Mr. Rosen was absent, but Kalu being known to the boatmen, was invited to enter. There he sat and talked with the men. Rosen at last came, and knowing that Kalu had come for employment, asked him to row the boat. Kalu refused, and Rosen got angry and assaulted him severely and broke two of his teeth. The case came before the Court and the Magistrate convicted Kalu of theft, and justified the assault of Rosen on the ground of the alleged provocation given to him. The facts of the case will show in what an extraordinary manner the Magistrate argued the case.

then venture to commence his procees of stealing, for, Rosen was absent. He thought that it would not be safe to rob him while he was absent from the boat. He would be able to do it with greater security when Rosen came back,—so he waited.

Evening came, and the moon rose in all her splendour, it being almost full moon. Kalu had selected a moon lit night to carry on his nefarious purposes, for, as everybody knows, it is more safe to steal in moonlight when a man can manage matters unperceived, than on a dark night when he is liable to be seen every second. It was just then that Rosen entered the boat, but Kalu had so effectually concealed himself that Rosen at once found him sitting on the deck amongst the boatmen. He asked Kalu who he was, and Kalu told him that he was an *umedar* (one seeking employment). Previously, the appearance of the man had aroused his suspicions,—his presence on the boat in the evening, his concealing himself on the boat amongst his servants—all these were calculated to arouse his worst suspicions about the dishonest motives of Kalu. But when the man told Rosen that he was an *umedar*, he had no longer any doubt of his being a thief who had thus stealthily come to rob him.

Naturally enough, therefore, Rosen asked him to row the boat. For was he not a thief, and did not Rosen know him for one? What is more natural than that Rosen should ask him to row the boat? This Kalu refused. And then commenced a row. Rosen had the man caught, and he was securely bound, hand and foot, so that he could not move a muscle. Kalu seeing that he could not move a finger, broke two of his own teeth with his own hands with a view to bring a charge against Rosen. Rosen and Kalu were both taken before the Magistrate, and the Magistrate at once found that Kalu was an "untrustworthy" man. This he found in this wise. Rosen had applied to the Hindu Deputy Magistrate not to try his case, he being a British born

subject, and had asked two weeks' time to prove it. But when the Magistrate had transferred the case to his own file, Rosen declared that he was a German, and not a British-born subject. It was thus proved beyond a shadow of doubt that Kalu was an "untrustworthy" man.

The Magistrate found Kalu to be a bad character, because he could give no "satisfactory" account of himself. For, when asked his name, he said it was Kalu. When he was asked the name of his father, he said it was Matiulla. When asked the place of his residence, he said he was an inhabitant of Rokunpur, in the district of Dacca. When asked why he had gone to the boat, he said that he was in search of employment, and that, having acquaintance with the servant of the Shaheb, the said servant had advised him to apply to him. It was thus clear that Kalu could give no satisfactory account of himself, who he was and what had led him to go to the boat.

The Magistrate also found Rosen had acted under provocation, he had bled Kalu under great provocation. The provocation was that Kalu did not abuse Rosen. That Kalu did not abuse Rosen, was clearly proved from the evidence of the only two police officials who deposed to the fact of the assault. For, says Mohamud Kurshid, Head Constable, "The Shaheb was telling me about the case when Kalu said something in defence and the Saheb hit him." And the other witness, Narain Sing, Constable, said, "Kalu gave some answer when the Shaheb gave him a blow." And the Magistrate himself sums up that, "it is uncertain that Kalu abused him." Thus the abuse and provocation was clearly proved. Kalu did not abuse Rosen, and, therefore, he provoked him, and, therefore, the Magistrate punished Rosen nominally.

It is said that it is not safe for those who have weak brains, to enter a lunatic asylum. We, therefore, hasten to conclude here the account of Rosen's case as given by the Magistrate, and leave men with stronger intellects to continue the account.



There is a *mantra* (charm) for night blindness, which when uttered in the presence of the afflicted, cures him of his disorder. This *mantra* consists of a story in verse; let us translate it to-day for the benefit of the world, for, it is very much like the story of Rosen according to Magistrate. The *mantra* runs thus:—

There was a king who had no name,  
He had three villages which had no existence;  
One was too high for human habitation,  
Another too low for human habitation,  
And in the last no man whatever could reside,

In the village where no man could reside, lived three potters

One of them makes earthen pots,  
The other also makes earthen jars;  
But the third makes nothing at all,

The man who makes nothing at all, made three pots

One of the pots was broken,  
Another was leaky;  
And the third could contain no water,

In the third pot which could contain no water at all, rice for three persons was cooked

One of them eats rice,  
The other also eats rice,  
But the third eats no rice at all,

The third who eats no rice at all, ate all the rice for the three

This man had three oxen,  
One of them was blind;  
The other was halt;  
But the third could never be yoked to a plough,

The third which could not be yoked to a plough, tilled three  
biggas of land

One bigga was drowned ,  
The other was dried up ,  
And in the third no seed germinated

In the third where no seed germinated were grown three  
maunds of grain

&c                      &c                      &c                      &c

The *mantra* is continued in this strain It would be quite possible to reduce the account of the Rosen case according to the Magistrate into a *mantra* of the above type, and could be as usefully employed for the benefit of humanity

It is no doubt a matter of sorrow that, an innocent poor creature should not only be made to lose his tooth and to bleed in the nose, but sent to a rigorous imprisonment for two months, and that a man like Rosen, who makes Kalu bleed by the use of his fist in the presence of the police, should be let off with a nominal punishment It is a matter in which we are no doubt deeply interested, and it is one of more interest to us than the question of finance, or the constitution of the Civil Service in India. But is there not one man of position in India amongst the Anglo-Indians who has the sense to see that, this way of carrying on the administration of a country, is as fatal to those who are entrusted to carry it on as well as to those who are subjected to such rule? It is no child's play to carry on an Empire

## THE HISTORY OF SIX MILLIONS OF POUNDS

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MESSRS FAWCETT AND HYNDMAN have done a good deal to enlighten English public opinion regarding the finances of India as managed under the Crown, but they have not as yet carried their researches back to the period when the country was under the Government of the East India Company. If the mismanagement of the officers under the Crown have exhausted India so as to make famine a constant visitor of the country, the Company did not leave India in the hands of the Crown in a highly prosperous condition. We shall deal in this paper with a single item of money transaction, and relate the origin, growth and final extinction of a fund which, after doing wonders while living, did not cease, even when dead, to suck the very blood of the Indians like a vampire. To make ourselves intelligible, it will be necessary to go back to the period when the English envied the enterprise and prosperity of the Portuguese and the Spaniards in the East.

In 1601, May 2, Captain Lancaster, who was previously a buccaneer, sailed for India, and was the first to lay the foundation of the British Empire in India. This was the first attempt made by English adventurers to form themselves into a Company and conquer India for England. Their original capital was only 68,317 pounds. In the course of ten years, from 1603 to 1613, eight other voyages were made to India. All these voyages, with one exception of that of 1607,

in which both the vessels were lost, were prosperous. The clear profits, hardly ever fell below one hundred per cent., being in general more than two hundred upon the capital of the voyage. In 1612, the adventurers formed themselves into a joint-stock company and raised a capital of 429,000/. Only four voyages were fitted out by this joint-stock company, and the average profit was something like  $87\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. In 1617-18, a second joint stock company was formed, and the sum of one million and six hundred thousand pounds was raised as capital. The company had now, it was alleged, thirty six ships. The proprietors of stocks numbered 954 individuals, and the company was prospering and extending its influence. It was in 1626 that Sir Robert Shirley, British ambassador in the court of Persia, applied for a bonus of two thousand pounds in the company for service done to them. This was the first attempt made by the British Government to fasten the cost of the Persian Embassy upon the East India Company, or in other words, upon the people of India. The British Government at last succeeded in the attempt, and India has ever since had to bear the burden,—a burden which ought to have been justly borne by the Imperial country.

In 1631-32, a third joint stock company was formed, with a capital reduced to 420,700 pounds. At this time the profits of the company excited the envy of other enterprising adventurers of England. A number of individuals, with Sir William Courten at their head, prevailed upon the King to grant a new license in supersession of that granted to the original East India Company. After much hot discussion and a good deal of loss to both the companies, the King, who had been bribed by both parties, a compromise was effected, and a new united joint stock company was formed. Our business is to relate the history of a sum of money, and we have very little to do with the general affairs of the company. But we may as well mention here that at this time there

was a good deal of animosity between the Dutch and English merchants in the East. There was some fighting and other acts of hostility towards each other, the advantage lying clearly on the side of the Dutch. But the dispute was settled by the appointment of a commission.

The capital of this new United Company was 708,000 pounds. It appeared on an adjustment of accounts that the Directors of the original Company had, in spite of their tall talk, to get only 20,000 pounds. It thus appeared that their business was carried on more on credit than on the capital they had in their possession. The United Company were, however, again threatened by another rival. This was more than 50 years after the coalition of the Company and the merchant adventurers. How this Company fared during this period, has been described by a great historian of British India — "In 1676 it was asserted by their opponents in England that their debts amounted to 600,000*l*, and we have already seen that, in 1674, the debt at Surat alone amounted to 135,000*l*. In 1682-83, the Directors authorized the agency in Bengal to borrow 200,000*l*, and in 1683-84, it is stated that the debt upon the dead stock at Bombay amounted to 300,000*l*. It seems highly probable that at this time their debts exceeded their capital." Indeed, it is doubtful whether there was any period in the Company's history when their debts did not exceed the value of their stock.

Another Company was formed under the name of General Society, which obtained their charter on the payment of a bribe. They began business with a capital of 2,000,000*l*. The old Company was at the point of extinction by this formidable rivalry. These injurious contentions at last induced both the Companies to submit their differences to the arbitration of the Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer of England. By the award of Godolphin, it was enacted, "that a sum of 1,200,000*l*, without interest, should be advanced by the United Company to Govern

ment, which, being added to the former advance of 2,000,000*l*, at 8 per cent interest constituted a loan of 3,200,000*l* yielding at the rate of 5 per cent upon the whole. These merchants called themselves the United Company of Merchants trading in the East Indies.

With regard to the rate of profit during this period or the real advantage of the Indian trade the Company for part of the year 1708, declared a dividend at the rate of five per cent per annum to the proprietors upon 3,163,207*l* of capital, for the next year, eight per cent for the two following years nine per cent, and thence up to the year 1716, at ten per cent per annum. In the year 1717 they paid dividends on a capital of 3,104,080*l*, at the same rate of ten per cent per annum, and so on till the year 1723. That year the dividend was reduced to eight per cent per annum, at which rate it continued till the year 1732. The average was 7½ per cent or something more. These dividends were paid under the sanction of Parliament and were usually declared, not according to the profits made in trade, but the necessities of those who held the stocks. The result was that the United Company became bankrupt within the course of a few years.

We said that the two East India Companies were incorporated by an Act of Parliament (1698) and their united capitals amounted to 3,200,000*l*. This capital was subsequently increased to 3,104,080*l* in 1716, to 4,000,000*l* in 1787, and at last to 6,000,000*l*. This was the capital which they pretended they owned in 1793. We have to deal with the history of this six millions. This is the origin of the fund the history of which we have undertaken to write. It is very easy to demonstrate, however, that this sum had no actual existence. The Company, in fact, were playing a dishonest game. They declared dividends after contracting debts. At the time they obtained a new charter in 1793, that is, in the year they increased their capital to 6 millions, they were already in debts of upwards of 14

millions In other words, they had no capital whatever, on the contrary, they had a clear debt of 14 crores and 30 lakhs They began thus in 1793 with a nominal capital of 6 crores and a debt of 14 crores and 30 lakhs, and continued to declare dividends as usual The result was that in 1834 their debt amounted to fifty crores Let this fact be borne in mind

In 1601 when Captain Lancaster had first sailed for India, the capital of the merchants was only 68,317 In 1793, that capital was raised to six millions They had a heavy debt to oppress them; but then, they had conquered a continent for England Fancy that India was conquered by a company of merchants, residing at a distance of 12,000 miles, with an original capital of 6 to 7 lakhs of rupees only! And this, in spite of insurmountable difficulties in the shape of rival English companies, corrupt sovereigns, and powerful hostile nations, such as the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French

It is a strange history,—this of the six millions! We have already shewn that even the existence of the fund was doubtful But whether the fund existed or not, it did its purpose as if it actually existed Not only that, it began to serve its masters even when it was dead and buried and no doubt was left of its final extinction It is Robert Knight who familiarized a portion of the public of India with a part of this wonderful history But it is yet quite possible that most of our readers are not acquainted with it, and we hope, the dry figures with which we are obliged to deal in our narrative, will not deter them to follow us The Company pretended that they had a capital of 6 millions, and they tried to conceal the fact that they had a debt of 14½ millions

The Company had, therefore, virtually no capital, but a heavy debt In the Select Committee of 1830, Mr Richards said in his evidence "In the year 1813, when Mr Cartwright, the late Accountant-General of the East India Company, was examin-

ed before the Select Committee, of which I was a member, he (Mr Cartwright), upon that occasion, was asked a question with regard to the Company's capital, and his answer was simply this 'Capital, Sir, *I had been forty years in the Company's service and I never could find out that they had any capital at all*' This was the statement of the Accountant-General of the Company who had been forty years in their service. Yet the Company had continued under the sanction of Parliament, to declare a dividend of 10½ per cent, which was wrung from the tax payers of India.

In 1814, the monopoly of the India trade was taken away from the Company. But they had yet the China trade. When the monopoly of the India trade was extinguished, the Company opened their books with a capital of 21 crores. Now where did this capital come from? Up to this time they had been declaring dividends amounting to 23 crores and had contracted a debt of 30 crores. In short, whatever they gained, whether as profit in the trade, or goods purchased from Indian revenues, were put to the credit of the capital of the Company. Whatever losses they suffered were *debited to the Government of India*. They thus made an entry of what all they possessed in London, India and China and valued them all at 21 crores and thus they called their capital. While whatever debts they had, were fastened upon the necks of the Government of India, or correctly speaking, the people of India.

We shall illustrate the doings of the Company by a supposition. Suppose a Zemindar, with an income of a lakh per annum, opens a trading business. Having no other capital, he indents upon the profits of his Zemindary. He suffers losses and is obliged to contract debts. He goes on in this way, suffering losses and contracting debts upon the credit of his Zemindary. He at last determines to separate the two accounts, and manages it in this way. He makes an inventory of all that he possesses, not



only in his warehouses but also in Zemindary 'cutcheries,—the grains purchased in his estates from the money of his estates, etc., etc.,—the furniture of his catchery houses and all,—and values them at a certain sum. He does not even credit his estates with the interest of the sums taken from them. He calls this his capital. He then adds all his debts together and transfers them to the account of his estates. The Company did just like this, the tea purchased in China from the revenues of India and other goods purchased in the same manner, were considered the commercial assets of the Company!

This was, then, the origin of the 21 crores, their new capital, with which the Company opened their books in 1814. The Company had a very good reason for founding a capital upon the ruins of the India Government and the ryots of India. The Company were not sure of their territorial possessions which could be resumed by the Crown at any moment, but they were sure of their capital as merchants, and they were led to ruin the property which they held by sufferance from the Crown, to build a capital, which they could claim as their own. They had, as we have seen before, divided among themselves about 23 crores, and had, besides, secured to themselves a capital of 21 crores. The result of all this was a debt of the Government of India in respect of a sum exceeding 50 crores, and this was fastened upon the ryots of India! Here is a clear case of exaction of fifty crores from India by England. We hear of the debts of the Government of India. This is the origin of the debt. *Not a rupee of it was borrowed for the benefit of India, though India had to pay every pice of it!*

The Company had yet the monopoly of the China trade. The British merchants in general, however, raised a clamour against the monopoly, and in 1834 the Company had to give it up. But they demanded their capital of 21 crores in return! They urged that it was for this monopoly they had invested the 21 crores, and if they were required to give it up they must have

their capital returned to them. They submitted their accounts which were prepared in conformity with the fiction of 1814. It was, however, after much haggling, reduced to 12 crores. It was admitted that such an amount was due to them. The ground upon which this amount was fixed is queer enough. We have already said that the Company had all along, under sanction of Parliament, declared dividends of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  per cent upon their original paid up capital of 6 millions, which amounted to 65 lakhs per annum. It was therefore decreed to pay them twice the amount of their original paid up capital, as they drew  $10\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of dividend, the usual rate of interest being 5%. It was resolved therefore to pay the Company 12 crores, or twice the amount of their paid up capital, to get rid of the monopoly, and to throw open the China trade to British merchants in general.

But who was to pay these twelve crores? Besides, the *employees* of the Company in China lost their appointments, and they claimed compensation. They had hitherto lived in a princely style upon the revenues of India, and their claims amounted to 15 lakhs per annum, which, if capitalized, would amount to 3 crores. So then, the difficulty of getting rid of the monopoly was this 15 crores of rupees. Who was to pay this amount? The British Parliament had granted monopoly to the East India Company. Their earnings created envy in the minds of British merchants in general. They wanted to have a share in the trade. They moved Parliament, and the East India Company was obliged to give the monopoly up. But the Company demanded a compensation of 15 crores to give up the right. The claim was admitted, and those who clamoured to do away with the monopoly, to share in the plunders of the East, should have paid the sum to acquire their right to the trade. But no! British Parliament fastened these 15 crores upon the shoulders of the ryots of India! It was Ram Sing who was made to pay for a privilege, which Mr John of Liverpool

was in need of, to trade with China ! It was Mr John of Liverpool who wanted to import China tea, and export British piece-goods with a view to make profits , and it was Ram Sing of Lahore and his countrymen who were asked to pay for the privilege " Mr Brown lost his appointment in China and it was Ram Sing that was required to pay him compensation ! The *sloka* is, " I shot an arrow, it stuck in a plantain tree, my thighs began to bleed, causing a burning sensation in my eye "

Suffice it to say, that not only were these 15<sup>th</sup> crores fastened upon the shoulders of the Indians, but the thing was managed in such a way, that they had to pay *one hundred crores* to remove their burden ! No, the most Jewish Jew could never have expected such a handsome return from his usurious trade. We have already alluded to the origin of the Indian debt, and that was between 50 and 60 crores. Here is then another item of one hundred. Need we then wonder why the country shews such signs of exhaustion ? The British Government must come to acknowledge at last, that to prevent famines, a stop must be made to the further drain on India, and that it is unfair to throw all blame upon India alone for the frequent famines.

The wrong was committed with the sanction of British Parliament. The English press took no notice of it. It was the *Westminster Review* which alluded to the transaction at all. The *Review* remarks (July, 1833) —

"The other point refers to the pecuniary terms given to the holders of East India stock. A dividend of 10½ per cent has been virtually guaranteed to them in perpetuity, by which (for there is next to nothing received on the other side) a perpetual burthen has been imposed upon the people of India equal to 630,000/ per annum, or what is equivalent to, increasing by nearly one-third, the present territorial debt of India. *The rapid and great advance in the value of stock, since the promulgation of the Government scheme, and to which there is no parallel in any other public*

*security*, is strong and damning proof of the prodigality of the Government project. The holders of East India stock had by no means so good a claim to a continuation of the dividends, which, for forty years, they have been paying themselves, as holders of the Navy at 5 per cent had to a continuation of a dividend to that amount. The utmost reach of liberality ought therefore only to have placed them on an equality with the latter, and this, although it would have not raised, would not have depreciated the value of India stock by the smallest fraction. The dividend, in fact, instead of being  $10\frac{1}{2}$  per cent ought only to have been 8 per cent, and this too only for a term of seven years, at the conclusion of which it ought to have been reduced to 7 per cent, and after a further term of the same length, to 6 per cent. This, while it would have been equivalent to doubling the original stock of the proprietors, would have produced a saving to the public [India] in the first term, of 150,000/, in the second term, of 210,000/, and at the third period, when the Indian fund-holder was put upon an equality with the holders of the 3 per cent consols, of 270,000/. In this manner, without placing the holders of any other public security, a sum would have been saved for more than sufficient for carrying on the whole of the Home Administration of India."

We shall explain what the *Review* means. We hope our readers recollect the previous portion of this history. The ryots of India were required to pay 12 crores of rupees to the holders of the East India stock, for giving up the privilege of trading with China to *British merchants*. But cash payment was out of the question, and the East India Company demanded security not only for the punctual payment of their interest of 3 lakhs, but the eventual liquidation of their dues of 12 crores. The matter was settled thus, and the following arrangements made. India was required to pay  $10\frac{1}{2}$  per cent interest on the original paid up capital of the Company for a period of forty years from

1834 to 1874 The interest amounted to sixty-three lakhs per annum, and this India was required to pay for forty years, and after that period India was further required to liquidate this debt by the payment of 12 crores of rupees in cash The East India Company demanded a security for these last 12 crores, and Parliament, under Section XIV of the Act of 1883, settled the matter thus India was required to invest 2 crores of rupees as a guarantee and a sinking fund It was computed that in 1874, 10, within forty years, these two crores would amount to 12 crores and thus extinguish the debt altogether

But now comes another beauty to light We were forced to be a debtor to the East India Company to the amount of 6 crores and the interest fixed was  $10\frac{1}{2}$  per cent But when our money of two crores was invested, it was done in consols at *three per cent* When we borrow, we must borrow at a rate of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  per cent But when we lend, we must do it at a rate of three per cent ! Thus the very small favour of making a fair and honest bargain for our money was not done The debt was an unjust one The interest was usurious, and the guarantee fund was invested at a nominal interest Consols were selling, in the year 1834-35, at  $92\frac{1}{2}$ , and if Parliament had directed the Government of India to take up the 12 crores upon the Stock Exchange, under an Imperial guarantee, the saving to India would have been about 25 crores If the security fund had been invested at 5 per cent instead of three, the debt would have been extinguished in 1870 But it was not the intention of those who made these arrangements for us, that the debt should be extinguished so soon or extinguished at all

Another curious fact must be told to shew the morality of the whole transaction The sum of two crores was invested as a guarantee and sinking fund with the object of the redemption of the debt in 1874 It was alleged that this sum would amount to 12 crores in 1874 There was the Act of Parliament under

this supposition. But, as a matter of fact, the calculation was not correct. Instead of the two crores becoming twelve in 1874, they amounted only to *seven crores and thirty lakhs*. The members of Parliament did not take the trouble of making a calculation, and so the mistake was fastened upon it. And therefore, instead of the debt being extinguished in 1874, the debt was lessened by 7 crores and 30 lakhs only, and we had yet to bear the burden of *four crores and seventy lakh*. And this increased our terms of pension of 63 lakhs per annum from *forty to fifty-five* years!

Now let us see the exact amount that we have been made to pay for these six millions. We have already alluded to the debt of fifty or sixty millions that was fastened upon India, which the people ever since have had to pay. This is item number one. We have alluded also to the pension of 15 lakhs per annum to the China servants of the East India Company, which, if capitalized, would amount to three crores of rupees. This is item number two. Item number three is the investment of our money at 3 per cent. Then we have this 63 lakhs per annum for fifty-five years to pay, and the eventual payment of 12 crores besides. All this we have been made to pay because British merchants wanted to trade in China! All this we have paid to a foreign country, that is to say, the money has been drained away, never to return. Let us now make a brief calculation of the actual amount paid for the last three items up to 1874. We have first to calculate what the sum of 63 lakhs per annum for forty years, at 5 per cent compound interest, would amount to. We are then to compute the amount of two crores, our sinking fund, invested at 5 per cent compound interest for forty years. Add to that the capitalized value of the compensation and annuities to our China pensioners, three crores invested at the same rate. The curious, whom large figures do not stagger, can easily find, upon computation, that the whole amounts to more than *one hundred crores*.

We thus bring our history down to 1874. Glorious was the work that the six millions did for their masters! Though they died immediately after their birth, their body continued to do the service for their masters. They won an empire for their masters, and when the empire was lost to them, they succeeded in smuggling the debt of sixty crores along with it. When their body was dead, their spirit yet worked for their masters. It was at a lucky moment that the six millions were subscribed. Lucky were the three thousand gentry of England who held the stocks! They drew a pension of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  per cent in perpetuity out of their money, which they had lost in trade, from the ryot of India.

Do our rulers now see why they were called upon to spend so much money and anxious hours to save lives from starvation? Do they now see why fertile, industrious, peaceful, economical and sober India cannot yet keep body and soul together? Why are they to fight a hard and constant battle, with hunger all days of their lives? The cause is thus laid bare. Let those, who have a conscience, do their best to do something to restore India to a healthy condition. Let it be never forgotten that the ruin of India will be followed by the ruin of England.

## A BATTLE ROYAL

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A most wonderful thing happened in the Central Provinces which may be described as a battle between the Mussalmans of those Provinces and their Chief Commissioner. No lives were lost, though, it is said, some jaws were broken. This occurrence ought to have been described in Arabic, for reasons which we shall explain presently, but our knowledge of that language does not go beyond the alphabet, and we fear most of our readers are not in a better position.

What happened was this: They have an Anjuman (Association) there, which they call \*Hami-e-Islam, and they have an Arabic scholar in their midst. It is not generally known that Mr C J Lyall, the late Home Secretary, is an Arabic scholar of no mean repute. This fact is known to his friends and to himself. Mr Lyall himself had, however, no means of fathoming the depth of his knowledge ere now, neither had his friends, who are ignorant of the Arabic language. The light which shone within Mr Lyall, was thus kept hidden from the gaze of mankind.

But he was sent to rule the Central Provinces, and there he found Mussalmah subjects, some of whom were Arabic scholars. Here was a combination of circumstances which gave rise to that important event we are speaking of. The custom is to present a new ruler with an address, when the subjects praise him in choice language, and the ruler in return promises them a



millennium The Mussalmans wanted to present him with an address and Mr Lyall agreed to receive it, but on one condition Arabic was the sacred tongue of the Mussalmans Mr Lyall was an Arabic scholar, and what is more natural than that the address should be in Arabic?

The Mussalmans, being delighted at this prospect of a fight—Mussalmans in general and the Maulvies in particular, (for they took this hint from Mr Lyall as a challenge)—sat to compose this celebrated document, destined to endure with the sun, the moon, and the stars

Arabic is a hard language Firstly, one has to write it from right to left, and secondly, to understand it from the bottom to the top The last word gives the meaning, and the first the sound Some of the letters have so close resemblance to each other that it is difficult for the uninitiated to distinguish one from the other Sometimes a dot does it, but the learned Maulvies oftentimes consider it beneath their dignity to resort to such mean practices, only for the sacrilegious purpose of making an alphabet intelligible

Then some learned men consider that the value of writing depends upon the depth of its obscurity The leading Maulvi of the Hanafi Islam is reputed to be of this mind, and he selected the hardest word that he could remember, for the purpose of making the address as unintelligible as it is possible for him to do it

But the document yet did not satisfy the majority It was circulated in Patna, Lucknow, and Delhi In short, it travelled through all the learned Maulvies in India, each making it harder than before

The Maulvies, as a matter of course, differed, one proposing a word and the other proposing another Under such circumstances, in deference to the scholarship of both the combatants, both the words were retained one after the other And thus its

language became more and more unintelligible as the document passed from one learned man to another

The document, thus completed, contained so many hard words, and, some with their synonyms, that it was hoped Mr Lyall would not understand a syllable of it. Indeed, that was one of the objects sought for, what is the value of a piece of writing which is understood by the common herd? In this shape it was presented to the Chief Commissioner

Mr Lyall, undaunted, came forward to receive the address. It is whispered that he had a couple of Arabic dictionaries under his elbow, and a full-grown live Maulvi concealed under his table, but these statements were probably circulated by his traducers. The fact is, after throwing out the challenge, Mr Lyall realized that he had committed an indiscreet act. He engaged spies to observe the proceedings of the Maulvis, and when he heard that the Central Provinces had sought the help of Delhi, Lucknow, and Patna, he trembled with apprehension. But he could not afford to show his nervousness, and so he appeared as if unconcerned, though with some private arrangements for his protection, mentioned above. When the address was read to him, Mr Lyall sometimes nodded and sometimes smiled, no doubt, to show that he was closely following the reader. But some Maulvis doubted whether he understood the words at all. For, some times he made horrible mistakes in expressing his approbation. Thus, it so happened, that he nodded when he ought to have smiled, and *vice versa*. Besides, there were words and expressions in the address which no Maulvi could read, much less understand,—not even the authors themselves.

When the address had been finished, Mr Lyall assumed a dignified attitude for the purpose of giving a reply. Not a voice was heard, none ventured to breathe,—the fall of a pin could be heard with utter distinctness—such was the tiptoe expect-

Every one, of course, expected that Mr Lyall would give the reply in Arabic, but he began in English !

In explanation, we are told that Mr Lyall has one great defect which he has not yet been able to overcome. With all his efforts, Mr Lyall has not yet been able to pronounce the letter *Ghyan* in Arabic. Now a man who cannot pronounce that word, is never recognised as a Maulvi in Arabia. We are told that the *Ghyan* stuck in his throat, and Mr Lyall began in English. When therefore, Mr Lyall began in English, there was a—a low, suppressed titter.

Mr Lyall felt that he had been worsted in this encounter. And, as a last resource, he began to quote the Arabic poets. He quoted *Zuhair*. This was followed by a quotation from *Nabighah*. Before Mr Lyall receives another address, let him, however, learn how to pronounce that extremely guttural letter, *Ghyan*.

## THE PERPETUAL SLAVERY OF INDIA.

(Concluded).

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WE have now to give some account of the people of the country, for whom the rulers of the land would vote eternal disability. Now, Indians are not barbarians, nor are they worse than the Chinese, Japanese, Egyptians, or Persians. It is altogether an absurd contention that Indians are not competent even to be entrusted with a small share in the management of their own affairs. The *Daily News* of London says

“After His Highness Ranjitsinhji, no triumph of oriental genius in a novel field can be really surprising. If a Rajpoot is our master at cricket, a Baboo may beat us in the less difficult art of Romance. And this is exactly what has occurred. According to Miss Miriam Singleton Knight, who expresses herself in *The Indian Magazine and Review*, the once-admired author of the Waverley Novels must strike his flag to ‘Babu Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, now, alas! no more.’”

Who knew before that a Hindu would excite the admiration of the English people for his triumph in cricket,—the national game of the English? Luckily, Ranjitsinhji had a chance. It is manifestly unjust to vote incompetence without giving a fair trial.

For thousands of years Hindus had managed their own affairs, and ruled their own Empires. Alexander found that Hindus could fight, and he had to give up his attempt to penetrate into the

country. The Hindu power was broken by the Mussalman hordes from the West. For this they have no need to be ashamed. If the Hindus failed to resist the advance of the Mussalman inroad, so did the Christians also in Europe. It is true that Christians regained what they had lost, but, so also did the Hindus. When the English came into this country, the Hindus were supreme. They succeeded in regaining what they had lost, and just when they were founding their Empire on a permanent basis, they were disturbed in their arrangements by the appearance of Europeans in the field. The English had to fight for the Empire of India with the Hindus and not with the Mussalmans.

"Pahari" thus wrote in the columns of the *London Spectator* in 1893

Nominally, we took over the Empire of Hindoostan from the Mahomedans, but as a fact, our most important and hard won conquests were from Hindus, such as the Mahrattas, Goorkhas, Rajpoots, and Sikhs. The Mahomedan empire was effete and a mere name when we began to advance far inland, and all over India the Hindus had got the upper hand. If we had not stepped in, it is very doubtful whether the Mahomedans would have ever regained power, they would certainly not have done so without the aid of a large Mahomedan invasion from beyond the Indus, and the chance which such an invasion would have had of success, would have been small. The old invasions succeeded because undisciplined hordes fought against undisciplined hordes of poorer material, but the Mahrattas and Sikhs had learnt to some extent, how to drill and manœuvre troops according to the European military system. The Sikhs conquered and held all the Afghan country outside the mountains.

It is not, therefore, quite correct to say that but for the English the Mussalmans would have cut the Hindus to pieces.

The English came when Hindus had not been able to recover completely from the shock of the destructive Mussalman occupation. This second shock broke them down completely. To ascertain what Hindus were like in the early days, we have to see whether there is yet any State in India which had not been bled and weakened by the Mussalman onslaught. The

only State which escaped this destructive flood of Mussalman occupation, was Nepal. So when the English went to fight with the Nepalese, they found what the Hindus were like in early days, not demoralized by defeat and disaster. We shall here describe the first brush of the English with a handful of Nepalese, some three hundred in number, badly armed, badly protected, and weighted with the disadvantage of the presence of women and children.

War was declared against Nepal on the 1st November, 1814. A little before this declaration, it was resolved to make a grand military demonstration for the purpose of over-awing the enemy. For this, four separate regiments had been ordered to march simultaneously from four different military stations. Major-General Gillespie commanded one of them.

On the 24th October, Gillespie's regiment reached Dehra Dun. Gillespie was not with his force. Colonel Mouli had the command.

About three miles and a half from Dehra Dun was the little fortress of Kulunga, situated in a nook of the hills of Nalapani. It was something like a stone-henge,—a small table land surrounded by large blocks of stone which acted as the fort-wall,—which again was protected by a thick range of *sal* trees.

Finding the British force at his doors, Balabhadra Singh, nephew of Amar Singh, the Chief of Nahan, had taken refuge in this fortress of Nature with a few chosen followers, not exceeding three hundred. This was unbearable to Colonel Mouli,—the hill-fortress being within four miles of the great military station of Dehra Dun. Colonel Mouli had reached Dehra Dun on the 24th. On that very night, he had written to Balabhadra to surrender, and had received a proud reply of meeting him on the battle field. Next morning, the active British General was marching up hill. He reached the base of the Nalapani Hills, and fixed his battery there, but, when he saw that, with all his efforts, he

could make no impression upon the enemy, he sent news to Gillespie at Saharanpur, and the Major-General made his appearance on the scene the next day, the 26th October. In two or three days he completed his preparations for the siege. Four detachments, under Colonel Carpenter, Captain Faust, Major Kelly and Captain Campbell, surrounded the place from four sides, and a regiment under Major Ludlow was kept in reserve.

The siege began. The discharge from the British battery was returned by volleys of musketry, which wrought immense havoc amongst British forces. Though the British cannons did much harm amongst the brave three hundred, they showed no sign whatever of giving way. The determined manner in which the post was defended by a small number of men against tremendous odds, guided by the best Generals of the age, created a mingled feeling of surprise and indignation in the minds of the besiegers. The leaders of the siege forgot themselves, and, in attempting to scale the walls, Lieutenant Ellis and Major General Gillespie lost their lives!

The command then devolved on Colonel Moulton as the senior officer. He found that it would be rashness to proceed further in the siege, and that his prudent course would be to make a hasty retreat. This he did, and asked for reinforcements and a battering train from Delhi. It took a month's time for the train to arrive, but, there was no help for it. The expected reinforcements and battering train reaching him on the 24th November, a second attack was made the next day, and it was repulsed for a second time.

Meantime, the water-supply of the besieged had fallen short. The only supply was from the water-falls outside the fortress near the British encampment at Nalapani, and this had virtually been cut off. In the midst of the shots which were rapidly decimating their numbers, the groans of the wounded, the cries of the women and children for water, the besieged had to defend their

apology of a fort in which breaches had been made on all sides from an overwhelming force, thirsting for their blood. They, however, did not mind the shots of the besiegers as the burning thirst which overcame them and all their dependants. From three hundred the number had been reduced to seventy. They might have then surrendered, and, their generous enemy, filled with admiration at their noble conduct, would have warmly accepted it. But the besieged heroes disdained to yield, and admit defeat.

On the last day of the month, when the batteries of the British troops were hurrying on their work, and volleys after volleys from the Gurkha musketry responded to them, there was a pause of a few minutes in the ranks of the besieged. Suddenly, the iron gates were flung open, and out came the immortal seventy "with drawn swords in their hands, guns on their arms, the *kukri* or *bhyali* hanging from their belts, and the *chakra* or wheel resplendent on their head dress, led by their chief, Balabhadra,—brave, erect, cheerful, and in his measured military gait" and, before the astounded British force had time to reflect, they had cut right through the line, drank to their hearts' content from the springs of Nalapani, and in no time disappeared without any one of them being hurt.

The English razed Kulunga to the ground. The English historian of Dehra Dun, R. C. Williams, B. A., C. S., thus remarks on the incident: "Such was the conclusion of the defence of Kulunga,—a feat of arms worthy of the best of chivalry, conducted with a heroism almost sufficient to palliate the disgrace of our own reverses." And in the silent forests at Dehra Dun, on the banks of the river Riechpani, stands a small monument, "as a tribute of respect for our gallant Adversary Balabhadra Singh."

The heroism of Balabhadra could safely be likened to that of the English in Crimea. And, is it generous and worthy of the



leading nation of the world to reserve for this unfortunate race perpetual disability?

Dr Hunter, in his "Rural Bengal," says that "the conception of the Vedas regarding the immortality of the soul, is beautiful and sublime" The Vedas were written many thousands of years ago when the races, who would put down Hindus for hewers of wood and drawers of water, had no existence whatever There are many eminent philosophers in Europe who are of opinion that the author of the *Geeta* is the greatest philosopher that the world has ever seen The six schools of philosophy, developed in India, are so subtle and so deep that they are, according to Professor Cowell, calculated to make "the European head dizzy" There is no doubt of it that Hindus gave religion to the vast majority of mankind It is known to all, they civilised China and Japan, the latter of which is now considered equal to any great Power in Europe in all those resources which make a nation great

Let us see how our forefathers left us, and how we have changed by contact with the Western people This is what that eminent philosopher, Professor Max Muller, says in his "Psychological Religion" —

So far as we can judge, a large class of people in India, not only the priestly class but the nobility also, not only men but women also, never looked upon their life on earth as something real What was real to them, was the invisible,—the life to come What formed the theme of their conversations, what formed the subject of their meditations, was the real, that alone lent some kind of reality to this unreal phenomenal world Whoever was supposed to have caught a new ray of truth, was visited by young and old, was honoured by princes and peasants, nay, was looked upon as holding a position much above that of kings and princes

In the above, Professor Max Muller describes the Hindus Let us see how he describes the rest of the world —

Our idea of life on earth has always been that of struggle for existence, a struggle for power and dominion for wealth and enjoyment These are the

ideas which dominate the history of all nations whose history is known to us. Our own sympathies also are almost entirely on that side.

Below the philosopher compares the Hindus with the rest of the world —

Was it so very unnatural for the Hindus, endowed as they were with a transcendental intellect, to look upon this life, not as an arena for gladiatorial strife and combat or as a market for cheating and huckstering, but as a resting place, a mere waiting room at a station, on a journey leading them from the known to the unknown, but exciting, for that very reason, their utmost curiosity as to whence they came, and whither they were going?

It was, we believe Sir Charles Elliott who was pleased to confess that, "he could understand the Mussalmans but he could not understand the Hindus." In the same manner, the Hindus cannot understand their fellows in other parts of the world. The reason is that the instincts of the Hindus are quite different from those of other nations.

The Hindus, however, suffered for being better than their neighbours. We quote the same philosopher —

I confess it has always seemed to me one of the saddest chapters in the history of the world to see the early inhabitants of India, who knew nothing of the rest of the world, of the mighty empires of Egypt and Babylon, and of their war and conquests,—who wanted nothing from the outside world and were happy and content in their own earthly paradise,—to see these happy people suddenly overrun by foreign warriors, whether Persian, Greeks or Macedonians or, at a later time, Scythians, Mahomedans, Mongolians and Christians, and conquered for no fault of theirs except that they had neglected to cultivate the art of killing their neighbours.

Why did the Hindus suffer when they harmed none? Says Professor Max Muller —

They themselves never wished for conquests—they simply wished to be left alone and to be allowed to work out their view of life which was contemplative and joyful, though deficient in one point, namely the art of self-defence and destruction.

common robbers. The Hindus learnt from sad experience that it would not do to grow philosophers alone, and that they must nourish brute force for the purpose of their very existence. How they succeeded in this attempt, will appear from the letter of an Englishman who called himself "a Pahari," which appeared in the London *Spectator*, and which is quoted in page 212.

As a matter of fact, when the present rulers appeared on the scene, the Hindus were the paramount power in India. So, if the Hindus could speculate, they also subsequently learnt to fight.

Now we must say that the Hindus were quite right in their contention that, to quote Professor Max Muller, "this life is not an arena for gladiatorial strife and combat, or a market for cheating and huckstering, but a resting-place, a mere waiting-room at a station, on a journey" to the permanent home.

When the vote for Simultaneous Examinations in England and India was rescinded, it was done under the openly declared apprehension that, if Hindus and Englishmen were given equal chance, the former would defeat the latter all along the line.

Would it not be a great pity to put such a nation under everlasting disability? What Englishman can contemplate, without a shudder, the idea of reducing hundreds of millions of human beings, fully his peers in nobler qualities of man, to eternal political slavery? The act would be a stupendous wrong and a piece of unparalleled immorality. An act like that would never be pleasing to the Father of all nations, Whose active interference in the affairs of nations is proved by the punishment which inevitably follows, sooner or later, every act of national immorality.

## THE DETERIORATION OF THE INDIANS

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ONE of the most painful and absorbing topics of conversation, amongst the Indians, is the physical deterioration of the races in this country. The following startling telegram came from Madras some years ago

MADRAS, MARCH 21

The Hon'ble Mr. Genston, presiding at the annual meeting of the Physical Training Association, alluded to the startling fact that, out of 22 native candidates for Entrance to the Civil Service recently, 70 per cent were rejected as physically unfit.

Thus 70 per cent are unfit for civil employ, how many more must be unfit for military employ? It is a fact that the races are deteriorating all along the line. The Government has been obliged to admit this fact partially. It is now freely admitted that fighting materials are disappearing fast from the land. Said the *Pioneer* some years ago —

The long reign of internal peace has directly affected the character of the population, the traditions of military supremacy among the Sikhs are dying out, the Punjabi Mohammedans are more intent on the cultivation of their lands, secure in the possession of such property as they can accumulate, while the once restless Pathan tribes within the border are not slow to follow the example thus set them.

The same paper continued "Officers of long experience in the Punjab have noticed the change with regret, for they can-

properly argued that if this be the case with people, "who were at the height of military strength, fifty years ago, how much more must be with others whose powers were broken long before" It comes to this that in the whole of India, in a population of 250 millions, it has been found difficult to find men who are capable of fighting Is this not a serious matter, both for the people and the Government? Does not this mean the practical emasculation of the vast majority of an entire nation?

That the people are now utterly helpless, is a patent fact to all A dacoit, with half-a-dozen following, may commit depredations for years together, and the people will find themselves unable to defend their homes and persons A tiger makes the inhabitants desert their villages, and a leopard will compel them to go in-doors every evening, before the sun sets Nay, the Indian newspapers contain appeals to Government and to English sportsmen to protect the people from mad dogs and jackals!

But only less than a hundred years ago, the people of India were as strong as any other race in the world It is said that the Bengalees were the weakest race in India, and the Punjabees the strongest, except the Gurkhas But that is not it. The Bengalees were as strong as any in India, only being secure from external invasion which the Punjabee was not, the inhabitants of Bengal had not been able to develop their martial instincts to the same extent as the border tribes had

Only forty years ago we have seen plenty of fighting materials in Bengal, twenty-five in a hundred, but it is now impossible to find half a dozen in a million!

The Bengalees have proved themselves to be an intellectual race, and in this intellectual progress they are indebted vastly to British rule Intellectual they had always been even before the British came But then, in pre-British days, learning was confined almost to the Brahmins, and the other castes had no opportunity

of improving themselves to the utmost of their capacity. But, under British rule, the Bengalees have now obtained this privilege and if the Brahmins yet continue to hold the first place, they have found formidable competitors in other castes, such as Kayesthas and Vaidyas. This intellectual superiority of the Bengalees has created for them enemies amongst Europeans who call them cowardly, effeminate, and so forth.

We shall now show that even the Bengalees were a powerful race only less than a hundred years ago.

The Mussalman invaders and conquerors of India found it to their advantage to leave the administration in the hands of Hindus. In Bengal, the country was divided and put into the charge of Zemindars who were sovereign Princes. And thus, at one time, Bengal was under twelve such Zemindars.

The Moghul Sovereign exacted military service from these Zemindars. Thus says the *Ameen Akbery* —

The soubah of Bengal consists of 24 Sircars and 487 mahals. The revenue is 14,961,482 Sicca rupes, and the Zemindars (who are mostly Kayesths) furnish 23,330 cavalry, 801,158 infantry, 170 elephants, 4,260 cannons and 4,400 boats.

Thus the Moghul Emperors could raise lakhs of men from Bengal to fight for them, but the present rulers have not one single Bengalee soldier !

The Mussalman rule, being barbarous and oppressive, did not meet with the approval of the country, and Protap and Shankar, two Bengalee youths, formed the plan of expelling the Mahomedans from India. Protap was the son of a wealthy Zemindar, residing in the Sunderbans near Tikee, and Shankar was a Brahmmin youth, his friend. They both proceeded to Delhi to study the Moghul army and their mode of warfare. They found that the superiority of the Moghuls lay in their artillery.

The Feringhees (Portuguese) also infested India, and they were invincible because of their fleet and cannons. Protap enlisted the services of a Portuguese general, who is called Ruda,

in Sanskrit books and Bengalee legends\* Batteries of artillery and a fleet were thus constructed in the Sunderbans Protap then declared his independence

Now it was a most foolhardy thing for Protap to do it, for the Moghuls then were in the hey-day of their glory He declared his independence while yet the great Akbar ruled!

In the beginning, Protap and Shankar carried on a guerilla warfare They offered no direct resistance to the Moghuls but fled before them, only to expel them, when the rainy season had set in

But gradually Protap became bolder He took Gaur, the then capital city of Bengal, and became the absolute master of Bengal and Behar Then he gave up guerilla warfare altogether, and began to wage pitched battles with the Moghuls And in every one of them, he defeated and sometimes exterminated the invaders of his country This is what we find in the proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for December 1868 with regard to the brave doings of Protap —

The first general sent was Abram Khan whose army was nearly annihilated near the fort Mutlar (Mutlah, now Port Canning) Twenty five other generals are stated to have been defeated in succession

Now mind, these were not skirmishes but regular battles, between huge armies, made up of infantry, artillery and cavalry

Protap's commanders were mostly Bengalees, and some of them have their descendants, but they are now scarcely over five feet in height and are doing the business of either village school-masters or clerks

Short accounts of their battles are found in Sanskrit History There, we read that, in a battle the Moghul General, Azim, with twenty thousand of his men, was killed In another battle, ten thousand men of the Moghuls were destroyed These details will give one an idea of the severe nature of the battles fought

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\* See Satya Charan Shastri's "Life of Protapaditya" The author is descendant of the great Shankara himself.





private, is never heard of. As soon as any stranger enters the territory he comes under the protection of the laws, which provide for his security. He is furnished with guides at free cost, who conduct him from place to place, and are answerable for his person and effects. When he changes his conductors, the new ones deliver to those they relieve an attestation of their conduct, which is registered and afterwards sent to the Raja. All the time he remains in the country he is maintained and conveyed with his merchandize, at the expense of the State, unless he desires leave to stay longer than three days in the same place. In that case he is obliged to defray his own expenses, unless he is detained by any disorder, or other unavoidable accident. This beneficence to strangers is the consequence of the warmth with which the citizens enter into each other's interests. They are so far from being guilty of an injury to each other, that whoever finds a purse, or other thing of value, hangs it upon the first tree he meets with, and informs the nearest guard, who gives notice of it to the public by beat of drum. These maxims of probity are so generally received, that they direct even the operations of Government. Out of between seven and eight millions (about 330,000*l* on an average) it annually receives, without injury to agriculture or trade, what is not wanted to supply the unavoidable expenses of the State, is laid out in improvements. The Raja is enabled to engage in these humane employments, as he pays the Moguls only what tribute, and at what times, he thinks proper.\*

But a still greater authority, Mr. Holwell, who was Governor of Calcutta, speaks in the same way of Bishnupore in his "Interesting Historical Events," which was printed in 1765 —

To the west of Burdwan, something northerly lie the lands belonging to the family of Raja Gopal Singh, of the Rypoot Bramin tribe, they possess an extent of sixteen days' travel, this district produces an annual revenue of between thirty and forty lac, but from the happiness of his situation he is perhaps the most independent Raja of Indostan, having it always in his power to overflow his country, and drown any enemy that comes against him, as happened at the beginning of Syah Khan's Government, who sent a strong body of horse to reduce him, these he suffered to advance far into his country, then opening the dams of the rivers destroyed them to a man, this action deterred any subsequent attempts to reduce him, but if the frontiers of

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\* Abbe Raynol on East and West Indies Translated from the French by J. Justamond, vi 1—1777 Vol I, pp 405 to 406

the district were so interested as to protect the sale of the merchandize of his country which might easily be done he would be presently brought to obedience, and glad to compound for tribute of money, *lac per annum* as it is he can hardly be said to acknowledge any allegiance to the Mogul or Sibih, he some years deigns to send to the Subban an acknowledgment by way of salaamy (or present) of 15,000 rupees some times 20,000 and some years not anything at all as he happens to be disposed.

But in truth, it would be almost cruelly to mistreat these happy people for in this district, are the only examples of the beauty purity, piety, regularity, equity, and strictness of the ancient Indian Government. Here the property as well as the liberty of the people are inviolate here no robberies are heard of, either private or public the traveller either with or without merchandize, on his entering this district becomes the immediate care of Government, which allots him guards without any expense to conduct him from stage to stage, and these are accountable for the safety and accommodation of his person and effects. At the end of the first stage he is delivered over with certain benevolent formalities to the guards of the next, who after interrogating the traveller, as to the usage he had received in his journey dismisses the first guard with a written certificate of their behaviour, and a receipt for the traveller and his effects which certificate and receipt are returnable to the commanding officer of the

Bissunpore, the capital, and chief residence of the Rajah, and which gives a name to the whole district, is also the chief seat of trade, the produce of the country consists of Sal timbers (a wood equal in quality to the best of our oak), dammer laccas, an inferior sortment of raw silk, and coposs, and grain sufficient only for their consumption, it is from this district that the East India Companies are chiefly supplied with the article of shell laccas — Pages 197 to 200, Part I

When the English came here, they found the country inhabited by a strong race. So they enlisted Bengalees as soldiers and put them under Bengalee officers. With this army of Bengalees and with a sprinkling of British soldiers, the British conquered Bengal and Behar. They then enlisted the Beharees and conquered the North West. They next availed of the Pandays of the North-West and conquered the Punjab. The Punjabees were enlisted and Afghanistan was invaded. It was thus India was conquered for England by the Indians themselves and originally with the help of the Bengalees. Mr Holwell says, "It would be almost cruelty to molest these happy people." We are further told that Bishnupore gives evidence of "the beauty, piety, regularity, and equity of ancient India." All have been destroyed, of course, with the best of motives, by the present rulers in their zeal for reform.

## A RAILWAY OUTRAGE CASE

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MRS LOGAN, while describing her camp life, observes as follows —

Another time, I am told that a native lady would be much pleased if I would pay her a visit. Of course, I agreed to this, and we set out in the afternoon. The husband of this lady is a well to do farmer, and I cannot help contrasting her condition of life with that of a bustling active farmer's wife in our own country, with her dairy, her poultry, bees and kitchen garden. This lady lives entirely secluded from the world, sees no men but her husband and nearest relations, rarely leaves the house, or even her own apartments. Yet the two women appear to be equally content and happy, if the one sometimes suffers from idleness and ennui, the other is often suffers from overwork. If the one cannot mix with the general public, it must be remembered that she is never separated from her family—her sons do not go as soldiers to Canada or as emigrants to Australia, her daughters do not take service in London, or go into factories for the sake of liberty. Her sons bring their wives home and increase the family circle her daughters are well married and provided for at a very early age. If her duties are few, so are her responsibilities, if her pleasures are limited, so are her troubles. I have heard much of the dreadful weariness and monotony of the wives of natives of India, but I cannot say I have seen anything of it. I have visited many in their own homes, and have invariably found them cheerful, good humoured, full of simple jokes and innocent gaiety. I have listened to their hearty laughter, and watched them crunching sweetmeats and drinking, goodness knows what, out of brass lotahs, and I have envied them their peaceful undisturbed lives. When I think of the racket and hurry and turmoil we live in, the learning and accomplishments expected from us the society smiles that

everyone, the travels, the books, the languages we must learn, the endless calls, on our time, our brains and our sympathies—then I cannot but confess that the peace and calmness of Zenana life impresses itself very favourably upon me. The native lady has one only object in life—her husband. No care or trouble is too great to please him. She spends hours daily on the most minute attention to her own person, no Parisian beauty could take more thought of her appearance—bathing, rubbing massage, oils, perfumes, the most elaborate hair dressing, the most exquisite garlands of flowers, the most careful combination of colours and materials—every aid that art can give is assiduously employed by the ladies of India solely for the benefit of the husband. They will take any trouble to prepare dainty meals for him. In short, they live only to make that much favoured man happy—and usually he is happy, uncommonly so, and often very ungrateful, I don't doubt.

In describing Hindu home, Mrs Logan shows an amount of power of observation which does her credit. Hindu home is often misunderstood, and sometimes, we are sorry to say, misrepresented, and this, because, it hurts the vanity of Europeans to recognise that the people of India could have anything which is better than what they themselves possess. The fact, however, remains that marriage is admitted to be a failure in the West, but it is certainly not so admitted here. Here, in India, domestic felicity is so great that people sacrifice everything for it. They would rather starve at home than leave their family behind to better their condition.

Only in one remark Mrs Logan betrays her European training. After prising the devotion of the Hindu wife, she says, the "husbands often prove ungrateful, I doubt not." Now gratitude is a feeling which has nothing to do with the relationship that exists between husband and wife, or, for the matter of that, between parent and son, or even brother and brother here in India amongst Hindus. The Hindu wife is good, not because she expects favour in return for her devotion. Neither will she turn bad if she gets no return. She is good, because she has found that the happiness of a woman consists in being a good wife and good mother. She

serves her husband, because she knows, there is a greater pleasure in service than in command. European women claim privileges, but the Hindu woman claims none, because she finds that she can be more happy by claiming none than by claiming some. The Hindu woman feels for her husband, as one half of her body feels for the other half. Does the left hand torment the right hand, if the latter contract any disease? That is exactly the relationship that exists between husband and wife amongst Hindus, and this is no poetry.

Yes, the husband sometimes proves a brute, but that is very, very rare. The fact is, the Hindu woman does not permit her husband to become a brute, by her disinterested devotion to him. Then the wife has her consolation even when she knows that her husband has other attractions. She knows that, in spite of his failings, he will never forsake her, and in times of danger, will protect her with his life. Cast a criminal look at a woman, and her husband, if he is not in his death bed, will sacrifice his life to save her honour.

The European nations have not the domestic felicity of the Hindu, and they are therefore so great, wealthy, and powerful. Having not that quantity of joy at home which makes life content to remain there, a vast number of Europeans roam elsewhere in search of happiness. They seek to find it in wealth, in new lands, in war, and in risks. The wife pines and suffers. For years a wife sometimes gets no news of her husband. When her husband is near her, even then, he, not finding his sufficient quantity of joy in her company, makes it up by attending clubs, and drinking liquor.

The European is great, and able, but not happy. He is a pioneer, a discoverer, and a ruler, but he is restless. A Hindu is demoralized, nay, paralyzed by his domestic felicity, and he does not complain. And why should he? What is wanted is peace and happiness. And if he finds it at home, why should

he go in search of it to foreign countries like a European, and seek it in drink or ambitious projects ?

The Hindu woman is the loveliest creature on earth. The Hindu woman is the result of the effort of ages. Angels have been described, but never seen. The Hindu woman is an Angel.

Pious men declare that God, at least His Angels, oftentimes intervene with the affairs of men below. The following story, the principal character of which is a Hindu lady and which is true in every particular, is a strong confirmation of the above declaration.

Babu —, a wealthy Zemindar, tolerably well educated, handsome in appearance though weak in frame, was going home with his wife. With this object, wife and husband arrived at the Howrah Railway Station at 8 P. M. to catch the mail train. The wife objected to enter a carriage which was not reserved. She was a young lady of exquisite beauty. The husband, however, calmed her fears with the assurance that, as only gentlemen travel first class, she had nothing to fear. They were undertaking a short journey, and the husband had firm faith in the high character of European gentlemen. Thus persuaded, the lady entered the carriage, and the husband immediately followed her.

The husband, however, committed some initial mistakes. One was, he permitted his wife to be seen by those present on the platform. Her dazzling beauty created a sensation. Indeed, on the platform, she seemed like an ethereal being, and, as such, drew universal attraction. His second mistake was, to seat himself and not the lady in a corner, where if he had put her, she would have been better protected.

The lady was observed by three Europeans worse for liquor, and they immediately formed a sinister plan. Whether they were Germans, or Englishmen, or Americans, we know not. But they were not gentlemen, and they would have probably never purchased first class tickets but for the lady, the wife of the Zemin-

du. Possibly they were railway employes and had the privilege of travelling by any class they chose.

Another Hindu gentleman now appeared on the scene, (and him we shall call Babu A) accompanied by a friend. They too were Zemindars, and had also taken first-class tickets. Coming to select a compartment, they found Babu——and his wife occupying one. They counselled among themselves. They thought that Babu——had committed an indiscretion in entering a carriage with his young wife, which had not been reserved. The fact was Babu——was known to them, indeed, the Babu and they were intimate friends. They, however, left Babu——and his wife alone, and got into the side compartment. They thought that, by this arrangement, they would leave the couple to themselves, and, at the same time, would be able to help the lady if any harm threatened her. Hindu ladies, in the presence of strangers, feel themselves somewhat paralysed, so excessive is their modesty, and it was only to avoid hurting the sensibility of the lady, that Babu A——and his friend selected a different compartment.

Just then the three Europeans entered the compartment, occupied by Babu——and his wife, and they at once betrayed their sinister motive by leaving the empty benches alone and sitting close by the lady.

Babu A——and his friend saw this and held a hasty conference. "Let us hasten and protect the lady," said A——to his friend, 'you are certainly not afraid to go with me?' The friend replied that he had nothing to fear when he was by the side of such a chivalrous champion as A——was, but he did not like to go to jail, which he feared would be their lot, if they interfered with Europeans. But yet he would not mind it and he was ready to risk his life, if that was necessary, for the protection of the lady.

So saying, they both alighted and sought to enter the carriage in which Babu——and his wife were, and which had



been occupied by the three Europeans. This arrangement was, however, not at all to the liking of the Europeans. So they three stood at the door, barring the passage of the new comers! There was no way to enter the carriage but by force.

Just then, an important personage appeared on the scene. He was no other than Mr ——, a high European official, well-known throughout the country. As a high official, he was, as a matter of course, also a perfect gentleman. Needless to say that he was a first-class passenger, and when he sought to enter the carriage, the three Europeans slunk away, and made room for him. Having taken his seat in the carriage, he beckoned the two Hindu gentlemen to follow him. This because he knew them, Baboo A———rather intimately. Perhaps the official had a suspicion of the danger which awaited the lady, for, he asked Babu A———to enter in a rather pressing tone. Perhaps he wanted

pass his time in pleasant conversation with Babu A——— who, as I said, was friend of his. Babu A———entered and sat just before the lady, his friend by his side, and the official by the side of the friend. So, on the front seat, was Babu———, in the corner, on his left was his wife, and on the left of the wife were the three half-drunk Europeans. And, facing them, sat Babu A———, his friend, and the European official.

If the sudden appearance of a European had somewhat disconcerted the three Europeans in the beginning, they soon after recovered their reckless attitude. Perhaps they calculated that the official being a European, would rather side with them, than the Bengalee Babus. Of course, there were the Bengalee Babus themselves, but they had no respect for "natives." Here let us remark parenthetically that, the natives of India do not interfere with Europeans so long they can help it. It is not merely that the Europeans are, as a rule, stronger than they, but because it is a dangerous game for many reasons for a native to interfere with a European.

But to proceed. The European, who was next to the lady, deliberately pressed her in an open manner before all company! The fact was, liquor had taken away the little feeling of modesty and human feelings that he possessed.

The lady was an angel. She had of course, never come before strangers. She was the wife of one of the highest men in the land, and the daughter of a nobleman. Surely it to say, she was as modest as a young Hindu lady ought to be. She did not utter a shriek, nor move a muscle, but fainted away, though she remained in her sitting posture.

The husband felt himself confounded and paralyzed by the sudden affront. But before he had been able to come to the protection of his wife, others came to do the thing for him.

When the European committed the affront, the European official and Babu A——passed intelligent glances between themselves. By the glance the official present meant to say "why delay?" And Babu A——meant to say, "yes, I am ready."

The fact was, the official knew Babu A——. He knew that Babu A——was not only a chivalrous gentleman, but a man of huge strength. He was one of the strongest men in the country. Indeed, people believed that possibly a stronger man than he did not exist in the whole world. It was possible for him to kill a man of ordinary strength by a single blow. The three Europeans were no match for him, and thus the official knew very well.

Babu A——aimed a blow at the ruffian and felled him!

This was unexpected. The Europeans were not prepared for this. They did not expect much resistance from natives, and they knew that they were three. When the first ruffian was felled, the other two rose to attack Babu A——. Now this was against the rule of fair play. Two to one, rather to one, is never permitted in genteel society. But Europeans were not gentlemen. When the t

Babu A——, he caught them by the neck and forced them to sit down, indeed, they felt suffocated under the iron grip of their opponent. While Babu A——was engaged with his two men, the official was seen to rise hastily and administer a kick at the right arm of the man who had been floored!

This man had been so stunned by the blow that, though he made attempts to get up, he found that he could not do it. So in his fury he grappled Babu A——by the leg and thus tried to fell him down. This help from the official was of great use to Babu A——. There was the lady before him; one European was lying on his back who had grappled both his legs, and two Europeans struggling to free themselves from his grip. Babu A——found it difficult to manage matters to his satisfaction. The official, however, after administering the kick, left the combatants alone, as if nothing had happened, and sat quiet as an indifferent spectator. The floored man then slowly got up and sat,—this time certainly not so close to the lady.

There was a lull for a minute.

Hitherto none had spoken a word. Babu A——looked at the official and muttered, "They have not got their deserts," and he gave them some more blows, though with an unruffled temper. The Europeans had found out their man, they had found that they had no chance with the giant before them, and besides, they had been sobered. They moved not a finger nor uttered a groan. They sat mute and non-plussed.

The train reached the station of——

Baboo A——'s house was there. He and his friend rose to get out. They shook hands with the official and asked Babu——, the Zemindar, to lead his wife out. "You must be my guest to night," said Babu A——, addressing the Zemindar. The Zemindar, of course, rose, but the difficulty was to carry the fainting wife. She was partially roused to consciousness, and in a manner carried by her husband.

to the carriage that was waiting for Babu A——at the station Babu A——carried his guests home, and entrusted the lady to the care of his wife. She was found to be in a cataleptic fit. It was after four hours of tending that the lady found speech, or rather tears. For, the first thing that she did on arriving at consciousness, was to give way to her tears. She was then overtaken by hysteric fits from which she recovered only after months of careful tending.

When they were coming out, the Europeans found speech. "We demand your name, Babu," said they, addressing Babu A——. The official intervened. He said, "As for the names of these gentlemen, I shall tell you in time. I am also an assailant like them. My name is——, I am the District——. First proceed against me, and then there will be time enough to proceed against these gentlemen."

Of course, the three Europeans were never heard of again.

We see divine intervention in the incident, related above. Why should the only man in India, probably capable of coping with three Europeans, be present there just then? And why should the high-minded English official be there also at the same time? If he had not been there, Babu A——might have been stabbed, for, one of the Europeans carried a big knife with him. Such is the sense of female honour among the Indians that if there had been a criminal case, and if it had been proved in a law court that a European had forcibly touched the person of the lady, the poor woman would have taken opium and killed herself.



## PRESS OPINION

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THE *Statesman*, a leading Anglo Indian paper, (April 1888), says —

There is no native journal in India, we suppose, upon the merits of which English opinion is so widely divided, as the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, published in this city. From the Viceroy downwards, we believe, the *Amrita* is read by nearly all classes, but, while some Englishmen can see nothing but sedition in its columns, others judge it with more candour and with a truer discernment of its spirit

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We should like to say a word or two as to the general character of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, and the criticisms made thereon in the Anglo Indian press. No one who has any personal knowledge of the two gentlemen who, we believe, jointly edit the paper,—the brothers Shishir Kumar Ghose and Mati Lal Ghose,—can fail to respect them. That they frequently write with extreme bitterness, is true, and they will, we hope, forgive our saying that we have on more than one occasion remonstrated privately with them on the subject, as injuring their own cause. But can we really give them no excuse for this error? We have known the elder brother for many years,—the younger one not for so long a period,—and we say truthfully that there are probably no two men in India to day, for whom we entertain a more genuine respect. They are exceptionally able and earnest men, endowed with strong instincts of right and wrong. They are not narrow men who merely “hate the English,” but men of broad and generous sympathies, whose nervous temperament makes them peculiarly sensitive to the injustice and brutality of the terms in which our public writers too commonly speak of their countrymen. . . . In

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\* The lingering and serious illness, which led to the retirement of Shishir Kumar Ghose from public life, formed the subject of comment in the leading papers of India. The opinions are selected from the leading papers of every Province of India.

their late "Appeal to Englishmen"—which has elicited our present remarks—they do justice to themselves. They say, "[Here Mr Robert Knight, Editor of the *Statesman*, quotes the following from the *Patrika* ]

"The object that we have in view, is not to provoke the ire of Englishmen but to seek their help and patronage. Why should not we live in peace and amity? We do not want the Empire, nor the control of affairs. Nor we want to do any injury to the legitimate interests of Englishmen. We want battle but peace. For one step towards us, we are willing to advance ten. Let us ask a few questions of our masters. Why should you not encourage those who are struggling to better the condition of their fellow men? Why should you not, free as you are, sympathise with the abject condition of the people of India? Why should you not treat the Indians as your brothers, who love your Sovereign and obey your laws? The difficulties in our way are stupendous. Mr Maclean tauntingly says that India has no people. Quite true but we are trying to make ourselves into a people. Is it an unworthy attempt? We are making the attempt in the hope that Englishmen, who have ever since their rise as a great Power, always sided with enslaved humanity will help us and guide us. But alas! it seems, we must not rise, though we are under the rule of free England."

Now those few Englishmen amongst us who know the Shishir brothers want no assurance from ourselves that they are speaking sincerely in this appeal. We ask the *Pioneer* itself to weigh with candour these simple appeals from the heart of two native Bengalee gentlemen, and then to say frankly whether these men, whom they so derisively rebuke, do not share, at all events to some extent, our own better feelings. It is to show ourselves degraded if we can read such appeals to us as Englishmen, without some sympathy with the men, who, without an effort, address us in these pathetic terms? To scorn nothing of its generosity, is it really right, in view of such appeals to us, to reply only with the abuse which so constantly disfigures some of our prominent Anglo Indian newspapers, but which, at the same time, profess to have written "for gentlemen by gentlemen only"? If we understand aright our own and peculiar designation of a gentleman, the men who indited this appeal and had the courage to publish it, are gentlemen in the truest sense of the word. With all India at our feet, they cannot understand how it is that, instead of generously recognizing their position and showing some sympathy with the aspirations towards the independence and freedom that we so highly value ourselves, we should be so anxious to stereotype their exclusion from the

which they make for their attainment. They are not Englishmen of a very noble type, who sedulously seek to perpetuate the present condition of the Indian people. No such efforts can possibly succeed, and the wisest and best of our own countrymen have no sympathy with them. No man can tell how near or how distant is the period when India will achieve the independence that we have wisely and in the face of strong opposition conferred upon our other colonies and dependencies, without weakening the Empire in any way whatever. We are on the eve, we believe, of great changes in India itself that few of us seem to discern, and every wise and patriotic Englishman will direct his efforts to the inauguration of those changes with as little friction and disturbance as possible. In the absence of representative institutions of any kind in the country, the press of India, Native and European alike, has duties to discharge and responsibilities to rise to, of a peculiarly grave order, and upon the prudence and moderation of its writings will depend almost wholly whether those duties and responsibilities are successfully discharged or the reverse.

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THE following appeared in the *Indian Daily News*, a leading Anglo-Indian paper, of 30th August 1887

THE "SOMPROKASH" ON THE "PATRIKA" — Much has been said from time to time about the *Patrika*. No doubt, it is occasionally very outspoken, as people cannot well help being, when feeling that wrong has been done. As to its general character, we take an account from a native contemporary, which has always been regarded as a leading paper in the country. It is well to know the motives and inspirations that actuate public men, and in that sense, the remarks of the *Somprokash* which follow, are not without interest.

"The manner," says the *Somprokash*, "in which our sagacious and far seeing contemporary, the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, is serving the country, cannot but call forth our sincere gratitude. The Editor of the *Patrika* does not get up monster mass meetings, and then send telegraphic summaries of their proceedings to the daily papers. He does not rend the skies by empty speeches. In order to intimidate the Indian Government, he does not start on a 'political tour.' He does not join large Associations to trumpet out his own fame, or scream out 'Vazzini,' 'Vazzini,' to dub himself a 'patriot.' Neither is he anxious to purchase a name for himself by bringing about empty political agitations. In short, he is above all sorts of vanities and empty sounds. But his heart bleeds at the sorrow of the ryots. He is not afraid, so to speak, 'to enter into fire and water and succour the distressed.' Tales of



official oppressor, can make him simply restless. He never fails to enter a fearless protest when ever the Government is found to do an act of injustice, and however high the official may be, his misconduct scarcely escapes his lynx eyes, and the official is fearlessly exposed. He is ever ready to advocate the interests of his educated countrymen in a most vigorous and weighty manner. He never hesitates to attack sharply the English policy which makes a distinction between the white and the black. In short, he is ready to sacrifice his own private interests for the sake of the welfare of his country. Mr Beames, a highly influential official, violated over and over again one of the most salutary rules of the India Government, but no other editor in the country took notice of it. The *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, to serve the interests of the public, fearlessly exposed, after a diligent enquiry, the doings of that official, without giving a thought to his own interests for a single moment. Many would have kept silent under such circumstances but the patriotism of the Editor of the *Patrika* is of a different type. He cares little for personal danger when the good of the country is at stake.

“ When the Public Service Commission held its sittings at Calcutta, the ‘ patriots ’ fell fast asleep, and it was only Babu Moti Lal Ghose, the Joint Editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, that satisfied the members of the Commission, citing innumerable instances he came to know of, after a good deal of search, that the natives of the country, were gradually losing their privilege to enter Government offices. Mr —, the Joint Magistrate of Meherpore, flogged fifty innocent men, and branded them for life. This pierced the heart of the Editor of the *Patrika*, and he drew the attention of the Government to the case before others. Another man forcibly kept a helpless young woman confined in his own house with some evil motive, and the heart of the Editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* ached deeply at the injury done to the helpless woman. He rushed forward to publish the high handed proceedings of this monster. It is needless to cite further instances. The Editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* does not care for the praise of others, his patriotism is unselfish. He has devoted his heart and soul to the cause of his country, and is ready to sacrifice for it. That our brother of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* may continue to serve the interests of the country, in an unselfish and independent way, is our humble and sincere prayer to God ”

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*Hope* (Calcutta)° quotes the above from the *Amritan Daily News*, and observes

“We make no apology in quoting the above from the *Somprokash*, which, we think, very accurately describes the Editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, who is perhaps one of the best loved and certainly the most misunderstood Editor in the country” °°

In every word of *Somprokash* we concur, and we could add a great deal more from our own personal knowledge, if that same personal knowledge did not assure us that there is nothing the Editor of the *Patrika* so little cares for as the praise of others. But we must point out one thing, in order to guard against a possible misapprehension which the above passage in the *Somprokash* may give rise to. It is true that the Editor of the *Patrika* hates *got up* mass meetings, sham agitation, and rapid resolutions that betray love for notoriety and lack of force, but there is no man we have seen in this country, who understands better the value of sound organization, agitation in the proper spirit, and resolutions that mean *purpose* and are not mere words. It is an open secret that the staff of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* were the animating spirit of the Jhinkergatcha Ryots' Meeting, perhaps the only agrarian gathering of value that we have had in this part of the country, of late, with a peaceful end in view. If Shishir Kumar Ghose keeps aloof from “Associations,” it is from Associations that have no understanding of the first principles of Organization, and that proceed to undertake government of a country on the strength of quoted sentences and borrowed ideas which they themselves comprehend very little, and their countrymen less. No man believes in self government more strongly than the Editor of the *Patrika*, but he understands very well that there can be no self government without internal organization, and that there can be no organization, unless the people thoroughly understood one another and knew what they were about. He is a genuine Hindu, a typical Bengalee, a man of whom any country might be proud, and one who commands the love of the largest number in his own. It is seldom that he stirs out of his modest home, and never dances attendance on the great *Sahab loge*, yet his office is a very reservoir of important information, which comes flocking in letters and telegrams from every part of the country, sent by those who know the man best fitted to do justice to them. His services to Hindu Society need not be recounted here. For the last twenty years or more he has been a strong bulwark of Hinduism against the assaults of go-ahead reformers and ambitious revolutionaries, at the same time he



never caring for notoriety or titles, he is an exception to the ordinary type of patriotism. He can well be looked to by the more aspiring youths of the rising generation as a model to follow.

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### THE *Indian Union* (Allahabad) says

India can ill afford losing at the present moment a man, so kind, so generous, so outspoken and unselfishly patriotic. In Babu Shishir Kumar we have the truest model of a genuine Hindu and a worthy upholder of his country's cause. As a journalist, his eminent services are so well known as scarcely need a recounting, and his reputation has spread far and wide throughout our country. Free from all desire of securing an importance for his own personal self, and devoid of all ideas of shaming and tall talk, we believe Babu Shishir Kumar of the *Patrika* should always be held up as a model for all the Indian Editors to follow. We hope and feel confident that Babu Moti Lal Ghose, who has raised himself so high in our estimation by his recent exposures of the Post Office jobberies, will ably continue adding to the usefulness of the *Patrika* during his brother's absence.

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### THE *Maharatta* (Poona) says

The Babu is a rare specimen of unostentatious, patriotic, self-denying workman. The *Shomprokash*, a Bengali paper, in an appreciative article on the Babu, paints him with great fidelity. The picture is worth preserving for more reasons than one. The Editor of the *Patrika* is good enough to say that though the ideal of a patriot is very good, yet the *Shomprokash* is wrong in choosing Babu Shishir as the model. This does great credit to our brother's modesty. In these days of calculating patriotism, when every public man looks to the main chance and in his mind's eye keeps shining ribbons and stars in view, it is well to place before the younger generation a purer picture of the patriotic virtues. We hope many of our young friends who have yet to enter upon life, will contemplate with attention the following ideal of how our patriots ought to be.

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### THE *Dacca Gazette* says

The great oracle of the Hare Street (the *Englishman*) \* seems to think that if the Editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* is mulcted a sum of two or three

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\* When the *Patrika* exposed Mr. Beames, the *Englishman* suggested that the Editor should be sued and sent to jail.





baboo had been kicked out, and had perhaps entered another compartment

I then thought within myself that the "yahoos" of Swift were probably the baboos of Bengal. Most anxious was I to see how the baboos helped in the motion of the train, but I could not. At every station the guard called out "baboo, baboo," but as the car moved immediately, I thought that, that was an encouraging word to the baboos to do their duty better. There was a Civilian Magistrate of up country sitting next to me, and to him I confidently said how anxious I was to see a baboo. "Do no such thing," said he, "his very touch is contamination. I have tried to close my doors against him. I wish I had succeeded." "Why do you allow them to come to you?" said I. "Very difficult to resist them," muttered he.

There was a missionary gentleman in the compartment who crossed himself when the name of the animal was mentioned, and said that it was on account of these baboos, that he could not propagate his faith. The Magistrate said that the baboos were the greatest foes of the Civilians, they ought to be put down at all cost. There was a medical man who swore that he would take the first opportunity of transferring himself to a station where there were no baboos. A baboo had made him very uncomfortable in his present post and deprived him of his practice. There was an engineer too, who clenched his fist and well nigh broke the door by striking it, while he cursed the meddlesomeness of his baboo.

The Magistrate hissed "baboo." The missionary cursed the "baboo." The Doctor swore at the "baboo." And every one hissed "baboo" between his teeth.

All this was enough for me. I did not choose to encounter a baboo just then, as my revolver was out of order. "Well, you will find plenty of baboos at the Howrah Station," wickedly observed the Magistrate, and a cold tremor came over me.

How to avoid them, was the thought that engrossed my mind. Calcutta was at last reached, my companions boldly opened the door and came down upon the platform, but somehow or other the late talk had made me a little nervous, and I was not prepared to come across a baboo just then. So I loitered and peeped through the doors to see whether there were baboos on the platform, and what they were like but the porters teased me very much. I asked them in English whether there were any baboos roaming there at large, and a porter ran away apparently to beckon some body. Forthwith came a native gentleman, and with that respectful demeanour which they always preserve before Europeans, he inquired what I wanted. What could I say? I said I must alight, and the gentleman very obligingly helped to remove my luggage to the platform. But I was still in the car and very anxious. I was constantly directing my glance towards the platform. The gentleman again enquired to know whether I wanted anything more. "Well," I stammered, "my dear, dear—s—sir, are the b—b—baboos all gone?" "Not all" said he. "Where are they?" I whispered in his ear. He enquired, why I asked. "My d dear s sir, not so loud, I simply want to know," said I. He said. "Well, sir, I am a baboo." "You, a baboo!" shrieked I. My brain reeled and I fainted away!



## SUTTEE IN INDIA

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It has been always assumed that Sutteeism, that is, the practice of a disconsolate woman burning herself to death with the dead body of her husband, is a barbarous institution, and the British Government conferred a benefit by abolishing it. We shall show that these assumptions have no basis to stand upon. A Suttee occurred but very rarely in India. Of course, when the institution was abolished, the Government had to state that more Suttees occurred than what actually did. The East India Company were deservedly unpopular with the people of England, they wanted to stand well with their countrymen. They lectured the Suttee question for their purpose, and they represented that the horrible evil was a common spectacle. As in the case of the Age of Consent Act, the existence of the evil was established by "cases" which had no real existence, and the East India Company took great credit from the civilized world by abolishing it.

But, as a matter of fact, Suttees occurred very rarely, once in, say, fifty years in a part of the country, with a population of several millions. Whenever a Suttee occurred, tombs of the husband and the Suttee were erected to commemorate the great event, and these tombs carefully preserved by the descendants of the Suttee. So it is possible even now to ascertain how many Suttees occurred in Bengal within the last two hundred years. We have seen only one such tomb in this vast province

of Bengal. We saw one such tomb also in the great and holy city of Benares. The event had occurred just after the advent of the English, and the tombs of the couple were carefully preserved. We have seen a very few in other places of India too.

It is true, when the custom prevailed, a good many women wanted to become Suttée just after their bereavement. But they were not permitted by their friends. When a lady expressed a desire to become Suttée, she had to undergo certain tests. Every one of the competitors for the honor failed, and it was only, say, one in a hundred thousand that had the glory. The tests simply were that everything possible was done to dissuade her from the sacrifice, and it was when she had succeeded in carrying all her people with her, that she was permitted to die with her husband. The following account of a Suttée is taken from her friends who took part in the ceremony.

We saw in the Bunkura district two small tombs on the banks of a small lake. We enquired of the man who was with us, of the reason of this strange spectacle in a purely Hindoo village, and so close to the house of the Gossains. He said, "The tombs contain the ashes of the Suttée and her husband, who were both burnt on this very spot. The Suttée belonged to the family of the Gossains, and there may be persons yet living who could give you an account of the whole affair."

On hearing this, a strange emotion seized us, and we knelt by the tomb of the lady, and then prayed with clasped hands, "Teach us, noble Soul, Sacrifice, teach us Devotion and Fidelity, teach us Love."

The village is in the district of Bunkura, and called Gader Dehee, where resides the Gossain family, celebrated throughout that part of the country. We were led to an old man who had himself assisted in the ceremony, being the younger brother of the husband. The lady was twenty two

when his brother died, his brother was forty-five, and the lady, the Suttee, was twenty five. The event happened 59 years ago, and so the old man, who related the story to us, was then 81. The name of the husband of the lady was Brahmananda Gossain, and he died of fever in the morning. Now we shall speak in the words of the narrator. "She wept not, but sat by the dead body of my brother. How we wished that she could give vent to her feelings, and relieve herself. But no, she sat and uttered neither a sigh nor a groan. At last she rose and proceeded straightway towards the Thakur Barea of God Sree Krishna. There she went, followed by many men and women, and prostrated herself before the holy Image of God. There she stood, and began to divest herself of the ornaments, that she had on her person. One by one she took them off and placed them at the feet of the God, for the first time speaking in these words. "Here, my Lord, take them, I need them no longer." And then she slowly came back to where the body of her husband was lying covered. She then addressed her brother-in-law and said "Prepare for the ceremony of cremation, and you know I can't live without him. I must accompany him."

Though her relations, friends and neighbours had all suspected that something serious was impending, the first announcement was received with a shock which could not be described. Then followed dissuasions and they all began to dissuade her to no purpose. The uncle-in-law, the mother-in-law, whom a Hindu lady is bound to revere next to God, commanded, and then earnestly pleaded to her to forbear, but she was not to be moved. Then came the *Guru*, the *Purahit*, whom, as her spiritual guides, she was bound to obey, they tried their best, but she was as firm as rock.

Time rolled on, and she wavered not for a moment. Then the last device was resorted to. Her fears were appealed to, they described to her the horrible and painful sufferings of a

living being upon a funeral pile At first she disdained to give replies to their appeals to her fears, but at last, when obliged to say something, she said "You need not be anxious, my soul has fled with my Lord As for bodily sufferings, I shall shew you that I need not apprehend them" There was a lamp burning, according to the usual custom by the corpse, and she put one of her fingers upon the slow flame of the lamp and burnt it without winking Crowds had then collected from all parts of the country It was then about 4 p m and the corpse was carried to the burning ghat on the bank of the small lake, only about a couple of hundred yards from the house, and the lady followed, followed by thousands of men and women, chanting "Haribole" The crowd then began to collect dry faggots, and heaps were gathered in a moment

While the funeral pile was in the process of being prepared, the corpse was bathed, and the lady herself performed\* her ablutions She then put on vermillion on her forehead,\* and dressed herself in a new Saree (cloth for ladies) and then slowly ascended the funeral pile Her hair was properly adjusted by her friends, and they adorned her with garlands and wreaths of flowers The crowd then, with tearful eyes, begged of her blessings and some tokens from her to be kept in remembrance of her self-sacrifice She was supplied with cowries, plantains, betel-unts, &c., and she began to throw handfuls of them amongst the crowd She then laid herself by the corpse of her husband in the posture of a warm embrace She gave the order, and the pile was lighted in several places and there was at once a blazing fire The Suttee raised her right hand and

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\* Women who have husbands alive have the privilege of putting on the vermillion The vermillion shewed that she disdained to live as a widow Indeed, before ascending the funeral pile she dressed herself as a new bride going to her husband

began to utter the name of "Hari," turning her hand round and round. This was followed by loud responsive shouts of "Hari bole" from the crowd. She was dead before the fire had reached her sacred person. The lady had no child."

But we inquired "How was it that, you being many thousands, you say, almost a hundred thousand, you could not prevent a fragile lady from burning herself?"

To this the old Brahmin replied "It could not be done. She sat there as a statue, the most beautiful woman in the world. There was no sorrow on her face, on the contrary, it beamed, as it were, with ecstasy, and it seemed that light was emitting from her whole body. She was simply unapproachable and irresistible, and the seething mass stood transfixed with awe before her. It was not possible for man to go against her wishes, the greatest of monarchs could not have done it."

When the real spirit of Sutteeism descends to a lady she becomes irresistible, and, though the Government has stopped it, Suttee may occur even now any day. It is not, therefore, quite correct to say that the Government has stopped it, it has stopped of itself.

The description given above of the Suttee tallies exactly with cases to which Europeans have been eye-witnesses.

## GONORI AND HIS LEOPARD.

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IN that sacred town in the Sonthāl Parganas, Deoghar, lives Gonori Mehata, a milkman by caste, a well known figure and perhaps the shrewdest man in that quarter. Gonori's father died at the age of 112, and his mother, who is living, is somewhere near 97. Gonori, who looks quite young, was their first-born.

After this short introduction we can now relate a story about his encounter with a leopard that he told us. It was in early December that he was coming back from Dumka, whither he had gone to carry a passenger in his bullock cart. Those who have seen Baidyanath or Deoghar, must know the hill called Teor which one has to pass when going to or coming from Dumka. When near this hill Gonori was overtaken by evening. This hill has the reputation of being very dangerous on account of the leopards, hyennas, wolves and bears which prowl there. It was a moonlit evening and Gonori was not a cowardly fellow, so, he took upon himself the risk of proceeding on his way back home.

The night was very fair, the road dry and dusty, his bullocks smart and fast-going. Suddenly there was a jerk, the cart stopped and Gonori saw ten paces before him a full-grown leopard, gazing at them with vicious eyes. Now, Gonori loved himself, but he loved his bullocks more. He thought that he would prefer death to allowing the leopard hurt that pair of

noble animals. He had two Sal sticks in his cart, and with them he jumped down and confronted the leopard!

To do justice to that animal, the leopard had no eye for the man. This intervention therefore provoked him. But he did not attack Gonori and began only to snarl at him. Gonori was, of course, a little confounded. The leopard was at a distance of ten paces from him. He gazed at it and it gazed at him, and they gazed at each other for sometime, though, of course, not in "tender delight!" The bullocks stood still quite devoid of fear, because of their protector. Gonori could have flung one of his sticks at the animal, but he dared not part with it. So, in lieu of any other means, he entered into a conversation with the leopard. He told the animal that he was going to do quite an immoral act. Translated word per word this is how Gonori addressed the animal: "Have I done you any harm? Certainly not. Why then should you hurt me? If your mother is a chaste woman, leave me. The killing of cows is a sinful act. Give up the habit and in a future life you may be born a better animal, perhaps a man. But if you want to do me any harm, I will tell you that, if you drank your mother's milk, so have I!" His last sentence, of course, meant that if the leopard was proud of his strength so was Gonori.

Strange to say, this lecture, that is to say, the human voice, had a soothing effect upon the animal. It gave up its snarling, and its vicious look was changed into one of gentleness. It then began to approach Gonori, of course, hesitatingly at first, not exactly knowing the treatment that he would receive. When Gonori saw that the animal was approaching him he could not trust its gentle demeanour, and struck the ground with one of his sticks with this command in a loud voice, "don't come near!" This action, and the sound caused by it, led the animal to give a start,

turn its tail, and back out a few paces. But feeling that it was not hurt, it turned again and faced Gonori. The leopard evidently thought that the action of Gonori meant something friendly. He examined Gonori with his intent gaze, and again approached him, of course, cautiously. When he approached too near, Gonori again struck the earth with his stick with the same exclamation he had used before. The leopard again turned tail to return soon after.

The game continued for sometime. The leopard at last lost all reserve for Gonori, and took him to be a very good play-mate. As a dog would jump and frisk, so did the leopard deal with Gonori. But he, of course, could not trust the playfulness of the animal. To his horror he found that the animal had come quite close to him a few minutes more and it would be upon him. The playful mood of the leopard had very little soothing effect upon Gonori. He had been playing with the leopard about an hour in this manner. He had kept his steadfast gaze upon him with the greatest effort. He felt now that he was sinking, and that in a few minutes more he would faint away. What he suffered from most was a burning thirst. As for his life he had given it up for lost. Just then two villagers, who had come to watch their paddy fields, appeared on the scene. Their presence led the leopard to give a sudden spring towards the hill which it rapidly ascended. And here ends our tale.



## BENGAL VILLAGE SKETCHES

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MISSIONARY enterprise did great service in Bengal at one time, namely, when peasants fought to free themselves from the yoke of the indigo planters and were yet fighting. The missionaries sided with the peasants. We all know why the Rev. Mr. Long was sent to jail. Missionaries, however, for reasons which need not be enumerated, failed in their efforts of Christianising India, —Hindus and Mussalmans,—and they had to find converts among non-descript classes. It was thus that they established settlements among savages in the hill tracts of Bengal. There they made converts of a large number of Sonthals, Kols, Bheels, etc. We do not at all object to this proceeding on their part, for the endeavours of the missionaries in this direction did no doubt some good to the savage tribes. In Bengal proper, they devoted their energies, in this manner, to the conversion of the Moochees,—the lowest class among the Hindus. These latter are all but Hindus. They no doubt worship the Hindu Gods and have their Brahmin priests too. But their principal occupation is leather-tanning and shoe-making and their habits are exceedingly dirty, for they eat carrion, like wild animals. It is this last habit which makes them so low in the estimation of the Hindus that they will consider themselves contaminated by the touch of a Moochee.

The Missionaries made settlements in certain parts of Bengal, where Moochees abounded, for the purposes of converting

them Their efforts were crowned with success, and they induced a large number of these people to flock to the standard of Christ Now, we have the highest respect for these missionaries, but we cannot concede that these Moochees took to Christianity from conviction The fact is, they had no position whatever in the Hindu society The Christian missionaries, who carried with them the prestige of Englishmen, welcomed them to their fold, and they readily agreed to be baptized That was the only part of the new religion which perhaps they, or most of them, understood When the Moochees saw that, though their touch was considered a foul contamination by the Hindus, the Englishman, who is the lord of the country, shook hands with those who had accepted Christianity, they felt very much tempted to turn Christians

It was in this manner that Mussalmans, in days of yore, had made converts among the lowest classes of the Hindus The missionaries finding that it was easy to make converts of the Moochees, at last made permanent settlements among them, and built very fine houses for their own accommodation and good-looking churches for the use of their converts, at the cost, we fancy, of many good Christians in Europe and America

One such colony was, however, destroyed by a mishap, which has a drop of humour in it A certain missionary had built a new house and was living in it with his wife, in the midst of his flock This was at a place which was within 45 miles of Calcutta The majority of the Moochees of that quarter, had been induced by the missionary to come to the standard of Christianity, and he was daily adding to the number of his conversions It appeared certain that the whole community of Moochees in that quarter, would, in a short time, be Christianized Unluckily, at this moment, when complete success seemed within the grasp of the missionary, cholera, in a virulent form, broke out in that quarter